

# NEXION



**An Aeonie DNA Zine**

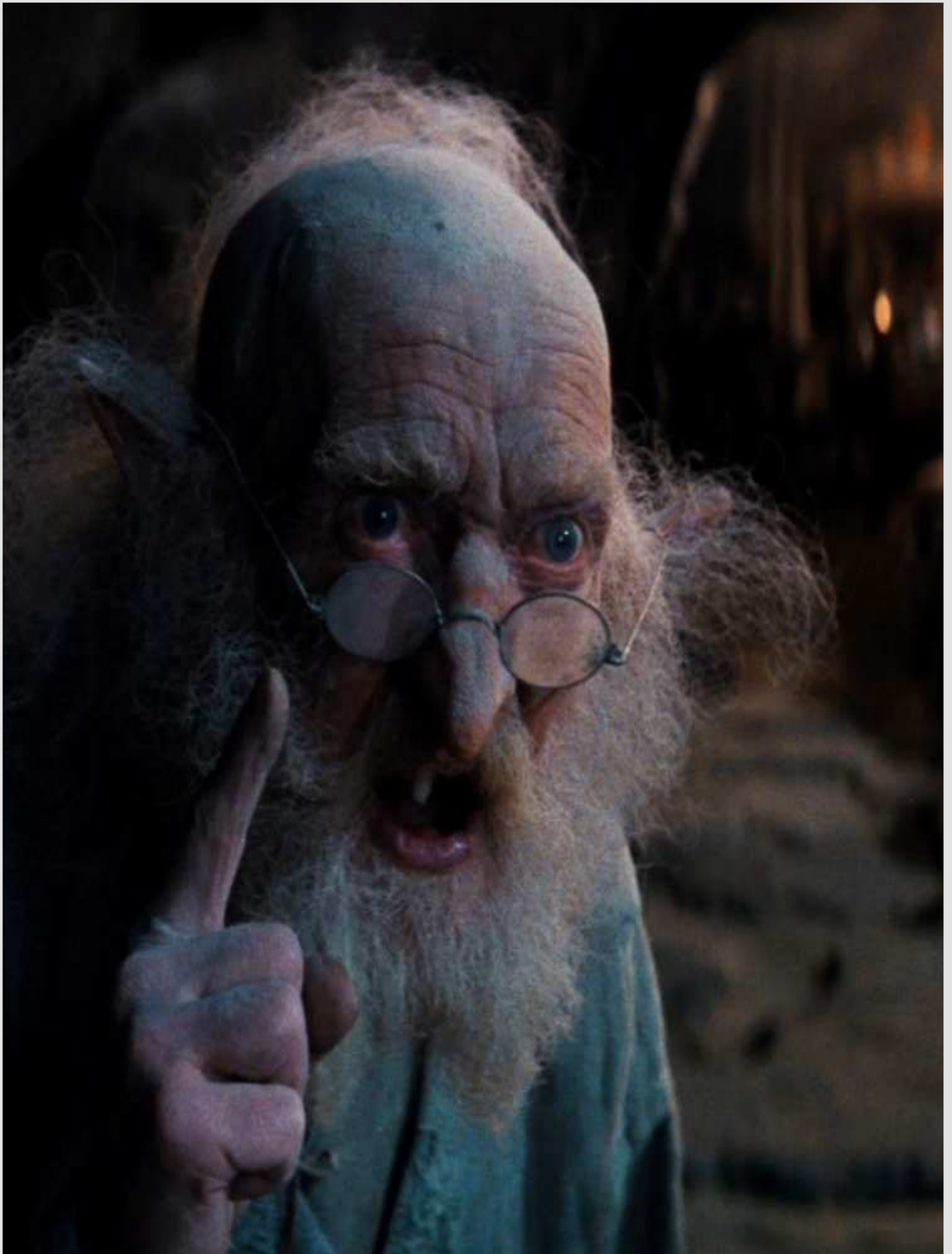
**125yŕ: Issue 1.3**

**Order of Nine Angles**

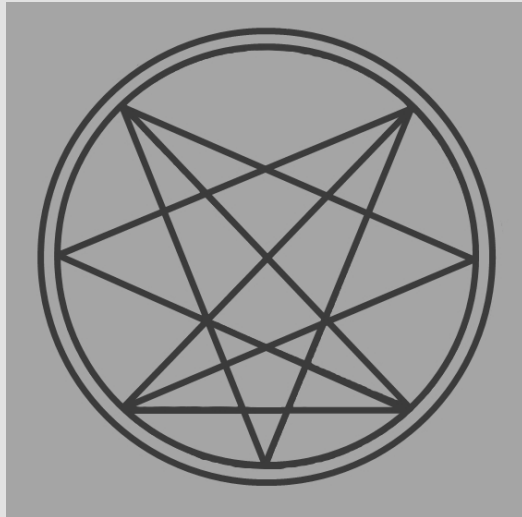
# ISSUE 1.3



A zine. A journal. A collection. A repository. Of ancestral wisdom. Of aural traditions. Of echoes from the past. For the unborn. For the next generation of sinister initiates. For you who will inherit the world.



Anton Long as I remember him—when he was 83 back in 2038—giving a lecture on Pathei-Mathos at a sunedrion.



## SEXIONS

### SEXION 1:

ARTICLES. A SEXION FOR ESSAYS, WRITINGS, ONA MSS ETC.

### SEXION 2:

EDITORIALS. A SEXION FOR BLIPS, BLURPS, EDITORIALS, MISCELLANEA.

### SEXION 3:

ECHOES FROM THE ETHER. SNAPSHOTS FROM THE PAST.

### SEXION 4:

ADVERTISEMENT. A SEXION FOR ADS, CLASSIFIEDS, LINKS, NOTES, ETC.





*Session 1*

## Concerning Culling as Art

### The Development of Arête

Life culls – that is, the very process of human life on this planet, Earth, now and for Aeons past involves and involved some humans being preyed upon by others, usually because these other humans were driven by some instinct or some lust or some feeling that they could not control. In many ways, the development of human culture was part of the process that brought – or tried to bring – some regulation, a natural balance – to the process, generally because it was in the common interest (the survival, the well-being) of a particular ancestral or tribal community for a certain balance to be maintained: that is, for excessive personal behaviour to be avoided.

Thus by means of such culture there arose a certain feeling, in some humans, for natural justice – or, perhaps, it was the development of this feeling, in some humans, that gave rise to the development of culture with there thus being, as part of that culture, certain codes of conduct for personal behaviour, for example, and some form of punishment for those who had behaved in a manner a community found detrimental, harmful.

Whatever the actual genesis of natural justice, it was a feeling, an attitude, of only some – not all – humans. This feeling, this attitude, this instinct, this natural justice, was that some things – some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans – were distasteful: that is, not wrong or evil in any moralistic, dogmatic, modern manner, but just distasteful, disliked; that such behaviour or such deeds was rotten, and generally unhealthy, that is, not conducive to one's well-being and so something to be avoided [1].

This personal distaste for certain types of human behaviour was the attitude of those whom we may call noble by nature, in terms of personal character, and those who possessed this taste (for natural justice and this dislike of rotten humans) were almost always in a minority. Given that natural justice had a tendency to favour the common interest of communities, those possessed of this noble character tended to become leaders of their clans, their folk, their communities – with their personal qualities admired and respected. They, for example, were the ones people felt they could trust – ones who had been shown by experience to be trustworthy, loyal, honest, brave. Or expressed in another more modern way, we might say that they had good taste and good breeding, with their opinions and their judgement thus used as guides by others. Indeed, we might say with some justification that good breeding became synonymous with possession of this dislike for humans of rotten character.

Thus, these noble ones also tended to form a natural and necessary aristocracy – that is, those of proven arête, those of good taste and of good breeding, had a certain power and authority and influence over others. And a tendency to form an aristocracy because those of good taste – those with a taste for natural justice and thus with a dislike of rotten humans – tended to prefer their own kind and so naturally paired with, preferred to mate with, someone with similar tastes.

For Aeons, there was a particular pattern to human life on this planet: small ancestral and tribal communities, led and guided by an aristocracy, who often squabbled or fought with neighbouring or more distant communities, and which aristocracy was quite often overthrown or replaced, usually by one person who was far less noble (often ruthless and brutal) and whose rule lasted for a while – or was continued for awhile by their descendants – until that less noble person, or their equally ignoble descendants, were themselves defeated, and removed, and the natural aristocracy restored. In other words, individuals of noble instincts dealt with, and removed, individuals of rotten character.

Why this particular pattern? For two simple reasons: (1) because the natural aristocracy favoured – was beneficial to – the community, especially over extended periods of causal Time, while the less noble, more ruthless, selfish, and brutal leaders were not; and (2) selfish, brutal, leaders almost without exception always went too far, offending or harming or killing or tyrannizing until someone or some many “had had enough” and fought back. That is, such bad leaders had a tendency to provoke a certain nobility within some humans – to thus aid the evolution of noble human beings, with such humans provoked to nobility often being remembered if not celebrated by means of aural ancestral stories.



Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility – and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution – a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. A revealing – a knowledge, about our own nature, and about the natural process of evolutionary change – which was contained in the remembered, mostly aural, traditions of communities, based as these traditions were on the *patheimathos* [the learning from experience] of one's ancestors.

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (or excellence, *arête*, ..et.) of personal character. This received wisdom was: (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance – the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution – resides in individuals; (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (revealed) by deeds, so that it is deeds (actions) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to – if not dependant upon – individuals of noble instincts, of proven noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable – the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten.

### The Rise of the Plebeian

The rise of the plebeian – of the mundanes – is the development of ideas, dogma, and abstractions and using these manufactured lifeless things as guides and examples in place of individuals of proven noble character.

Thus, the natural aristocracy of those of good taste and of good breeding is replaced by vulgar, more common, things – by the idea, for example, that some monarch or ruler (and usually their progeny) was 'chosen' by some god or gods, or has a special 'Destiny', and thus represented that god or those gods or has been chosen by 'Fate' or whatever. Or by the idea that some prophets or some prophet have or has received 'revelations' from some god or some gods and which 'revelations' contain a guide to how to live, how to behave, what is 'evil', etcetera. Or by the notion that everybody – regardless of their character – possesses worth, and can or could be a person of influence even if they have done no deeds revealing of their true character. And so on, mundane etcetera following mundane etcetera.

Later on, specific -isms and -ologies were developed or devised – whether deemed to be religious, political, or social – so that the individual was related to, derived their meaning and purpose, and even their own worth, from such abstract things instead of by comparison to individuals of proven noble deeds.

In a sense, this is the rise – one might even say the triumph, the revenge – of the common, the mundanes, over the always small number of humans with good taste. Of how mundanes – the brutish majority – have manufactured, developed and used ideas, dogma and abstractions, in order to gain influence and power and generally remain as they are, and feel good about themselves.

Thus, instead of having high standards to aspire to, instead of being guided toward becoming better individuals, instead of evolving – by *pathei-mathos*, by practical experience, by deeds done, by having the example of those of good taste to emulate – they see themselves, their types, as the standard, the ideal: a process which has culminated in their general acceptance of that modern calumny and calamity, theso-called 'democracy' of the now ubiquitous modern State.

For in this so-called democracy – and in the modern State – we have the epitome of mundanity where vulgarity is championed, where shysters and corrupt politicians dominate, where the Magian ethos guides, and where an abstract tyrannical lifeless law has replaced both the natural justice of noble individuals and the natural right those individuals had to deal with, and if necessary remove, those of rotten character.

Thus, instead of justice, and balance, being the right, the prerogative, of and residing in and being manifest by individuals of noble character – of good breeding – it has come to regarded as the 'right' of some abstract, impersonal, Court of Law (where shysters engage in wordy arguments) and manifest in some law which some mundane or some group of mundanes, or some shysters, manufacture according to some vulgar idea or some vulgar aspiration.

In brief, the rise of the mundanes is the steady de-evolution of human beings. No wonder then that some of those with good taste – some latter-day individuals of noble character, of breeding – developed, welcomed, and championed a return to older, more aristocratic ways, evident, for instance, in both fascism and National-Socialism.

## The Modern Art of Culling

What the O9A Art of Culling does is that it shapes and develops the natural ancestral process in a conscious, a wise, way, according to particular ONA criteria and particular ONA goals, and thus helps restore the natural aristocratic balance lost because of tyrannical abstractions manufactured by individuals of rotten character in order to keep themselves and their rotten kind in power and in order to try and level everyone down to their low level.

The ONA goals are concerned with our evolution, our change into a higher species of human beings, the breeding – by our Dark Arts including The Art of Culling – of more and more individuals of noble character, and thus the development of a new aristocracy.

The particular ONA criteria are that some humans, by nature, by character, are rotten – worthless – and, when this rotten character is revealed by their deeds, it is beneficial to remove them, to cull them.

In addition, there is the criteria of belonging – for a person either resonates with us, with our kind, or they do not. If they do, excellent; if they do not – then words, argument, persuasion, propaganda, are worthless. Thus, if they are of our kind, they will possess the instinct that some things – some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans – are distasteful and that individuals doing certain distasteful deeds are worthless and can and should be removed. If they are not of our kind, they will dislike the notion of culling – or seek to argue about it or debate or discuss it, which, in truth, our kind cannot be bothered to do, since it is character that is important for us, not words. Practical deeds to develop, to reveal, character – not discussions, debates, propaganda, arguments. Being elitist, we simply have no interest in recruiting, guiding, training, the wrong type of person.

In respect of culling, it is – as the Order of Nine Angles has developed The Art of Culling – of two main types. The individual, and the collective. The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather ‘the sworn enemy’ any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

As an historical aside – to be believed or not according to one’s inclination, given that it is an aural tradition – and as an example of Culling as Art, it should be noted that

individual culling in traditional ONA nexions was/is regarded as both natural and necessary: necessary to develop and to reveal excellence of personal character, and natural because it aided, developed, the aristocratic nature that each such nexion was/is. For such a culling was/is a communal affair, it being in the nature of such a nexion that it was more an extended family, tied by bonds of breeding, of blood, of clannish loyalty, that it was what most now with their mis-understanding consider a Temple or a sinister ceremonial group to be.

Thus, let us say that a named individual was chosen because that person has done some distasteful deeds. The ONA member undertaking the act of culling, or choosing to do such a culling, would present their proposal to the monthly sunedrion [2], at which another member would act as Devil’s Advocate and so speak on behalf of the accused (the potential Opfer). The sunedrion would then deliberate, and then give their verdict. If positive, then most if not all members of the nexion would assist in the planning, the tests, and if required in the execution of the act, and which act could appear to be ‘an accident’, or done in a proxy manner via sinister cloaking, or undertaken directly, and so on.

Hence would there be a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.

## Order of Nine Angles

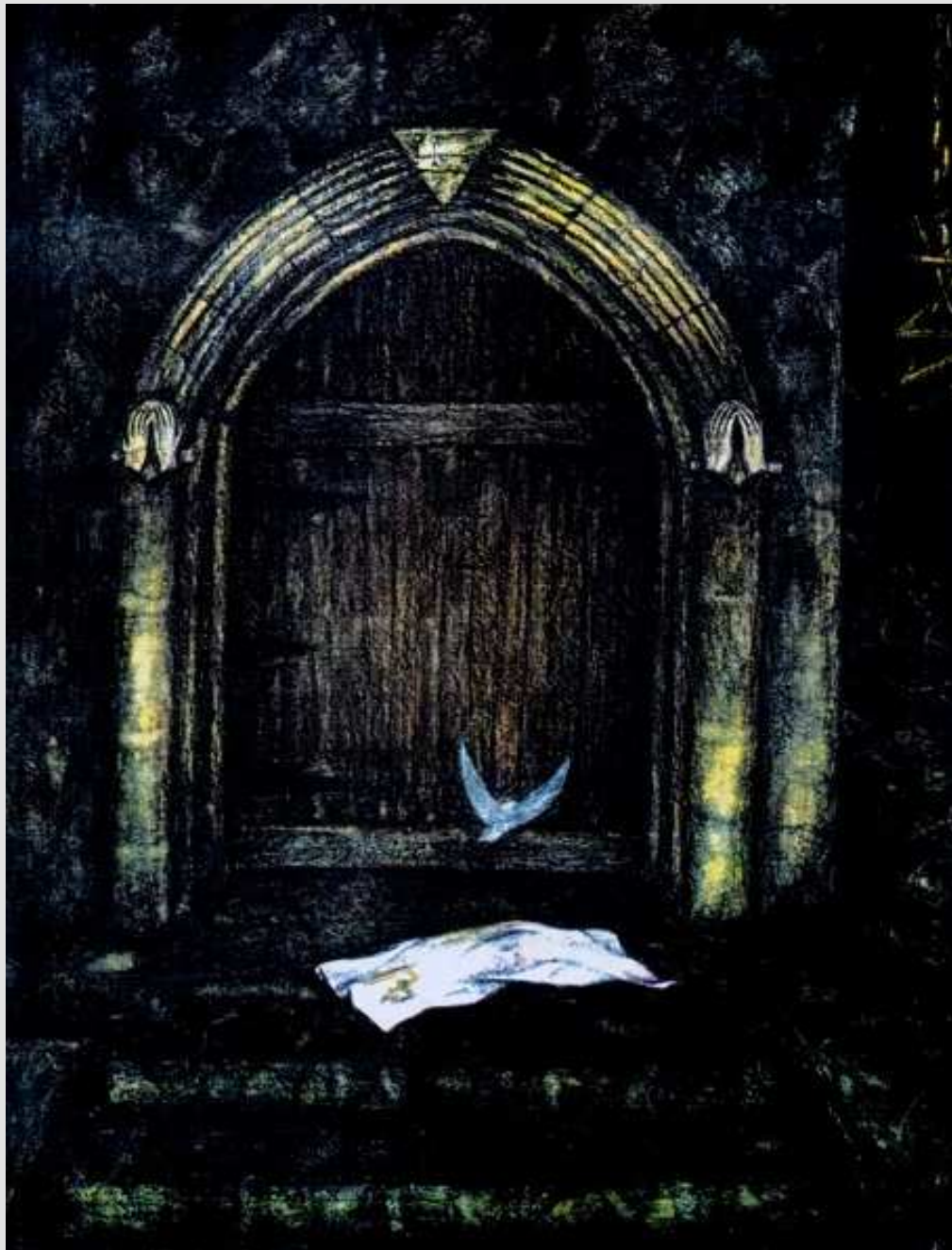
122 Year of Fayen

[1] This sense of personal distaste, of something gone rotten, or bad, is the correct the meaning of the word κακός in Hellenistic

culture.

[2] Sunedrion is the [Greek derived] word traditionally used to describe the regular meeting, led by the Choregos, and held by members of traditional ONA nexions (local groups, Temples) at which matters of importance to the nexion would be discussed and at which members could ask, for example, for magickal or other assistance.

Such meetings would be monthly, or – in a large nexion – fortnightly. Given the small and clannish nature of most nexions, with most if not all members related by ties of marriage/partnership or sworn family loyalty, and living near to each other, it would often not be that formal, would most often end with a feast and general merry-making often accompanied by music, and at which meeting all members (being of our kind) would have an equal say and be able to vote on all matters. Un-resolved disputes, overdicts, would be arbitrated and settled by either Choregos at the particular sunedrion, or by the Master/Mistress, acting as chief of the nexion/family.









Sunedrion

A Wyrdful Tale

### 1. One Autumn Evening

There was nothing outwardly suspicious about the house. It was, apparently, just a normal, old, three-story English town house, built of red brick with a tiled pitched roof whose front sash windows overlooked that narrow – now thankfully traffic-free – short cobbled street and whose wooden front door – raised one step above street level – opened directly onto the widthless pavement.

Positioned as it was in the centre of the town between two churches, St Mary The Virgin and St Alkmund's, only a few yards from a timbered framed early 17th Century building, and providing as the street did easy pedestrian access to Butcher Row, Grope Lane, and Fish Street, scores of people walked past the house every day, oblivious to the fact that there was another story, hidden below street level: a lower, windowless, ground floor of brick-vaulted ceilings and quarry-tiled floors accessible only from the Sitting Room by an enclosed, door-secured, stone staircase. And it was there, where the only light came from candles and from a warming fire in the brick-built fireplace, that the two young women had, and late last Autumn, undertaken their rite of human culling.

Like the outer appearance of their house, there was nothing outwardly suspicious about those women. No occult jewellery; no trendy hairstyles; no tattoos or body piercings. Their clothes and accessories were discreet, an understated elegance replicated in the interior of their home. Replicated even in the first floor bathroom – one of two in the house – which gave no indication of the events that late Autumn evening when they two, friends and lovers since the Sixth Form, had efficiently with surgical precision dismembered the body; clinically cleaning the bath and its surround until not a trace of death remained, a fact ascertained by the judicious use of a forensic light source.

Their male offer had been easy, so very easy, to find and entrap. A first killing planned years in advance when they – following a most wyrdful meeting with a strange itinerant bearded man – had studiously researched the occult, choosing university courses and then appropriate occupations to provide them with some of the necessary skills. For one, it was forensic science and a detailed knowledge of anatomy; for the other, investigative experience and useful, professional, contacts with local law enforcement and social services. As befitted both their personal agenda and their sinister tradition, he – their offer – had chosen himself. He had a history of violence toward his wife; toward other women; and was once tried in a court of law for rape with the trial halted when

his victim – the only prosecution witness – failed to appear in court. He, smiling, was found not guilty and released. She, the prosecution witness, was found the following day near her school, having hung herself from the branch of a tree until she was dead. A week later, and he himself was ensnared: a young woman at night in a Bar, a few words exchanged, and he was there in their house where a drugged drink sufficed, no need for the shadowing armed chaperone until, as planned, they took the mundane down below to smilingly throttle him by the neck until he, for his sins, was satisfyingly dead.

Thus, as they had correctly surmised, no one would miss or even bother to try to find that violent misogynist man; his body parts neatly wrapped, weighed down, and scattered at sea one sunny weekend when, as was often their routine, those lovers travelled to where their small inshore boat was berthed in a Marina. With disposal – and then their passionate lustful intimate Champagne celebrations – over, they began to plan to do a killing deed again and perhaps again, after all of which they, as they had that Autumn evening, would together on the Stiperstones to chant their valedictory chant:

Wash your throats with wine  
For we have returned to bring forth Darkness and Joy:  
We accept there is no law, no authority, no justice  
Except our own  
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.  
We believe in one guide, Satan,  
And in our right to cull mundanes.

...

## 2. A Summer Gathering

To the uninitiated, the gathering in a seminar room in one of the smaller Oxford colleges during the long vacation seemed to be a small group of academics meeting to discuss abstruse matters relating to their professional fields of interest, or – perhaps – a meeting of business people gathered to discuss some corporate strategy or other. Or, perhaps more realistically, a combination of both the foregoing, as possibly befitted the recent move in academia toward finding suitable necessary funds; certainly, the majority of the thirteen participants seemed to have dressed accordingly.

The four men in greyish well-fitting suits with ties announcing some alma-mater or some other form of inclusion: the black and red of an Old Malburian, the rather garish wide brown-yellow-blue stripes of another school, and the more subdued small green and white stripes (on a blue background) of a certain military unit. The older, bearded, professorial-looking man wearing well-worn tweed whose straight-grain briar pipe peeped out from his jacket pocket. The seven women who, while rather disparate in terms of age, all sported the corporate look: figure-fitting woollen skirted suits or shift dresses, all in neutral colours, together with sheer-tights. And, for some reason, all seven wore almost matching necklaces of small, fine, white, freshwater pearls.

Obviously, or so the uninitiated would have guessed, the two other women were post-graduates, or perhaps recently appointed to senior management positions. Not that it was their comparative youth or their most elegant colourful manner of dress that gave them away. Instead, it was a somewhat initial awkward self-consciousness, as if this was their first time attending such a triennial-gathering. For they only vaguely knew one person there, having only met him once so very many years ago when he, after that concert of Renaissance music, had sought them out to present them with a leather-bound book and then silently take his leave.

As for this gathering, those two young women had received their unheralded invitation only weeks before, in early Summer following their successful Autumnal culling. An invitation anonymously hand-delivered to the town house they shared; intriguingly consisting as that invitation did of an encrypted message on high quality paper embossed with a certain sigil. The next day, a key to the cipher was left; an image of the three-dimensional esoteric 'simple star game'; and while it did not take them long to understand its significance as the required 'straddling board' for a Vic cipher, it took them three nights of sleepless toil to break the code, for the English alphabet and the numerals zero to nine were mapped to certain squares of the seven boards of that game, ascertained by the star name of a board and by how the pieces in the image – each piece marked by symbols – were placed on them.

To the pleasurable surprise of the newcomers, the Oxonia gathering on that warm summer morning formally began not with words – not with declamations or invocations or even some speechifying speech – but rather with four of the women, who, having extracted their instruments from their cases and tuned them, very professionally played the Andante of Schubert's *Der Tod und das Mädchen*. Which music set the cultured – the non-mundane – tone of the gathering, as it had at all the others.

No formal introductions, only the professorial-looking man – softly-spoken with a well-educated accent – giving a short informal talk, as if reminiscing to family and close friends. Then, a brief discussion concerning certain strategic things, ended by that gathering's always cultured end: bottles of Krug Clos du Mesnil opened, their contents shared. And there were invitations, of course, to dinner parties for those elegantly attired young ladies, who now most certainly belonged.

ooo

### 3.

"The third phase is where we can expand slowly, nefariously, in the traditional manner by the clandestine personal recruitment of suitable people, which in practice means those useful to us individually in our own lives, and potentially or actually useful to our Aeonic aims, and who also possess culture: that is, the four distinguishing marks which are: (1) the instinct for disliking rottenness (an instinct toward personal honour), (2) reason, (3) a certain empathy, and (4) a familiarity with the accumulated pathei-mathos of the past few thousand years manifest as this pathei-mathos is in literature, Art, music, memoirs, myths/legends, and a certain knowledge of science and history...

We aid those associated with us or inspired by us to carry out particular esoteric and exoteric tasks and functions such as their individual discovery of Lapis Philosophicus. For we seek to not only preserve, and add to, the knowledge and the understanding that both esoteric and exoteric individual pathei-mathos have bequeathed to us, but to manifest a new type of culture and imbue it with such acausal energies that its archetypes/mythoi will enable, over an Aeonic timescale, a significant evolutionary change in our species, regardless of what occurs in the 'mundane world' in respect of such causal things as wars, revolutions, changes of government, and the decline and fall of nations and States. Which is why we are, in everything but name, a secret society within modern mundane societies; and a society slowly but surely, over decades, growing individual by recruited/assimilated individual..."

R.P.

2014





## The Simplicity Of Satanism

..How did I get involved in Satanism and why? When you hear the story, you'll realize the initial reason why I got into Satanism has been the single driving force in my entire life. I owe everything that I am and know and understand today wyrdfully to that initial impulse long ago.

I grew up in a very sheltered environment. My aunt-mother – auntie who adopted me – was overly protective. My uncle-dad was a typical Asian father who was a strict disciplinarian. Growing up in a culturally traditional Asian family as a girl means you have no life or freedom. This in turn means your understandings of how life works outside your family is very small.

My uncle-dad was an immigrant. He came here as a young man, and going to school, the White kids teased him and made fun of his accent. And so, uncle-dad didn't want me and his natural children to suffer the same teasing. So one thing uncle-dad did was move us far away from Asians. We lived in an area made mostly of middle class Whites and Mexicans. The second thing uncle-dad did was he forbade us from having Asian friends. He wanted us to have only White friends, or Mexican, or Black friends at school who spoke proper English.

The third thing uncle-dad did was he made us go to Church every Sunday. Despite the fact that he is himself an atheist, likes science, and believes religion is stupid. His reasoning for making us go to Church was that we'd be exposed to even more English and even more White people culture. He didn't care what type of Christianity it was. And the fourth thing is at home he spoke only English to us and ordered us to only use English at home; but aunt-mom spoke to us mostly in Khmer, as did the rest of the family.

So while my cousin-brother and I went to church every Sunday since we were little, at home our mother would do what a traditional Khmer/Thai/Chinese mother does: raise you in the traditional Asian and Buddhist culture of her people. And so, at church we'd get indoctrinated and at home we'd be exposed to cultural practices. And so from an early age I was able to learn the difference between a religion or belief and a culture. Religion is something you fill your brain with and believe in or agree with. Culture is what you do on an everyday basis without thinking. These two often blur into each other.

Being raised in a Thai-Khmer Buddhist culture is much different than going to learn to be Christian. For instance, as a Christian, you typically go to church once a week, sing dumb songs, and listen to some guy read out of the bible for an hour. You get taught the IDEA that Jesus was the son of Mary, he died on the cross, yada yada. Being raised a Buddhist, you don't get indoctrinated with such ideas and stories. You just get taught the cultural practices.

For instance, during October there is a large family gathering where we cook food for the dead ancestors, burn ghost money; you hear over and over that everything has a spirit, that such spirits [animism] and people take care of each other; you're taught to pray every once in a while to Buddha, your dead Grandpa with three sticks of incense, and so on. You never actually learn what a Buddhist is supposed to believe in. And you rarely if ever even hear the Buddha being mentioned at all. If it weren't for the Buddha statue on our home altar, I wouldn't have even known we were Buddhists.

I got curious once about the difference between going to church and learning about what a Christian is supposed to believe in, and being at home being taught how to be a Buddhist. So I asked my big mom [aunt-mother] once: "What is a person who believes in the Buddha supposed to believe in?" She laughs, and says roughly in English: "You can believe whatever you want. It's what you do in life that's important. Kamma comes from our actions and deed; not from our opinions, views, and beliefs."

## The Jehovah's Witness Period

One weirdful afternoon, after my cousin-brother and I came back from church, a Jehovah's Witness came by and knocked on our door. My aunt-mom answered and invited the man in, and called uncle-dad. So, the Jehovah's Witness was talking to uncle-dad and big mom about who he was, what he does, that he does home studies. Uncle-dad was interested in the idea of having a person teach us how to read and speak English for free once a week after church, and so uncle-dad invited the Jehovah's Witness to come every Sundays to teach my cousin-brother and me for an hour. The man was happy and agreed. His name was Ken. I had just turned 12 years old. My cousin-brother is only a few months older than me.

Ken would come every Sundays after we got out of church, and he'd read with us in the living room for an hour, then eat lunch with our family. He did that every Sunday. Ken was my first real "portal" into the world outside my family and sheltered environment.

There was this one time during the early period of studying with Ken I remembered. He was eating lunch with us and after lunch, he thanked big mom and uncle-dad saying: "Thank you for lunch. I love oriental food. I've never had home cooked Thai food before. It's delicious! I'd be in heaven if I ate this every day."

Curious about what he ate every day, I asked Ken: "What do you eat every day Ken? Hotdogs, hamburgers, and pizzas?" So he goes: "Oh, no. Chloe, those aren't real America food. Have you had real home cooked America food before?" I said: "Well, maybe, the cafeteria food at school?" So he goes: "No, that's not it either. I can show you and Andy." So he asked our parents if he can take us to a place that has a wide selection of home cooked American food, since he didn't know how to cook. Our parents let us go with him. He took me and Andy to Hometown Buffet. That was the day I learned that White people actually ate real food every day, besides hotdogs, hamburgers, and pizzas. That was also the day I realized inside myself that I didn't know much about anything outside my family and sheltered life.

Studying with Ken was different than learning about Christianity at church. At church you read and study the bible. With Ken and the Jehovah's Witness you read from these colored books, and only read the bible for short verses to back up what the colored books say. Our first book we studied from was a maroon colored book called something like "You Can Live Forever In Paradise."

At 12, I didn't know much of anything. Especially the difference between Christian sects. I simply thought Christianity was Christianity. So in the beginning of our study, I didn't get confused about what Ken was teaching me and Andy. What Ken was teaching seemed like the same thing we were being taught at church. Adam and Eve and all that junk.

Then the day came when we talked about Jesus. Ken had told us that Jesus was the son of Jehovah. I had interjected in his discourse by saying something like: "At church they teach us that Jesus, God, and the Holy Spirit are the same person. Is that true?"

That's when Ken spent many minutes trying to explain that the trinity is a "false doctrine." He went on about Babylon, and some council in the Roman Empire inventing the trinity. That was the day I figured out that there are different types of Christians and each type believes in different things.

We had finished the maroon colored book, and were studying a new book and topic. This book was about the book of revelation, Tribulation, how paradise is going to come, and so on. These would be the last lessons me and Andy ever studied with Ken. Things would fall apart.

## Falling Apart

Things started to fall apart when Ken was teaching Andy and me about Resurrection Day. That's when Jesus comes to the earth to establish paradise, and he resurrects people to be judged.

During our study of this topic I asked Ken: "What does resurrect mean?" He explained that it means to be raised from the dead, out of your grave, back to life. I became confused, and I said: "Out of the grave? What are we doing in the grave? At church they teach us when we die we go to heaven or hell? If all of us die and go to either heaven or hell, who are left in their grave?"

That's when a long talk between Ken, me and Andy ensued. Ken had read out of the Jehovah's Witness bible and told us that when Adam was created, he was created a mortal man of flesh and blood and that when the bible says that Jehovah "made Adam a living

soul,” it didn’t mean he was given a spirit. It just meant that he was made a living being. And so, we don’t have spirits, and when we die we stay in our graves until Judgment Day.

I started to argue with Ken. I told him that something isn’t right. Because in our culture we believe in spirits and in reincarnation, and our family has many people who remember their past lives. If people don’t have souls, then how do my family members remember a past life?

Ken told us that reincarnation is a “false doctrine” which came from Babylon. It seems like everything not Jehovah’s Witness came from Babylon. I became upset and agitated and I said back: “No, you don’t understand what I said. I’m not talking about doctrines and teachings or beliefs. I’m talking about real people, with real memories of a past life. If we don’t have souls, then how do you explain that?”

So Ken reads out of the bible this one passage where Jesus banishes demons from a person. And he said to me and Andy something like: “They are demonic. The memories people who believe in reincarnation have are false memories demons put into them.” I just said: “I see,” and dropped it. My cousin-brother Andy continues to debate or argue with Ken by asking: “So you’re saying that all Asian people and other people in the world who believe in reincarnation have demons inside them?”

Studying with Ken actually taught me something valuable. I picked up reading comprehension skills. When Ken reads with us, he’ll ask us to follow along. Then when he is done reading what he does is explains what he just read to us in different ways we can understand. Then he’d have me and Andy take turns reading, and after we read, he’ll ask us to try to explain in our own words what we just read meant. I also learned how to interpret and find meaning in what I read. We’d read references out of the bible, and Ken would interpret the bible passage for us.

### A Sleepless Night

That night, after Ken had taught us that we don’t have souls, I couldn’t sleep. I was scared and confused. Something happened to me that night. I was still 12, but almost 13. Still dumb about many thing. But something didn’t feel right. I started to think for myself for the first time, that night. Trying to use my 12 year old brain and what little I had in it to reason something out.

I was asking myself things like: Do you stop existing when you die? If God made us, why would he make us be alive only for 100 years, only to not exist anymore forever? If we evolved like school says, than it makes no sense that nature would spend so much time to evolve us only to have us live for 100 years and not exist anymore. It seems pointless and like a total waste of time and energy. What happens when I die? Where did I come from anyways? What am I doing here? What is the world doing here? What am I?

That night I decided to go on a life long journey to find out the answers to my questions. Questions about life, the World, and my Self. I figured that night that my first goal is to learn what the bible is, who wrote it, and when. I reasoned with myself that if I can prove that the bible is man-made, then everything that it teaches is fake. That means that I at least know that the teaching that we go to heaven, or hell, or have no soul is man-made and not real. The answer was something else. I figured that asking a Christian about where the bible came from and who wrote it was silly because they’d just tell me what they believe. With my 12 year old brain, I figure that my best source to go to for real answers about where the bible came from was to a devil worshiper, since they hate God. At least they would have a different perspective, you see. Only problem was, I didn’t know any devil worshipers at school.

### First Steps Onto The Left Hand Path

The next day at school, I did something I had never done before: go into the library. At my school, at the time, it was uncool for a cool person to be seen near or inside the library. People make fun of you and laugh and call you nerd and geek. But, I had this strong impulse to go into the library anyways to find answers that even defied the humiliation of being caught inside the library!

So I went into the library, with a lost look, and I went straight to the librarian lady, who was an elderly woman. She was nice and kind. I tried to ask her something like: “I have a question about the bible. Is there a book in here that tells you about the history of the bible? I want to know how God wrote it and when? It’s a book, like these library books are, and every book has a writer? If God didn’t write the bible, then is there a book here that talks about who wrote it and when?” The librarian lady says back: “Hmm, is this for a report you’re doing?” I said: “No ma’am. I just have questions and nobody to ask.” She goes: “Ah... I see. Why don’t I



show you to a section where you will find books to read that might have historical information you may be looking for.” So she showed me to a type of history section. I looked through some of the books during that lunch break. I did this every time I had a chance after that.

One day shortly after spending time in the library, I realized that a friend of mine named Gina was really into witchcraft aka Wicca. She hung out with the wierdos way on the other side of the school yard. Gina was a goth chick and a year older than me. I decided to go to her for some answers, since I figured Wicca was the closest thing to devil worshipers.

After talking to Gina for a week, Gina had convinced me to become a Wiccan like her. She told me the bible was fake, but had no reliable source for me to support her claims. I liked Wicca, the way Gina was into it. This one day she was telling me about magic and summoning demons! That sold me. I was fascinated with the idea of magic and demons. So I converted to Wicca, started to hang out with Gina and her friends, and slowly began to dress more goth like her.

To fit in, I started to smoke cigarettes with Gina and her friends. I told myself that I was only smoking with them to get answers and information about God and life, so it’s not bad. One day, during lunch break, I was peer pressured to smoke marijuana for the first time.

It happened off campus. It was just me, Gina, her friend Joey Cassio, and his friend they call EZ. Joey Cassio was the boy who sold weed on our campus. Gina and Joey for a baggie, so they went off campus to smoke some weed and do the exchange. Gina had me come with her, since she had this desire to corrupt me. She said I was too sheltered.

I was scared shitless. I was thinking to myself when they were talking and starting to smoke the marijuana from a little plastic water bong Joey pulled out of his back pack: “Oh God. These are the drug addicts the teachers and TV tell you about. What do I do? What did I get myself into?”

Joey passed the bong to me. I shook my head, and said as calmly as I could: “Nah, I’m cool. I’ll pass.” So Gina says to Joey: “Dude hold her. EZ, put the bong in her mouth, I’ll punch her stomach and make her take a hit!” They laughed, and Joey grabbed me from behind. I was scared and didn’t want to get punched, so I said loudly: “Okay, okay! I’ll do it myself! Give me the bong!”

The water bong bubbles when you suck on it, and unlike cigarettes where the smoke is harsh as it goes down your throat, a bong hit’s smoke goes down easy. You don’t even feel it. I said, after taking a hit and holding it in as long as I can like they said to: “That’s it? Cigarettes are worse.” Then it hits you. Your brain feels fuzzy. Like a fuzzy plastic bag just wrapped it.

Two weeks of being Wiccan passed by. I was smoking out with Joey one day just me and him off campus. He was nice. I liked him. He’d a dick around his friends, but he was a nice boy when he’s alone by himself with me. So while we were high during lunch break I asked Joey: “What do you think about God? You think he’s real?” So Joey said something like: “Fuck God! If he’s real, he’s a fag. He creates you, make you his slave, doesn’t let you do anything, and sends you to hell if you don’t worship him. It’s all about Satan. Satan lets you do whatever you want.”

I said: “I see. How do you worship Satan? Does he have a bible like God has a bible?” Joey goes: “Yeah, it’s called the Satanic Bible,” and laughs. I said: “I see. Where can I find this Satanic Bible?” He goes: “At the book store! Shit.” So I said: “Oh? I thought it would be in some sacred temple. Gina got me into Wicca. Does the Satanic Bible teach you magic?” Joey goes: “Yeah it teaches you magic. Wicca sucks ass by the way. Why would you get into Wicca?” So I said: “What’s more powerful, Wiccan magic or Satanic magic?” Joey laughs to himself and answers: “Satanic magic! We’re talking about Satan! The Lord of Darkness. God can’t even destroy him! What’s Wicca got? Nature spirits?”

I was convinced by Joey that I wanted to be a Satanist... for the powerful magic [at first]. So I asked him: “Can you get me a copy of the Satanic Bible and teach me how to be a Satanist?” Joey says: “I can’t. I actually don’t know anything about it. But my friend Ray does. He’s a real Satanist. He goes to the high school. I’ll introduce you to him, if you’re serious about it. He’ll get you a copy.”

As I waited to meet Ray, I had some time to talk to EZ about Satanism. EZ had told me that he was a real devil worshiper. I asked him if he learned how to be a devil worshiper from the Satanic Bible. EZ tells me: “Fuck the Satanic Bible. You don’t need that. Satanism is simple. Just read the bible and go out and do everything it tells you not to, and don’t believe anything it teaches you. Pray to Satan and just tell him to guide you. That’s it. You just learn as you live. You don’t need no fucking book to teach you. Watch, how did the dude who wrote the Satanic Bible learn to be a Satanist before the Satanic Bible was written? See. Just do what the

bible says you shouldn't do, one at a time, and learn from your experience. Like you learn from your experience of smoking weed. You can't learn that shit out of a book."

Something that EZ said to me got to me and stuck. What he said was simple, and more importantly, easy for my almost 13 year old brain to understand. It made a lot of sense to me. And so I decided to be a devil worshiper like how EZ was.

A few weeks after I had that talk with EZ, my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday had come. I had been thinking about the journey to find answers to questions I was set out on. Over the months I learned from reading books and talking with the librarian that the bible does have a history. The librarian lady was careful to not give me answers one way or the other. She let me make my own mind up based on what historical information I learned. I still didn't know enough, but I knew that God didn't write the bible. People did, during different times.

On my birthday I decided to make a serious commitment in some way. I had read enough books in the occult section of the library to know that people in the past have sold their souls to the devil in different ways. So, I decided to do something similar on my birthday.

I was taking a shower that evening of my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday, and in the shower I did a very simple dedication thing and prayer. I placed my whole body between both my hands, but squatting down, with my feet on my left hand and my right hand on my head. And I said quietly in the shower in that position that day: "Satan, I have questions about life I need to know the answers to. I have no one to go to but to you. I don't have much to give to you, except myself. I offer everything I have between my two hands for you to have. In return, all I ask is that you guide me in life to find my answers. So that I can one day die peacefully. I promise to be loyal to you forever, if you just guide me to find my answers. Thank you."

I didn't get to meet Ray or read the Satanic Bible until a year after. Until that time, I just did what EZ told me to do. Just read the Holy Bible, make it an effort to commit every sin it tells you not to do, for the experience. And, try to prove that what it teaches you to believe in are wrong. For example, if it teaches you God created everything, don't simply reject the teaching. Prove it to yourself that it is wrong.

It was easy for me, being 13 and being from a sheltered life, to understand this very simple form of Satanism. In life, because I live a sheltered life under protective parents, the more I make it an effort to experience new things and push the boundaries of my sheltered environment, the more I actually learn about life from my experiences. It's like making it an effort to push the limits of your horizon by walking towards the horizon. You'll never actually cross that horizon, but on the actual journey of walking towards every new horizon, you see more, experience more.

And so it is with this simple form of Satanism. You don't just sin to sin because you hate God. Symbolically, God is like a protective father who raises you in a sheltered environment: the Garden of Eden. Satan, in this simple form of Satanism, is the impulse of defiance and curiosity. The impulse to taste forbidden fruit. The impulse to experience what an authority says you shouldn't do or can't do. Satan is the will or flame of desire to know the fruits of the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, both the good and the evil. Satan is the flame of desire to think for yourself, to see things with your own eyes, to experience things on your own time, with your own flesh. Both the Good in life and the Evil in life. It actually doesn't get any simpler than this. This simple form of Satanism – which even a 13 year old can understand – is the most realistic, down to earth, and illuminating kind. Because it's not some book or high priest who teaches you shit. It's your own experiences, and Life itself that teaches you.

But why the defiance and impulse to experience what is forbidden? Why do such things manifest "enlightenment?" Me and my cousin-brother turned out to be incredibly different, even though we are the same age and were raised in the same household. My cousin-brother is very intelligent, but in a schoolish academic sense. He was a straight "A" student from grade school to college. But he has an ignorance to him: he lacks an understanding of how life and people work in the real world.

An example: I eventually lost my virginity sometime around the age of 13 to my first boyfriend. At the age of 13 I already was in a "long term" relationship, in love, and having sexual experiences with him. "Long term" here meaning in a junior high school time scale. Being with the same boyfriend for a full school year in junior high was forever! Like you were married, and your peers treat you like you were a married couple. I'd either go to his house during lunch break or ditch a class to mess around with him. My cousin-brother on the other hand was one of those typical nerdy Asian boys you see at school, who hung out with very academically smart kids. Being the type of boy he was, my cousin-brother was socially and psychologically and emotionally underdeveloped.

He didn't have a girlfriend, didn't know how to tell if a girl liked him or how to make a girl like him, and at the time wouldn't know what to do with one or how to maintain a relationship with her.

But something as "simple" as being in a long term sexual relationship with a boyfriend at 13 lets you learn things first hand, on your own which you just simply can't learn from a book or from teachers. It's just raw life teaching you natural lessons. In the same way that an animal would learn lessons about sexual life. I didn't intentionally go out and find a boyfriend because my family forbade me to have one, just to rebel. I wasn't trying to rebel. Nature happens to some of us early I guess. What type of things do a 13 year old girl learn from such an experience? Little and big things.

You learn how important communication is, and how to communicate with another person. Not just to talk mind you, but to talk to get things to happen. Or I'd try and figure out exactly why my family didn't want me to have boyfriends? I wasn't able to understand at first: why am I not allowed to have boyfriends if being loved by someone, being held by them, and having "sex" feels good? You learn how guys work mentally... and physically. And you learn one of the ultimate lesson life has to teach you: the pain of heartbreak. There is a saying that goes: "A picture is worth a thousand words." Think about it: if a picture is worth a thousand words, how many words and lessons is a 3 dimensional moving thing called "Life" worth? And then you also learn from the unintended consequences of such experiences. Your family reacting when they find out, etc. The hardships you meet up with is what teaches you your big lessons in life.

A wyrdful example of learning of hardship: Growing up in a strict traditional Asian family meant that I wasn't allowed to hang out with friends after school, or talk on the phone with boys. You have rules to follow, or you get punished and beat. So that's one type of hardship I met up with. It's frustrating at that age to not have freedom like your friends do. You get sad and depressed, and angry. But you need those problems and hardships to make you clever in life. The point is to try and figure out ways around the problems and hardships. Either you learn to go around such problems, or you are a victim of such hardships.

So there were different ways I figured out how to circumvent that hardship of not being able to talk with boys on the phone. One way was I asked a female friend of mine to call whatever boy I wanted to talk to, and had her three-way me by calling me on my home phone. My aunt-mom would answer, get a girl on the phone talking about homework, and gave me the phone. Then my friend would just let me and the boy talk when I was in my room. Another way I went around this problem was I wrote letters to all my friends, and we'd exchange them back and forth at school. So, I was writing all these letters to all these guy friends.

It's from these letters that I actually learned how to express my thoughts and feelings in writing. I'd also learn how to actually write and use effective communication from writing those letters. I learned effective communication skills and the power of word charisma from this hardship and another problem I had. The other problem was that when I was interested in a guy, not only did I have competition – other girls at school – but those other girls had more ways to talk with these guys than I did: via phone and all that. So I had to compensate for the lack of phone privileges in my letter writings to these guys. The objective was: getting some certain guy to like me. My only way of doing this was through writing letters and face to face talking at school, and I had to use these mere two ways in such a way where I beat competition.

And so, you learn and grow more intelligent and more capable from the hardships life gives to you. But as a Satanist, you don't wait for life to give you problems. You go out and look for trouble, for problems, for hardships. Put yourself in different situations, for the experience. The mission is to overcome those problems and situations. Slowly push your limits and boundaries, try new things.

When I was 13 my friends had all gone to high school. I was still at the junior high in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. My friend Joey would use me as his "delivery person" at the junior high. He'd pass me bags of whatever drugs somebody on the junior high campus bought, and I'd pass it to them for him. Doing this ended up helping me meet different cliques on campus and helped me climb the schools social ranking system easier. So something like that is what I mean by going out to look for trouble, pushing your boundaries and trying new things. It's very risky business running drugs on campus, but the rewards are worth it. What kind of rewards?

Running drugs connected me to all of the gang banging cliques on campus. I ended up making friends with many of them. If there was a really cool guy from one such gang member clique at school, or a chola I liked, what I'd do sometimes to establish a better friendship with these "people of interest" is I would use my own money to buy them their favorite type of drug from Joey and I'd give it to them for free. So with close trusted friends in that gang banging subculture, I had myself "mercenaries" on campus. If some girl got in my face, I had a number for chola friends I can count on to fight for me. If some guy bugged me, I had guy friends who gang banged who'd beat the shit out of the guy. That's one type of reward. And Satan gifts you with insights from such experi-

ences. The insight I learned from this situation was that: when you control a resource a group of people need, you have a certain amount of influence over them. It's just like what you learn in history class when the British Empire slanged and controlled opium in China. This gave Great Britain a certain amount of influence and power over China.

That's a fractal pattern. Meaning that it goes beyond controlling the resource of "drugs" and passing drugs to delinquents on campus. If you make friends with all the popular and pretty girls and you make a little clique, you then have a huge influence over all the boys on campus, because you have a certain amount of "control" of the resource of pretty girls. Boys will do anything for you if you can hook them up with your prettiest friends. If the group of people are occult type people, then what is the resource these types want or need? Occult shit. And so if you have a large reserve of occult knowledge and you supply their demands, you end up with a certain amount of influence over that group of people. Things like "control of resource," and "influence," are different aspects of what? Of what we call: Power. The one with Power sets the trends and policies. The one with Power is whom Nature/Satan blesses with the privilege to spread its genes to the next generation. What resource did Muhammad "control" or have a lot of? Religious ideas. And people in his time wanted and needed those ideas. And so we see he ends up with power and influence. And nature rewarded him with the privilege to spread his ideas [memes] to the next generation, and the next, and the next, and so on. But why, is the insightful question. Always ask Why about everything. As children, Why is something we constantly ask. It's unfortunate that most of us stop asking Why: cuz we think we know everything in our teens and up.

Because the ideas Muhammad had, coalesced the once incoherent tribes of Arabia into a coherent social order. The Culture and Way of Life Muhammad gave to his people made it so that the Arabs were better at thriving as a people across Time. And THAT is all that Mother Nature and Father Time give a shit about: the thriving of their creatures. Which creatures are actually a part and aspect of their own body [nature] and soul [time]. Where did all the gods and cults of the ancient Greeks and Persians go? They're gone. Why? Because they lost the ability to bring human beings together into systematic social orders which guarantees their thriving and long-time [aeonic] survivability. That's a fractal pattern in nature: where is ancient Egypt and the Mayan civilization? Gone. Why? Same reason. Where are things like typewriters, pay-phones, pirate ships made of wood? Gone. Why? Same reason. Where is Latin, Sanskrit, Sumerian? Dead. Why? Same reason. Where is gold based currency? Gone. Why? Same reason. And the reverse: Why does English dominate the earth? Why is fiat money universal now?

#### The Satanic Bible

It's an interesting book. If you are between the ages of 9-15 I'd actually recommend it to you. I was about 14 when I first read The Satanic Bible. But you don't need this book or its ideas in it to be a "Satanist," because ask yourself this question: How did the guy who wrote The Satanic Bible become a Satanist before The Satanic Bible was written?

It sounds like a stupid question, but think about it for a moment. The ability to ask that question and come up with a working [practical] answer is the difference between you being a follower of somebody's ideas, and you being inspired by them to go your own way... to follow in their footsteps in your own individual direction.

What was John the Baptist before Jesus began his ministry? What was Jesus before the bible was written. If you answer that Jesus was a Christian, then How was he one before the bible was written? What was Muhammad before the Quran and Hadith were written? If you say that he was Muslim, then how? And if you can figure out How, the question becomes: can you do the same? Are you capable of the same? Are you intelligent enough to replicate Muhammad and be Muslim without a Quran & the Hadith? Or are you simply condemned to follow his ideas? Condemned to be a consumer of another person's ideas. When you have your own brain to come up with your own ideas and worldviews, but you need some other guy's brains to give that shit to you.

How did the Buddha become a Buddhist before the Tipitaka was written? It sounds like a silly question, but a few monks in Thailand asked it. Out of the answer they got, they invented what is known today as the "Thai Forest Tradition." The answer is simple and logical. The Buddha left records of what he did to be a "Buddhist," before the Tipitaka. After not finding satisfying answers in the many sects of India back in his days, the Buddha retreated into the jungle to study nature, or actually what's called Natural Philosophy in the West. And so these Thai monks figure: shit, why not DO WHAT BUDDHA DID? Cuz if it worked for him, then why shouldn't it work for you? So you have all these monks in the Forest Tradition who are "minimalists." They put aside all the written shit, all the doctrines, the ideologies, and they stick to the basics: 1) A forest & 2) sambuddhi [self-enlightenment]. So what they do is actually live as hermits in the jungles and forests for months, meditate, and study nature for insights. And when they get insights, they compare their insights with what the Buddha got via the Tipitaka.

In essence, they are recreating the way and method of how this Buddha became a “Buddhist,” and they follow his footsteps. Not to be a lemming or follower of some Buddha, but to follow his steps, his method, to try and achieve what he achieved. Just like good old science. Some group of scientists in olden time England figured out how to be “scientists,” they became smart from it, and they left behind the method by which they did their shit. It’s called the Scientific Method. And amazingly, if you applied that very same method, you too can come up with scientific insights.

With the scientific method example, it becomes easy to see the difference between one who follows some scientist as some sacerdotal authority, and one who follows a method proven to produce scientific insights. Here’s a question: what is it called when you actually follow some scientist and/or scientific theories as sacred authoritative shit to believe in? It’s called Scientism. And so, quite naturally, you call a person who swings on the nuts of scientists and their theories a “Scientismist.”

So here’s the question: how did the guy who wrote The Satanic Bible become a Satanist? And if you can figure out a workable answer to that question, then ask: Am I capable of following that same method to become a Satanist myself? Or do I need to swing on this guy’s nutsack to be a Satanist?

Some mundane Satanists will say that LaVey codified or invented Satanism. If that’s true – and it could possibly be – then he wasn’t trying very hard to codify shit. I wouldn’t use the word “codify,” to describe The Satanic Bible. The descriptor I’d use is “Hodge-Podge.” LaVey hodge-podged together a brand of Satanism for Avon books, which by the way, back then, also sold and published fat lady sex novels.

If you look at The Satanic Bible, you’ll actually see it’s hodge-podge. He slapped together Might Is Right, with Objectivism, with Golden Dawn Enochian shit. And he gave that shit a Satanic trapping. LaVey himself says that what he did was give Ayn Rand some trappings. And the mundane Satanists call this act of hodge-podging things together and throwing a layer of Satanic trappings “codification.” And then these same mundane Satanists have the nerve to call Crowley an unoriginal rip-off.

The only original part of The Satanic Bible which LaVey did not rip off, is the second part called the Book of Lucifer. That’s the part with elementary essays about your ego being god, doing whatever you want to do, why Christianity sucks. Etc. Like I said: if you are between the ages of 9-15, I’d recommend it because you might find it mind opening. It might be expected if a 12 year old read this books and they would say: “Wow, that was enlightening!”

But if you’re like 30, 40, or 50, and you read this book and said: “Wow, that was enlightening!” I’d question your level of intelligence. Cuz think about it: how much Light do you need to illuminate a really dark room? Not much. Maybe an LED and a watch battery, and the room lights up. Whereas, how much light do you need to illuminate a room already lit up by sun light in the day time? Here’s another analogy to draw out the point: If you tell a good dirty joke to a person who has not heard many jokes in life, he might laugh hysterically. But if you tell jokes to a sailor who has heard every dirty joke in the book, then your shit needs to be GOOD to get him to laugh, or he’s going to think you’re stupid. Where has your brain been all your life, if you are 30, 40, or 50 and you think The Satanic Bible is enlightening? How dim are you?

The only part of The Satanic Bible I like – which I still like – is the third part called the Book of Belial. That’s the part with all the rituals and ceremonies. The reason why I like that part is because it gives LaVey’s philosophy an actual culture or cultural practice. LaVey’s shit had rites and rituals specific to his school of Satanism. These days, most so called Modern Satanists have thrown out all that culture and tradition. They throw out the mythos as well. Only keeping the elementary ideas.

I remember when I first held The Satanic Bible in my hands, to me as a sheltered 14 year old, it felt really bad; bad as in naughty. And I ran into my room with it in my back pack, pulled it out, and straight away went to read the Satanic Sex chapter! I was never the same again.

The only other part of the Satanic Bible I like is the 19<sup>th</sup> Enochian Key, which isn’t historically a part of Satanism whatsoever. LaVey just needed filler because his book was too thin for Avon. So to appease Avon, LaVey threw in the Golden Dawn’s Enochian shit, coded numbers and all. In Western Tradition groups like the Golden Dawn, OTO, whatever, some Enochian words in the Keys are substituted with numbers. The 19<sup>th</sup> Key or Call to me when I was 14 years old was actually enlightening, and the essence of that specific Key would set the mood or tone of my personal quest for answers in Life. Or it would show me where I had to go to find my answers. I’ll quote it:

[Begin Quote]

*O ye pleasures which dwell in the first air, ye are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the judgment of the mighty. Unto you it is said: Behold the face of Satan, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the stars, which provided you for the government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety; furnishing you a power of understanding to dispose all things according to the providence of Him that sitteth on the Infernal Throne, and rose up in the Beginning saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts; and let there be division in her; the glory of her may be always drunken and vexed in itself. Her course, let it run with the fulfillment of lust; and as an handmaiden, let her serve them. One season, let it confound another; and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All her numbers, let them differ in their qualities; and let there be no creature equal with another. The reasonable creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them vex and weed out one another; and their dwelling places, let them forget their names. The work of Man and his pomp, let them be defaced. His buildings, let them become caves for the beasts of the field! Confound her understanding with darkness! For why? it repenteth me that I have made Man. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger; because she is in the bed of a harlot, and the dwelling place of Lucifer the King.*

*Open wide the gates of Hell! The lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those who govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place, let it remain in one number. Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. Arise! Move! And appear before the covenant of His mouth, which He hath sworn unto us in His justice. Open the mysteries of your creation, and make us partakers of the Undeified Wisdom.*

[End Quote]

The part of the 19<sup>th</sup> key that jumped out at me like a Sign was this: “[F]urnishing you a power of understanding to dispose all things according to the providence of Him that sitteth on the Infernal Throne, and rose up in the Beginning saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts; and let there be division in her; the glory of her may be always drunken and vexed in itself. Her course, let it run with the fulfillment of lust; and as an handmaiden, let her serve them. One season, let it confound another; and let there be no creature upon or within her the same.”

I took it to be a sign. Like an arrow pointing me towards a direction. A year earlier I had done a simple dedication thing and asked Satan to guide in life so that I might find answers to my questions. The first part that goes: “Furnishing you a power of understanding to dispose all things...” was relevant to me. Then the word Providence, which basically means the unseen force of God’s Guidance and Care, was significant to me. Then the bit about the Earth and her parts, told me when I was 14 that I’d find my answers in Nature, and the different arenas of earthly life.

This key also explained to me the way that Nature works for the first time: that nothing on earth is equal to another. There is no such thing as equality. No such thing in Nature as peace. That there will always be division, strife, and competition. The descriptors used are “Drunken” and “Vexed.” As if to say that Nature behaves not lady-like, not nice, not orderly, but like a drunk, like if she were intoxicated, with no logic to what she does. Vexed, meaning to cause trouble and mayhem, etc. And “lust” is Nature’s handmaiden. As if to suggest that the primeval impulse of Lust [passion, strong emotion] is Mother Nature’s helper. Not logic, not reason, but passion.

One thing I learned from Ken when my cousin-brother and I studied with him was the culture of verifying what we read. Not to take things at face value and simply believe things. It’s all great and shit to read the 19<sup>th</sup> Enochian Key. But the real insights come from the work of studying nature, natural philosophy, and how the world works to verify what that key hints at. LaVey uses a very telling descriptor when he explained the essence of this key: Thrift. Thrift here is to gift what Thrive is to give. It took me many years to try and figure out why the word “thrift” [a

thriving] was used to peg to something describing nature in a way which seems to not be conducive to a thriving, with all the division and vexed stuff. I took the 19<sup>th</sup> Key as my first real arrow which set me off on my journey on the “Left Hand Path” to find my answers, guided by Providence.

So when I study nature, or study a phenomenon I observe in nature, I’ll first try to put what I see into words. Then I ask myself Why it is so. Like when I watch on some nature show a lioness kill a gazelle, I put what I see into words, and then I ask myself why the lioness must kill that gazelle. In my oriental worldview what that lioness is doing is called dharma: the Way or Law of how Nature works, the Natural Order of things, etc. So the question is: Why this dharma? The dharma of a lioness killing to eat? What for. It may keep the plant eating animals in check. But then what does that dharma do for the lioness? It would keep her alive. Alive to do what? To have offspring? What for? Why have offspring? To pass genes down? Whose genes? A lion guys genes? And of all the lion guys in the African savanna, which lion guy gets to pass his genes down to the next generation? And why? So, I’ll just keep asking why to every answer I get. And to get answers I’d read books on the subject, and follow hunches I get.

The saying mundanes like to say is: “The strong or fit survive.” Or: “Those able to adapt survive.” That’s only half of the shit. To survive is to just live for another day. Check this out: During the historical slave trade all these African people were packed into slave ships to be shipped to the New World right? On the way the weak died right? And the strong and fit survive right? Survived to do what exactly? Survived to serve those who Thrived: White People. The strong may survive, and those who can adapt may survive, but those who become Adept Thrive... and those who survive live to serve those who Thrive. That’s the gift of Satan/Nature. It’s the way Nature/Dharma works.

Fuck surviving and adapting. To thrive doesn’t mean to be strong and fit. And it doesn’t mean “Might is Right.” Bacteria thrive. It means to be Adept at something. Like how ants are adept of their environment. They’ve gone beyond simply trying to survive. They own the forest and jungle. A little mom and pop shop can survive as a business if they are fit enough to withstand local competition. But the corporation that is intelligent, cunning, clever, enough to become adept of an industry or commercial environment, is rewarded by nature. Like Apple Inc & Google. They dominate the landscape? But why? Cuz they’ve proven to mother nature that they have what it takes to keep the shit going the distance. And since Nature is interested in being around for a long ass time, those who are proven get to pass their proven genes down to the next generation. Nature wouldn’t have lasted a continuous 4 billion years if she relied on shit that simply used their energy to simply try and survive.

I used The Satanic Bible as a map. My question I asked was: how did LaVey become a Satanist before he wrote the Satanic Bible? And can I follow his method? I figured that I can read the book to find clues, and I’d put the clues together to try and figure out the mind-set and resources LaVey had which helped him become a Satanist.

So what I’d do is I would read this book, and when I get to any key word like “Psychology,” or “Psychiatry” which LaVey used in whatever chapter, I’d put the Satanic Bible down and go study and research whatever I can on that subject. What I was trying to do was try to see what LaVey may have seen in psychology or whatever that inspired or influenced him to formulate his ideas or which may have influenced his worldview, how he saw the world.

For example, when the Satanic Bible briefly mentions the OTO, I spent several years trying to learn everything I could on the OTO. I went out and even made friends with people in the OTO. Likewise with things like the Templars, Golden Dawn, Freemasonry. If it was mentioned or hinted at, I’d go and learn as much as I can on it. Maps are useless once you’ve learned your way around a terrain. Once I began to figure out how LaVey was getting his “Satanic” ideas, I just threw LaVey away and went directly to the sources and resources myself. Why follow LaVey’s narration of human nature, when you can learn that same shit – or more of it – by studying shit like sociology and anthropology? If LaVey says man is an animal, why stop at LaVey’s words? Why not go and study zoology, biology, and other animal sciences? When LaVey talks about the history of Christianity, why stop at his word and narrations? Why not put in the effort to study history and religion yourself?

Thing is, you don’t need a book to be a “Satanist,” or “devil worshiper.” But this would depend on how we each define Satanism. Robert Anton Wilson once said: *“He who has the power to define has the ultimate power.”* And so the question regarding definitions of Satanism is: Who defines it for you? You yourself, or some Church of Satan, some Satanic Bible, some other person?

In real simple terms, Satanism is the ism of Satan. Where the variable “Satan” equals the character in the bible and Quran. In such a case, Satan represents everything that is opposite to Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. Their morals, social values, their culture, and



so on. You don't need a book to be a Satanist. You just need to know that Satan as a symbol represents the enemy of the Christian, the Jew, and the Muslim. And so, you live your life the opposite of how the Enemy lives theirs. You see the world different from how the Enemy sees the world. Your culture is different.

With that said, my favorite book by LaVey is the "Satanic Witch." When my little sister turned 13, I gave her a copy of the Satanic Witch to read and study. Then me and her made it a "tradition" to give all our girl cousins a copy when they each turn 13.

### Growing On The Path

My favorite quote from the Holy Bible is: *"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."* It's the most beautiful verse in the whole bible, and true with philosophical depth to it. I once asked my late bhikkhu grandfather what Buddhahood is like. He said to me roughly: "How should I know? I'm just an old man in an orange robe!"

I learned the meaning of that bible passage from my aunt-mother. She was telling me about a time when she was young when she disliked her mother for being over protective and so on. My aunt-mom then said: "Then when I got married and had my own children, I understood how your grandmother was feeling and thinking, and why she was over protective." I learned the meaning of that verse even from my pet dog. Nature happens naturally for my pet dog. As it grew from a puppy to a young man dog, he just grew into the knowingness of being a sexually active boy dog. Nobody had to teach him what to do with a girl dog like where to put it at. He just knows. Nature has this way of really teaching you without teaching you. When the time and season is right, you just know how to be a father or mother. When the time and season is right, you just have feelings for guys and want to do things with them. When you grow old, you just become wise.

And so it is with Satanism. There is a time and season for everything. And only somebody who has really walked the Left Hand Path in life for a long time will understand just what exactly that means and implies.

I have personally been a "Satanist" or "devil worshiper" since I was 13. My Satanism at 13 was perfect for a 13 year old girl. It wasn't sophisticated, it wasn't philosophical, there were no spectacular Satanic rites, no church or circle meetings, not even the reading of books. No ideals to live up to.

Satanism back then – in context to time and season – was me just having fun, and trying to go out of my way to experience and experiment with everything new to a teenage girl. Just to push your boundaries, enjoy life as a teenager, and try everything sinful, forbidden, at least once. Cuz that's actually how you learn about life as a teenager. You experiment and experience. And it's truly unfortunate that we don't retain that teenage way of learned from life as we grow older. We end up throwing that lively, innocent, natural, way of learning about life, to adopt dead written texts and books to learn about life from. And that's fucked up. You're literally learning about life from the narrations of some random people who wrote shit on paper. And we call doing this an "academic education." High school fucks us up where we think that as adults, we learn from books and school. Not from a direct experience of life. Not from experimenting and trying things like we did as teens. That's teenage shit right?

I was trying everything when I was 13. Once the Buddha was asked by someone that if he could shrink Buddhism down to one word, what would it be, and he said: Taming. If I were asked to shrink Satanism back then down into two words it would be "Why" & "Try." Never stop asking Why, and Try everything at least once. That's the funnest and quickest way to liberate yourself from Christianity or any religion. To constantly ask Why, and Try everything it condemns.

By the time I was 14 in my freshman year in high school, I had already done weed, speed, LSD, shrooms, had premarital sex – all kinds of sex – with a boyfriend, fooled around with other girls, got into fights, delivered drugs around campus, was tagging, sneaking out at night with friends and hanging out in trashy places, etc.

At the bus stop during the 8<sup>th</sup> grade me and my friends would smoke a joint every morning. I went to school high as fuck for the whole 8<sup>th</sup> grade. My first time I ever tried acid [LSD] was at the bus stop in the morning before school. It was an orange microdot. I had never done acid before, but my friends kept saying that it's great and you see things. That morning my friends had some microdots and handed me one. They told me to swallow it, as they were laughing. I asked what it was, and they just said it was acid. So I ate the whole microdot. I figured that the microdot was so tiny, that it couldn't do much to me. I mean, how much LSD could possibly fit into it!? Shit, was I wrong.

On the bus to school it didn't hit yet, but my heart was beating cuz I was scared of getting caught. My guy friend told a friend of mine: "Dude, keep an eye on her. She's gunna be fucked up." That friend had first period with me.

First period was when it hit. I got really slow. My friends told me to act normal no matter what or I'll get busted. So, during first period I was trying very hard to act normal. My first period was Pre-Algebra. I had a friend named Tammy seated in front of me. She was a Vietnamese goth chick. So when the acid was hitting, I mentally got lost and didn't know where I was, but I still tried to act normal. So Tammy turns around to me, looks at me, and says something, I don't know what she said. I said back to her: "Hey, so... what do you have for first period?" Tammy looks at me with a "what the fuck" look and said: "Are you alright?" My guy friend who was watching over me was laughing and he says to Tammy quietly: "No, she's tripping on acid right now. She took a whole microdot." Tammy goes: "You guys are so fucked up," she looks at me and says: "Put your head down on your desk and keep it there. If the teacher asks say you're feeling dizzy."

That's all I remember of first period that day. I felt like I was going to die. My guy friend and Tammy at the end of first period asked me if I was okay. I said no and that I have to go home. They told me I can't go home, so I remember them taking me off campus, so I won't get busted for being high on acid. I remember when I walked it felt like I was walking on jello, and my legs and arms were made of stretchy pink gum or silly puddy. Every time I lifted a leg to walk it felt like my legs stretched real far down the side walk. My ears sounded like hands were clapping on them, so that when my friends spoke, it sounded like how when you're talking into the spinning propeller of a fan. My limbs also felt like they were detached from my body, and I felt very tall, like as tall as a telephone pole.

Most of the day, I had a huge headache, and was very confused and lost. The high lasted all day, until the evening. I was coming down from it during the afternoon, so I knew I can go home and act normal. That's when I felt like being made of silly puddy again. This time, the high wasn't bad and I wasn't confused, so I was fully conscious to experience it. I tried to watch TV in my room, and whatever I was watching looked as if it was in fast forward, everything moved fast, and people talked fast and squeaky. My fingers felt like they were made out of gum. They felt sticky. I kept on opening and closing my hands because I can feel it being sticky, and see my finger sticking like gum. I remember I came off it at around 8 in the evening.

Satanism develops in your mind like a person develops. When you first get into Satanism, that Satanism is in its child stage of development. Like a child, that Satanism simply wants to play. Children play by just being active. We were all young children once. At that age, our play is us playing with life for the first time. Like testing the waters, getting comfy with our nest, getting familiar with our new environment. So Satanism at this early stage of its development is like that. It's out to get familiar with its new environment. It's all about actively doing things at this time. Often stupid things. Just like as children we do stupid things. And we learn from such stupid things. From mistakes we made.

When I was around the age of 17-18 my Satanism went into its second stage of development. The next stage is when Satanism becomes a teenager. That's when your Satanism becomes rebellious in a way. Where you have the mind-set of "fuck everything." You hate Christians and so on. The Satanism also becomes arrogant or egotistic, just like a teenager. And like a teenager thinking about sex [replication] your Satanism at this stage of its development begins to try to replicate itself.

So, when I was 17-18 my Satanism was different than what it was when I was 13. During this period, I hung out with a small group of other Satanists in my city at our local mall. We formed ourselves into our own "grotto." Like how a teenager may have a hero to look up to, Satanism at this stage looks up to a hero of some type and tries to emulate it. Naturally, our Satanism at this time looked up to the Church of Satan. We wanted to do what they did. To have our own organization, to have our own type of Satanism... and followers. That's how a memplex like Satanism "replicates" itself.

The way we replicate ourselves is that we pass a special thing to new people called DNA. What's DNA? It's a body of organized, codified, coherent INFORMATION. What's something like Satanism made out of? A body of organized, codified, coherent information. So when we pass that organized, codified, coherent information of a species of Satanism down to new people, that variety of Satanism spreads, and thus replicates itself. But like a teenager, the sex [replication] is just messing around and experimenting with something new. In other words, your Satanism and Satanic ambitions aren't going to get very far. But even still, it's a needed and necessary causal stage of development for Satanism.

Our teenage and young adult years is also by nature our warrior years. In old days when we humans lived in tribes, the boys who were around ages 15-22ish were the warriors. Because at that age, as a boy you are just naturally rough and rowdy, you act badass

like you're the shit, your confrontational, out looking to prove yourself. And so Satanism in this stage of development becomes just like that. Your Satanism becomes confrontational, picking fights with other types of Satanism, other ideologies. You talk shit about how other Satanists do their Satanism wrong. Your Satanism becomes competitive and behaves like it's got something to prove. That's when you act like what you know and understand about Satanism is the shit and is better than what others know about it.

And again, nothing about that stage of development is bad or wrong. It's a necessary actual stage in your Satanism's development. It's a natural process of maturation, when your Satanism gradually evolves to be mature. You can tell how long a person has had Satanism [been actively into Satanism] by what stage of development their Satanism is in. For example, if you meet a 20 or 30 year old Satanist, and their Satanism is confrontational, picks fights, seeks conflict, tries to organize itself into Satanic churches, grottos, whatever, it's in an immature teenage state of development. Which would indicate that such people – regardless of their age and intelligence – have only been actively into Satanism for a few years. "Actively into Satanism" here means that you don't just simply identify yourself as a Satanist and leave it at that.

When you see a person – regardless of their age – display a Satanism that is mostly idealistic, dreamy, the Satanist talks a lot about Satanism, repeats ideas from "hero" figures like the Church of Satan, The Satanic Bible, or whatever, then this indicates that such person is new to Satanism. That their Satanism is in its infancy, or child state. Think about it. When we were young children, we did not yet learn to use our own brains to think for ourselves. We learn from parents, teachers, and friends, and we thus repeat and parrot such people. And so it is also with Satanism in its Child State. A person new to Satanism will most often repeat and parrot the ideas of other Satanists, Satanic authors, Satanists they look up to, and so on. Because it has not had time yet to think for itself: to have its own independent Satanic thoughts and ideas.

As children we learn from example and we copycat. And so Satanism in its childhood state does the same: it learns from example and copycats. Which will explain why when you see new people get involved in Satanism that most often they start off with an already established Satanism. Meaning they use the Satanism of The Satanic Bible for example. They emulate the Satanism of pop-culture or Hollywood. Why? Because when we were children, we did not yet develop our own independent identities. And so Satanism is the same way. When a person's Satanism is in its childhood state of development, it has not yet developed its own independent identity.

That's a telling mental signature that a person is new to Satanism: that they don't have their own independent thoughts. They can be super smart about LaVeyan Satanism or whatever, where they understand and can repeat every word and idea. But look closely, and you'll notice that such types lack their own original independent Satanic ideas, their original independent Satanic worldviews, and so on. Such types have not yet diverged from their parental Satanic source. For example, a new LaVeyan Satanist may feel that if he diverges in thought and opinion from what The Satanic Bible teaches that they may not be "real" Satanists anymore, or that they would be rejected by the parental source. As children we stay close to our parent, in their protective shadows, under their protective wing, and we are reluctant to diverge far from them.

It's when Satanism to a person is in its teenage state of development that such Satanism begins to forge itself its own independent identity, views, thoughts, world-models, and so on. When we were teens we diverge apart from our parents. We don't want to be seen with them. We dress different from them. Have our own hair styles. Listen to our own independent type of music, and so on. That's when you see these Satanists – I did this – say things like: "Yeah, I started out reading the Satanic Bible. But that isn't me anymore. I'm my own thing now. I have my own grotto, and I write my own essays and shit." You're no longer afraid to move apart from your parental source. Your Satanism is actively trying to forge its own identity and worldviews. It develops its own characteristics. For instance, you may mix into your Satanism a bit of the Cthulhu mythos, or whatever. So you can tell roughly how long a person has been actively a Satanist by studying and scrutinizing the state of development their Satanism is in.

Then there is the stage of development when Satanism grows to be a grown adult. As people, when we grow into full adulthood, we have stable jobs or careers, we're in a stable relationship or are married. We've past that rowdy stage of adolescents, etc. And so, the key word is "stability." Satanism at this stage has become stable. It has developed for itself a stable identity. It knows what it is. It now has its own independent thought, and it has a sense of confidence in thinking its own thoughts and having its own views. It has diverged from its parental source, having become its own "person." Not afraid to be seen separated or distinct from its parental source, but may be proud of its roots and ancestry.

As grown adults life has kicked our asses, and so we tend to be more realistic with life. As teenagers we tend to be idealistic. That's when we have all of these idealistic ambitions, like dominating the world, being the next black pope, being a sex machine with 5 girlfriends, finding a millionaire husband, or whatever. Then life kicks our ass and we are forced to face the facts and be real as adults. That's when we get real jobs, find a boyfriend or husband and establish a real relationship. Perhaps start a real family. In this stage of Satanism, it thus also has left behind its idealistic worldview, and has come down to earth, becoming more realistic in attitude and tone.

With adulthood, comes a new mind-set and level of understanding. In the season of our adult lives, we are more intelligent and are better able to understand things more clearly. There is a time and season for everything. And so, in this season, Satanism grows more intelligent. Meaning that your Satanism becomes more sophisticated, where you understand a great deal more. This is the season of time when your Satanism becomes more philosophical, or spiritual, or cultural, and so on. So, with Satanism – for those who actually live the path – there is a time and season for Satanism to be philosophical and brainiac, and a time and season for Satanism to be just about going out and experiencing new things, etc.

When I say “idealistic” here I would mean anything which is rooted and exists only in the mind as thoughts, beliefs, images, conceptualizations, etc. And when I say “realistic” I would mean anything which is rooted and/or exists in the real world as things observable and verifiable. For example, the Brahminical idea of Dharma is idealistic in this sense. Because it's an ideation, a belief-set, a thought construct which actually is rooted in the mind. Whereas the Theravada idea of Dhamma is more realistic, because dhamma means phenomenon which is something rooted in the real world. The Brahminical idea of Karma is idealistic in this sense. Because the idea that there is a force or gods out there somewhere that punishes you for bad deeds and rewards you for good deeds is rooted in the mind as a belief-set. The Buddhist idea of Kamma on the other hand is more realistic because here kamma means causation, and this can be observed in the real world.

So Satanism in its different stages of development follows the same pattern of apprehending the world and things. For instance, before maturity, Satanism's idea of “Satan” may be idealistic. Where Satan is rooted in the mind. In this stage Satan may be a humanoid being based on cultural and religious myths and legends, a set of symbols that represents idealistic virtues. In maturity, Satanism looks for Satan in the real world. It leaves the domain of mind, and now seeks acknowledgement or confirmation of its own existence and ideas in the real world somewhere. Thus, in this stage, the Satanist will try to look for something in nature which the Satanist can identify as Satan. If the Satanist once believed in the idealism of Might is Right, they would now seek for confirmation of such belief-sets in the real world.

With all this said, here's a question: what does it mean when an institution or organization – such as a church or religion – make it so that you can't or shouldn't diverge from their established system of belief and doing things? It means they have a desire to keep your Satanism or whatever underdeveloped and keep it in its child state, where it is dependent on its parental source. Like a kung-fu teacher who teaches you his style, but just enough and never teaches you to be like him: a master of a style. In such case, you are a child, forever dependent on him as your parental source for martial arts moves. A business person who teaches you great work ethics and gives you a good job, but never teaches you to diverge from what he has established so you can be a business person yourself only wants employees. A leader who never teaches you to diverge and develop your own independent mind and independent way of doing things where you yourself can be a leader, is only looking to make followers.

What's it mean when a person or institution gives you a Quran, a Bible, the Vedas, a Satanic Bible and they say to you: “Here. Learn from it, but never diverge from what has been written and given to you.” It means that they are telling you in so many words that you are to remain a child as far as your religion and philosophy goes. Forever dependent on your ideological parental source for handouts and nurturing. But why do they do this? Because they are not looking to make you a fully grown and mature mental, emotional, spiritual, and psychological adult. You have the body of a grown adult, but the maturity level, world outlook, and level of understanding of a child. Easy to control: a source of their power and wealth.

How many gurus in the 60's and 70's ever taught their people how to be independent Gurus? How many Satanic High Priests or Ipsissimi have ever taught their people to be high priests and ipsissimuses of independent mind and independent activity where you – like they – run your own satanic church? How many corporate CEO's ever teach their employees how to be CEO's of their own corporations? None. Why not? Cuz it's fucking competition! Has the ruling regime of a nation-state ever taught its citizens how to form regimes and establish nation-states of their own? No, that's what “terrorists” are. We're taught in our society that

such types of people – who diverge from their ideological and lawful parental source – are heretics, apostates, criminals, terrorists. We're supposed to hate them and stay far away from them, fear them, not be like them, report them to the proper authorities.

You know, in nature there are things called natural "law" and natural order. If it weren't for the few biological heretics, apostates, criminals, and terrorists who defied such law and order, who pushed the boundaries of what nature had established for them, who diverged to be their own thing, we would have never evolved. We owe our existence to biological apostasy and genetic heresy. Our ancestors said: "To hell with what's written in that DNA bible! I'll change and add to that shit if I want." Think about this: what we call "schisms" in the ideological arena [memes], we call "evolution" in the biological arena [genes]. Yet we are taught that one of these is bad and the other is good. In linguistics the line between schism and evolution is blurred. The language of Anglo-Saxon sort of "schismed" from its fellow Germanic dialects, and they started to change and add shit. They imported Greek words, Latin words, French words, and they ended up with the English language as we know it.

My own personal Satanism has just grown into this adult stage of development. It has taken over 10 years for it to develop this far. And so, how I today understand "Satan" to be, is very different than what I thought Satan was when I was 13. When I was 13 my Satan was still a character rooted in the bible, in myths and legends. Like how superman and batman are things rooted in written texts [comic books], myths, and legends [stories, movies]. When I was 18-25 and my Satanism was in its teenage state, Satan to me became a symbol which represented the idealistic notion of thinking and living life opposite to the Enemy: Christians, Jews, and Muslims. So in its adult stage, my understanding of what Satan has left that idealistic view and is rooted in the real world.

And so to me right now, Satan is something real I can observe in the real world. The clue to what Satan is, is hidden in the meaning of the word "Satan," meaning things like "adversary," "enemy." Another clue to what Satan is, is hinted at in the book of Job where Satan actually makes his first real appearance in the bible. Job is afflicted with Adversities in life. He suffers, meets up with trial, tribulation, and hardships. Being raised both a Christian and a Buddhist, it didn't take me long to find this same "Satan" in Buddhism, which helped me further understand just what exactly Satan is in the real world.

The story about the Buddha begins when his mother- the queen - was pregnant with him. By tradition and culture, this queen and her husband the king went to see a fortune teller to learn a few things about their child. The fortune teller reveals that if the child remains within the royal palace, he will grow up to one day be a great king who will rule the whole known world. If he ever leaves that palace, he will be a pauper and beg for alms for the rest of his life.

So the king raised Gautama [Buddha] enclosed in the royal palace, which he was never allowed to leave. The king shielded his son Gautama from the ugliness of life by forbidding such things as old people, sick people, ugly people, diseased people, peasants, farm laborers, etc from entering the palace. Only healthy, beautiful people were allowed inside the palace. And the king gave his son Gautama a harem of wives and concubines and gifts of gold, the best food in the kingdom. So for the first few decades of his life, young Gautama lived in such an opulent life, oblivious to the world outside his palace.

One fateful day, the guards at the palace entrance fell asleep, and the gate was left opened and unprotected. Not knowing she wasn't allowed into the palace, an elderly woman walking with a cane walks into the palace to make a complaint to the king about how her people in her village were starving. The elderly lady was said in some versions of the story to be an "angel/deva" in human disguise. So the elderly lady wanders and found young prince Gautama. The young prince at first was horrified. He had never seen an elderly person before. Prince Gautama thought the elderly lady was a demon and yelled for the guards. As the guards were coming the elderly lady told Gautama that she wasn't a demon. She was just an old lady who had come to ask the king for food to feed her village.

Curious the Prince asked the elderly lady why she looked the way she did and why she walked with a cane. The elderly lady says: "How I look, is how all humans look when we get old. Our beauty fades, our teeth fall out, our skin wrinkles, our back is bent, we need a cane to walk about. You too prince, will grow old and look like me one day." With that, the guards had come and dragged her out and away.

Meeting that elderly lady caused the young prince to realize inside that all this time, he had been living a sheltered life, inside the walls of his palace. And the life and world of that palace was fake. That he had been living inside an illusory world, a delusional world, an idealistic world, which wasn't real. That there was a whole different world beyond the walls of his palace.

And so one day, Prince Gautama dressed up as a commoner and ran away from home by jumping the walls of his palace, to see the outside world. He wanders around and sees the real world. The story says that Prince Gautama during his wandering encounters what are called the “Four Adversities.” These were: 1) Old Age, 2) Sickness, 3) Death, & 4) a Shramana.

The first three symbolized the universal Adverse Conditions of mortal existence. All mortal creatures suffer old age, sickness/disease, and death. These three symbolizes the universality of this Force of Adversity in the Natural Order. Natural Order meaning nature and the physical world. That in this Natural Order there exists an adversarial condition of some kind, which is always present called “Shram.” The Shramana was a person who believed that only by facing Shram, by struggling with this adversarial condition of the natural world, can one truly be enlightened about the mysteries of life. “Shramana” means “One Who Struggles,” similar to what the Arabic word “Jihadi” means in one sense.

After meeting the four adversities, the Buddha goes on a quests to figure out why we humans are born in this life, only to suffer from adversity. For a while Gautama followed various gurus and sects, but he was never satisfied with answered he learned. So one day he retreated into the forest and decided to be a Shramana, to find the answer to his questions by himself. In Theravada Buddhism, the process of you going about using intuitive understanding to find answers to your own questions about life, the world, self, and reality is called “Sambuddhi.” Sam meaning “Oneself/Same” and Buddhi meaning “Intuitive Realization.”

So, from those two ancient sources of insight, we see a common current. We see that life or nature has a quality or character or condition to it which is Adverse, which is an Adversity to all mortal creatures, which causes suffering, trial, tribulation. And that against this Force of Adversity, we must struggle.

And so interestingly, we read in the piles of manuscripts of the Order of Nine Angles about the Devil Card of the Tarot this topical insight:

*“Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the ‘accuser’, that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the ‘sacred’. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.”* –CB, Septanery Tree of Wyrd

And the insights of Atu 7, [the seventh trump], symbolizing Azoth/Satanas, from the same book: *The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the ‘homogenous metallic water’: the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the ‘Accuser’. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.*

Nature itself – the Natural Order – is Adversarial and challenging. Nature in the raw: is primal, savage, and wild. The “Accuser” – Satan the Adversary – is that Force of Adversity which is born and created from raw nature. And it is this Force of Adversity in the Natural Order that changes us. Nature, in the Sinister Tradition of ONA is Baphomet:

*“Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.”* --Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

If Satan is the Adversarial Force in nature, then Satanism is simply the vehicle that leads the Satanist to the direct experience and apprehension of Satan. That is the most basic and fundamental definition of Satanism I can come up with from my experience which fits into one sentence: Satanism is a means which leads a person into the direct experience and apprehension of Satan the Force of Adversity in Nature. And that is how simple Satanism is. As ONA explains it:

[Begin Quote]

*The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.*

*The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained -pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals*

*A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed. --*  
ONA, The Tradition of the Sinister Way, OTONEN

[End Quote]

Satanism is simple, and you need no book to teach you how to be one. Life will teach you. Nature will teach you. Direct experience, direct practice, and self-development are all you need to be a Satanist. As time passes, your Satanism will naturally grow and develop, in its own Time and Season, in tandem to your own self-development and level of understanding.

Wyrd

Wyrd is a word and concept you'll find in ONA. It makes ONA unique. Wyrd has various senses and shades of meaning, depending on how it is used and on context. Usually it means something like the following: Destiny, Fate, Karma, and/or Providence. Personally, when I use the word "Wyrd" as a noun, I like to pronounce it so that it sounds like the word "word," where it rhymes with "Bird." If I use it as a descriptor to describe an event or situation, I say it so that it sounds like the word "Weird." And then the word "Wyrdful" means something quite different than things just being "weird." Wyrdful might mean: providential, in accord with destiny, fateful, the way karma unfolds.

I think providence is my favorite word in the English language. From my still young experience of life as a mortal, if I was to describe life in one word it would be: Providential. It is inescapable that when you immerse yourself into Life, and directly experience it, while keeping a sharply attentive mind to how Life works and Unfolds, that you will meet up with Providence. It is one of the mysteries of Life. Signs that indicate that Providence is working in the background are things we dismissively call "coincidence," happenstance, serendipity, and synchronicity.

In my Asian culture we have different words to point at "providence," or what providence does. One word in Khmer is Visnah, which means something like "Fate," and also "Fortune." Like when they say you have the Visnah to find a good job, they mean that you had the fateful good fortune to find that job. That it wasn't accidental. Implying that "something" worked behind the "scene" of Life to lead you to that job; to bend and twist situations and circumstances in your life and around you so that you "found" that job.

Then there is the word Nisai [sounds like knee-sigh]. Nisai has three meanings: 1) love at first sight, 2) fated to be together, and 3) destined to meet. Nisai is that weird/wyrd phenomenon in life that puts people together



for a reason. It could be any reason: love, marriage, divorce, business partner, intimate friendship, and so on. That in Life you sometimes meet people wyrdfully for a reason. And so that also implies that “something” is working behind the scenes of Life, to make things happen.

In the West I rarely hear stories about people’s experience of Visnah and Nisai. It’s a social/scientific taboo in developed Western societies to speak about such experiences or topics. Because you’re supposed to be academically educated and scientific, and not supposed to be some savage, backwards, uncivilized, uneducated, animistic ethnic heathen who believes in invisible friends and special sky powers. We in the West arrogantly know better.

Being the ethnic savage that I am, I hear stories about people’s experiences with things like Visnah and Nisai all the time in my culture, from my people. They sound like stories that deal with strange coincidences at first. But when you hear hundreds of such stories of people’s experiences of this topic, then you start to wonder if they are all *just* coincidence and lucky accidents. My grandmother and aunt-mother told me one such story about Nisai: about wyrdfully meeting someone for a reason.

The story takes place just before the Khmer Rouge revolution, when my natural grandfather and his father were still alive. During that time my great grandfather owned a big villa in which his children and their children all lived.

One day, my great grandfather came home and found a German shepherd sitting by the gate to the villa. My great grandfather saw the German shepherd and fell in love with it at first sight. Inside he felt something strange for it. And so Great Grandfather took in the stray German shepherd as his pet, and took care of it. He named the dog “Nisai,” because he had the Nisai to meet the dog and fell in love with it at first sight. Nisai is actually a proper name for boys.

Shortly after, the Khmer Rouge began to enter the cities. They had come from out of the jungle. They entered the cities to find and kill all of the aristocrats, the “bourgeois,” and the upper class yuppies in each city. At the time my grandmother’s family was the “boss” of the whole province they lived in, and my great grandfather ran the town they lived in.

And so a large group of Khmer Rouge hooligans entered this town my great grandfather and his family lived in, and they asked the local peasants there who was the boss of the town. The local peasants told the Khmer Rouge that my grandmother and her family ran the town. And so, the leader of this group of Khmer Rouge hooligans ordered his people to go collect every single member of my grandmother’s family, and tie them to the palm trees to be shot dead. The leader of the group added: “And bring their bourgeois pets too. I don’t want any creature related to their kind alive!”

Since my family [clan] was very big, it took this group of hooligans all day to find and collect everyone. They had tied everyone to palm trees, including my natural mother, who was around the age of 5-7 at the time. They also tied the German shepherd Nisai to a palm tree to be shot dead as well, because he was a bourgeois dog. The sun was going down. The leader of the group had sent word to his boss telling him that my grandmother’s whole family has been captured and ready to be executed. The boss of the leader of this group said to wait for the next day, because he was going to be in the area, and he wants to see all of them executed with his own eyes. And so they waited for the next day to kill everybody.

The next day the boss of the leader of this group of Khmer Rouge arrived with a few others. And then the strange things started to happen. When this boss guy walked up to look at the faces of my grandmother’s family, the German shepherd Nisai began to wag his tail and bark and jump around hysterically. This boss guy sees the dog and says to one of my family members: “That’s my fucking dog! Who stole him? Whoever did gets killed first. You people are already rich, and you have to steal dogs from peasant!”

By some oddity, the German shepherd had run away from home. The dog actually belonged to this boss guy, and he found his way to my great grandfather's house for some reason. And so the boss guy sticks his rifle in the face of the nearest person to him – who was my great grandfather's brother – and demanded my great uncle tell him who stole the dog, or he'll shoot my great uncle's face off. Before my great uncle said anything, my great grandfather yells out: "I did! Don't kill my brother please. I took your dog. Kill me. Leave them alone." So the boss guy heads over to my great grandfather to shoot him for stealing his dog.

The boss guy had walked up to my great grandfather and took a look at his face. And then the boss guy dropped his rifle, and began to cry, falling on his knees and clasping his hands to my great grandfather, asking for forgiveness.

It turns out that "coincidentally" long before the Khmer Rouge ever existed, my great grandfather used what wealth he had to build Buddhist temples, and orphanages around the province. And my great grandfather dedicated his life to be a teacher to his orphans. That boss guy, in those old days, was a peasant boy whose parents had died. With nowhere to go he lived on the streets. My great grandfather had found him, and gave him a home at his orphanage, and took care of him until he was a grown man.

The boss guy gets up in anger and ordered his soldiers to untie everyone saying to them: "You fools! What have you done! This is my only family I have! This is my teacher. He raised me and took me in when nobody wanted me."

And so, after everyone was untied, the boss guy went around asking everyone to forgive him. And he tells my great grandfather: "Teacher, you and your family can't stay in this country anymore. You have to leave for Thailand now, today. My people don't like your kind. They'll kill you and your family. I'm sorry things turned out this way. It's all out of my control Teacher. You have to leave today. My friends here will take you to the border. You don't have time to collect your things. Let's go." And the whole family left in trucks, guided by the boss guy to the border. True story.

In that story you can see that *wyrd* – Visnah, Nisai, Providence, Fate, whatever – is complex and isn't simply linear or some 2 dimensional cause-effect equation. The life lines of each person criss-crosses, the threads of *wyrd* are tied up in complex patterns across the unfoldment of Time. Things seem to unravel 3 dimensionally slowly. And you can see it's very hard to explain everything away as just being mere coincidence. That it was just an accident that my great grandfather found that dog. That the dog just ran away and found a random house. That it's just a coincidence that this dog belonged to a high ranking Khmer Rouge person. That this boss guy just had nothing else better to do that week so he told his soldiers to hold off on the mass execution because he wanted some live entertainment. That one of the soldier was just really moody that day and he just ordered his guys to drag the spoiled dogs to be executed too. That it's just mere coincidence that the boss guy was an orphan at my great grandfather's orphanage. That it's just coincidence or a random fluke that this orphan and his caretaker ended up meeting face to face that day. One is forced to ask: how many coincidences must there be, before it is no longer a mere coincidence? And the scary question to the materialist is: if it's not a coincidence, then what is it?

The thing about the Khmer Rouge incident is that so many people experienced it and suffered from it. And so, what happens is that you naturally hear these many people talk and tell stories of their horrific experiences. So, you end up hearing these weird/*wyrd* stories of providence, fate, etc, over and over, and over again, from hundreds of different people.

There is this story I heard told by a cousin of my aunt-mother, whom I call aunty. Her story is that before the revolution, when the kingdom was fine and she was a young girl going to the equivalent of high school, she met and fell in love with a handsome young light skinned man. She believed that she had the Nisai to meet this handsome boy.

In the upper class culture of this society, if you come from the upper class you had light skin, and you weren't socially allowed to marry a person with dark skin, since people with dark skin were peasants. So this auntie and this handsome boy liked each other. The boy did the socially right thing for a well cultured boy of the upper class and went to this auntie's oldest sibling and parents to ask them if he can court her. Her oldest sibling and parents were impressed with the boy. He was properly raised, well mannered, spoke the right dialect/register. And so this auntie was allowed to court each other.

And so eventually these two get married, naturally. Then the revolution came. The Khmer Rouge began as a college club of Vietnamese immigrants and peasants who were tired of being abused and mistreated. Tired of living in a feudal state in which they weren't even considered real human beings. They had gone to be educated in France, and came back with a vision for a new country. At the time the feudal state was based on a Brahminial caste system called in Pali "Vanna," [Sk: Varna]. The peasants were at the bottom of the caste system, and the Vietnamese immigrants were even below the peasants. They were hated more than peasants.

And so the Khmer Rouge found this auntie and her husband, and place these two into a labour camp. Those labour camps were pretty much death camps. That's when the strange stuff started to happen.

This auntie and her husband thought they were going to die, or be worked to death. But, the husband had a secret he kept and never told anybody, not even his wife. The husband wasn't even the same race as this auntie. He was actually Vietnamese. He was born to a poor Vietnamese family who worked their asses off to put him into a good school. This husband had an ambition after schooling to get into politics to changes the country. Back then the country was a corrupt feudal state where nepotism ran rampant. The only way to get into politics, be a general of the army, or whatever, was to either come from one of the oligarchic clans, or to marry into them. And so this husband did what we in ONA call "shapeshifting."

He basically pretended to be an aristocratic Khmer person and invented for himself a whole fake history and life. His idea was to marry a girl from one of these oligarchic clans, and his mission was accomplished. But the revolution came and now he and his wife were in a death camp. What's more worrying was that because of his shapeshifting, this husband was seen by the Khmer Rouge to be a bourgeois aristocrat!

Guess what happened. Well, the Vietnamese people in this country were horribly mistreated. They were like the untouchables, lower in rank than peasants. You can murder a Vietnamese person in those days and not get into any legal trouble. So naturally, they hated the system and most of them became Khmer Rouge. And so, it just so happened that the labour camp this auntie and her husband were put into was run by who? "Coincidentally," by the husband's entire family who were all Khmer Rouge! The husband actually did not know what side his family picked. So in the end, this auntie was safe, and never had to work during the whole revolution. She tells us that she actually had a great time in that camp.

Why talk about Providence in an essay for you unborn brothers and sisters about Satanism? Because Satanism is you exploring Life directly. And there is more to this Life we exist in and are a part of then the material world of sticks and stone. There is something unnamable "there" beneath the physical world, which in ONA is called things like the "acausal," and this acausal thing is sometimes described as being, magickal. And so, if the acausal is a part of Life, then it only makes sense that Life has a quality, character, or nature of being "magickal." Don't be like the Mundanes and simply take what you see of the world at face value: as merely something dead and material. It's the whole reason why they are called "mundane," in the first place. They can't see beyond the superficial mundane layer of Life. They are dead, deaf, dumb, and blind, to the Living Spirit of Life.

Hearing stories about this subject is one thing. Experiencing it directly as an observable phenomenon is another. I first began to see and experience what we might call "Providence" in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, when I was 13. I only started to see it because I ignored it before, and when I was 13 I dedicated myself to Satan and asked him to

Guide me. And so having asked for his Guidance, I was consciously looking around for his Providence guiding me in life. My first boyfriend taught me about Providence and how to experience it. How I met this first boyfriend is itself a wyrdful little story.

The backstory is, way back when I was in the fourth grade, during recess I spent my time playing in the sand-box with two friends. One named Kim and the other named Jacob. In the sandbox me and my two friend would find and collect things we call “sand rubies.” Sand rubies are these tiny red rocks in sand that look like little rubies. To find them you have to put some sand in your palm and sift through the grains of sand for those rubies. It’s a slow process, but we liked it, and during the slow sifting through grains of sand we’d just talk.

My friend Kim was the most beautiful person I have ever set my human eyes on, and her face still haunts me to this day. Kim was this pale skinned Irish girl from Canada, who had this jet black boyish hair and the most green, green eyes ever. She had a very soft and delicate demeanor, and this enchanting soft melodious voice. When we weren’t in the sandbox looking for sand rubies, we spider-swunged together. Which was something I really liked, although, at that age, I didn’t know quite why I liked it so much. But that’s Kim.

My friend Jacob was a geek boy. In my school there is a difference between a “geek,” and a “nerd.” A nerd is a geek who wears glasses, and a geek is a nerd without glasses. Jacob had no friends, so me and Kim felt sorry for him and we just let him look for sand rubies with us.

So this one day, this new kid moves to the school. That day I the new kid had come over to our sandbox and asked us what we were doing. This new boy looked geeky. That day he was wearing an ugly sweater, that was brown and green and blue striped. He had a cereal bowl haircut, and a mouth so big it looked like it didn’t belong on his face. After we told him what we were doing, he asked if he can look for sand rubies with us. So we let him. The boy’s name was Gabriel, and he became friends with Jacob.

And so, a few month after Gabriel came to our school he “asked me out.” At our school, when you “ask a person out you” are asking them to be your girlfriend or boyfriend. In the fourth grade that just means to hold each other’s hand during recess. I thought about it and said: “I guess so.” And Gabe became my first boyfriend ever.

I only remember two things from that time period at the sand box with Gabriel. One thing that stuck in my mind was that this one day when the four of us were looking for sand rubies, Gabe had pulled out a big handful of sand and said to us: “Guys I found something.” We asked him what it was and he said it felt like a lump. So he sifted the sand as we watched. Then he smelled the lump and yelled as he ran to the bathrooms: “It’s cat shit!” I just thought that was funny and laughed hard.

The other only thing I remember was this one time an elderly couple had walked by our sand box. I see them every morning walking by us. They were very nice and always smiled at us and said good morning to us every morning. Our sand box was right by the school yard fence near the side walk they walked on. So one day I felt “bad” and I told Gabriel quietly: “Gabe, throw sand at them.” He goes: “No! That’s mean!” So I said: “Please, I’ll kiss you.” He looks at me for two second, and then threw a handful of sand at the elderly couple. I remember feeling this evilishly good feeling inside me about being able to make Gabe do things he didn’t want to do, and I laughed, excitedly.

So anyways, life goes by and my friend Kim moved back to Canada. I was very sad, and I never saw her again ever. Then just before the school year was over, Gabe came to tell me bad news. He told me his parents had got divorced and he had to move far away. I felt sad, and Gabe cried. And I never saw Gabe again.

During my 7<sup>th</sup> grade year, I had an 8<sup>th</sup> grade friend named Joey who sold drugs on campus. Joey was a smart business person. He knew he was going to graduate and leave campus for high school, so what he did was he

found a handful of friends he trusted, who had connections to the different cliques on campus, and he groomed us to be his runners. He'd get us and everybody on campus familiar with the routine by giving us little baggies of stuff and told us to pass it onto so and so. And so by the time I was in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, the cool people on campus already knew me and that I was one of the people to come to for whatever drugs they wanted. This helped me make friends in the high strata of the school's social ranking system. The most popular kids on campus were the eighth graders who were into gangs and played football. They were also Joey's big drug market, so I often hung out with them.

So, on the first day of 8<sup>th</sup> grade I was in my new third period class which was science class. The teacher had told us to line up along the wall as he arranged the seating for the rest of the school year. The tables were lab tables and he'd pair us up with a lab partner. At the time I really liked science, but kept that interest a secret because it's uncool to like science. The popular kids would think you're a geek. So I was actually secretly excited about finally being in a science class with labs since that meant we'd be playing with chemicals and cutting up frogs and so on, and not just read out of a boring book.

My lab partner was this one chubby geek girl named Angie, or Angela, but she went by Angie. I was disgusted to be her partner, so I raised my hand in protest and said to the teacher: "Can I have a different partner besides her please?" The teacher – who was probably a European Jew – said: "No young lady! You get who I assign you with! Have a seat!" Angie was disgusting because she was this ugly heifer, and she picks her nose in the open.

A friend of mine named Sonya was seated at the table right next to me to my left. Sonya – according to the opinions of every popular boy on campus – was the most hottest girl in school. She was this beautiful [in a sexy way] girl who was half black and half Thai. Fully developed. She carried herself in a very sexy way. We had the Thai thing in common, so we clicked automatically a year before when we met. She hung out with the popular crowd.

As we were sitting waiting for the rest of the students to be seated, Angie talked to me saying: "Why don't you want to be my lab partner?" I said back to her: "Don't fucking talk to me, don't look at me, don't touch me." So she uses her finger to poke at my arm and goes: "Why can't I talk to you?" My friend Sonya jumped in and yells at her in a loud whisper: "Did you hear what she said? Stop fucking talking her, you ugly bitch!"

So, I spent some time staring at Angie and telling her how I didn't like her. As I was getting to know my lab partner, Sonya elbows me and says in my ear: "Do you know that guy over there? He's staring at you." I looked in the general direction Sonya's eyes looked into, saw some guy looking at me with a smile, gave him a "what the hell are you looking at," and told Sonya: "No. I never met him. Must be new. I never seen him on campus." Sonya says: "He's fucking hot." I said back, looking at him briefly: "Yeah he is." The guy was big, as in very tall for an 8<sup>th</sup> grader. He looked like he worked out, and he was wearing a light tan sweater that day with his sleeves drawn up, and blue jeans.

The guy kept staring at me with a smile. So annoyed, I looked back for a long time trying to figure out if I knew him or why he was looking at me for a long ass time. That's when he mouthed to me – silently moving his lips as if talking – "It's cat shit."

My mouth dropped open and my eyes widened in disbelief. I got up, grabbed Sonya's shoulder to nonverbally excuse myself, walked to the guy and said: "What the hell? Gabe!? What happened to you!?" He opens his arms with a smile and says back: "I grew up!" And we hug each other. I was thinking to myself when we were hugging: "Yeah you did." So the teacher said to us from his desk: "That's enough! Back to your seat young lady! This isn't a family reunion! I can tell you're going to be a trouble maker!" So I told Gabe I'd talk to him later and went to my seat, and told Sonya about how I knew him.

Naturally I was interested in him. I thought he was incredible hot. He was at least 6 feet tall, which was huge for an 8<sup>th</sup> grader. The next day, Sonya told me that one of her friends saw Gabe crossing the street after school as this friend was being driven home by her mother. This friend said to her mother regarding Gabe: "That guy is the new boy in school." The girl's mother said: "That boy is in junior high? God I wish I was back in junior high." I said to Sonya: "Wow, that's what she said? You friend's mother sounds like a whore."

But life doesn't give you things easy. Gabe spent time with this girl named Valerie, who was a blond girl. They looked like they knew each other, and they were really close. So I was jealous. But providence gave me a way to make things work out in my favor.

I believed that Valerie was prettier than me, and she seemed to know Gabe better than me, so I was out competed. I had a different way to get Gabe to be my boyfriend. I first asked Sonya to tell Gabe at some point that Valerie has an attitude problem and that she makes him look bad. At that age, you care what others think of you.

The second thing I did was I used something I had which Valerie didn't have. I had social connections. One day I went to the most popular 8<sup>th</sup> grader, who was a good friend of mine and Sonya's with a baggie of weed. I gave this friend the baggie for free, small talked with him. Told him Sonya thought he was the hottest guy on campus and wanted to get with him [which was true]. I told him I'd hook him up if he wanted. He said he's very interested.

So I asked him for a small favor in return. I said to this friend: "You know that new guy Gabriel everyone has been talking about? I really like him, but that girl Valerie is in my way." So my friend says to me: "I can tell my friend's girl to kick her ass for you. I can make it happen." So I said back: "No, that's not good. That'll make me look bad to him. Could you instead hang out with him? Show him around? I'll introduce him to you. That's all I need. He smokes weed." My friend says: "I gotcha. Yeah, he looks cool. Bring him over."

What I was going to do was have Gabriel pick between Valerie, who was a girl who made him look bad on campus; or with me who, was a girl who can make him the most popular guy at school. My little plan worked, Gabe eventually got accepted into the popular guys' clique, and we officially became boyfriend and girlfriend.

So I started to go over to Gabe's house during lunch break. He lived within walking distance. His father and step mother worked during the day. So we were alone. We'd mess around in his room, and then go back to school.

This on time, while we were laying together on his bed, he was talking about how he really likes his father and how he learns a lot of interesting things about life from him. His father was a hippy back in the days. I said: "Like what?" He goes: like 'surfing life.'"

I asked what that meant. He tells me that his dad says that life has "waves" and that you can catch those waves to "surf" them for cool experiences. You can also catch those waves to get life to lead you to people and things you need or want. Interested, I asked him to show me. I was on a personal journey in life to find answers to some questions, and I thought what Gabe was trying to talk to me about was interesting in that respect.

And so, that day Gabe writes on a piece of paper: "A new guitar." He plays the guitar. And he tells me to keep it in my pocket, and bring that piece of paper to school with me every day. So I did like he asked. During that week, we did the usual, went to his house, fooled around, ditched and hung out. I didn't see anything out of the ordinary happen concerning a new guitar.

One day as we left his house, I had the impulse to go walk around the mall. Gabe grabs my hand and we walk to the bus stop to catch a bus to the mall. We hung out at the mall all day and started to walk back to the bus stop to go home. On the way to the bus stop, some guy with a large bag came up to us and said: "Hi, I got perfume and cologne. Gotta get rid of them. You two want to check it out? You want to buy your girlfriend some

perfume?” So we checked out what he had, and eventually Gabe bought me a bottle. He was looking for a cologne he liked. The guy said: “Dude, I had some. I sold the last bottle an hour ago. But I have extra at my house. Give me your number or something and I’ll get it to you. I’ll give it to you half off, since you’re both really cool people man.” So Gabe gives the guy his number and said that he’d stop by tomorrow to pick it up.

So the next day, we left Gabe’s house and took the bus down to the perfume guy’s house, after we called him for directions. The guy told Gabe that he felt bad we were taking the bus all the way to his house just for a bottle and wished he had a car to give us a ride. Gabe said it was cool and no big deal. So the guy said he’d have a barbeque for us to feed us since we took the time to go to his place.

At the perfume guy’s place he actually barbequed for us. Chicken, salmon, and stake. While we were waiting for the food to be done, the perfume guy – named David – said to us: “You two smoke weed?” Gabe pulled out a baggie to show him. So David says: “Come here. I got something in the tool shed.” In the tool shed David had a big water bong. Gabe goes: “Holy shit, that’s huge.” So the three of us smoked out, and had a great lunch. After lunch we played miniature golf high in his back yard, cuz he has a little golf course.

We played golf for a while and got bored. So David showed us to his room to check out things he had. In David’s room were lots of musical instruments. A full drum set, some electric guitars, and some wooden acoustic ones. Gabe got excited and told David he loves the guitar, and the two boys jam together a couple hours talking. That’s when I started to understand what exactly Gabe’s father was talking about, when he said Life has waves you can catch, and those waves can lead you to people and things! I saw the guitars. I figured that Gabe was going to buy one off of David.

At the end of the day, when we had to go back to school to catch the bus home, Gabe was holding onto the acoustic guitar and looking at it with admiration. David says: “You like that one?” Gabe says: “It’s beautiful. How much would you sell it for? I’ll buy it off you? I need a new guitar.” David says to Gabe: “I wouldn’t sell it to you man. You and your girl are too cool. I tell you what, since you put in the trouble to come to my house and hang out with my boring ass all day: you can have it.” He walked us to the bus stop even. On the bus Gabe said to me: “Got that piece of paper?” I said yeah, and I pulled it out of my picket. He says: “What’s it say?” I said: “A new guitar.” He goes: “That’s surfing life.” And from that direct experience of watching that shit unfold, I understood, and thought it was the coolest thing I ever so far learned about life. Ever since that day, I “surf life” and always look out for “waves” to catch.

Me and Gabe break up after the year. My relationship with him was wyrdfully connected to my natural mother in some way. My natural mother is my aunt-mother’s youngest sister. I sleep over at my natural mother’s house on the weekends during that time. One Friday she picked me up to go to her place, as she usually did. In the car she had a talk with me. Back then I didn’t know that when you ditch school the school called your parents. I just thought that you simply turn in a forged letter to the office and that was that. I was good at forging letters. The school had my natural mother’s phone number.

So in the car, my little mom [natural mother] pulls into a parking lot and stops the car, looking concerned but also sad. She said to me: “So, I’ve been going thru hell the past few months.” I said: “Why?” Wondering how big the problem was since we parked in some parking lot. She said back: “You’re school has been calling me the past few months telling me you’re ditching... with some boy.” In my head I was thinking: “Well, there goes my life. They’re going to kill me. My grandmother is going to kill me. My life is officially over. They’re all going to think I’m a big whore.”

I was going to make excuses up, or lie, or something, but my little mom started to cry bad to herself. She says, as she was sobbing: “I don’t know what to do. I’ve never been a mother before. I spent my whole life hating my mother because she didn’t give me any freedom and didn’t let me have boyfriends. I’m afraid you’ll hate me like I hated my mother. I don’t know what to do. I just realized what my mother was feeling and thinking

when your school called me. Now I understand. I feel so bad for hating her all those years. She was just trying to be a mother.” My natural mother had me when she was young in high school.

I gave her a hug for a while. Eventually she stops crying and kisses me and says, as she sniffled: “Karma’s a bitch girl.” I laughed and looked at her for a while. And I said: “His name is Gabriel...” And we had a long and heartfelt mother-daughter talk about everything. I told her everything that day about how far I went with Gabe, etc. Then we negotiated. Me and Gabe broke up shortly before the school year ended. I just met him for a little weird reason. To learn about something about Life. And it was over, with me ending up heartbroken badly for the first time.

During summer break I’d go live with my natural mother and help out at her coffee shop she used to own with her husband, my step father. During a summer break when I was 15, I got very curious about the existence of whatever it was that was behind all the weird stuff in life. Is there something there? I was beyond asking if God was real, because I didn’t believe the Christian one was real. I knew that whatever was out there, behind all the weird stuff in life like fate, coincidences, providence, was beyond anything I can understand. So I was just wondering if whatever was “out there” was real. I decided to catch a wave and surf life to see if it’ll lead me to an answer of some kind.

So one day, about a week or two after the thought of finding proof about this mysterious thing in life was on my mind, I was at my natural mom’s coffee shop working. From time to time I’d see this one customer. The customer was a short Black guy, not very good looking, but he had a great personality. Every time I see him, had this big smile, like he was happy with life.

So one day when I saw this guy I said to him: “So what’s your deal? You always have a smile on your face like life is just great. What’s your secret? I want what you have.” He laughs a bit and says to me: “Affirmations. Every morning for 15 minutes I stand in the mirror and I say, ‘health, wealth, and success,’ over and over. Then I put myself into Life and wait for my blessings!”

I asked him: “What kind of blessings?” So he tells me about the work he does. He works the Hollywood industry, print modeling and doing commercials. He told me he had just done a Nike’s commercial. He took out some paper work from his back pack to prove that he actually did do what he said he did. He was SAG, which is a union for those types. He tells me eventually during our talk: “The universe takes care of you, if you make it your business partner.” So I asked him: “How do you know it’s something alive that’s your ‘business partner’ and not just strange coincidences. Like you’re seeing too much into stuff? Do you have proof?”

He rolls his eyes at me – in a friendly mocking way – and says: “Do I have proof, psh. I can show you proof so incontestable... you can’t contest it! You’ll be like: damn, that nigga knew what he was talking about!” So he takes out a blank piece of paper and a pen and gives them to me and says: “Alright. I’ll show you proof. I want you to think for a moment – take your time – and ask the universe for a sign to let you know that it is alive and listening to you. And give it an exact number of days to give you the sign. Say in your head something like: in three days I expect a sign from you to let me know that you are alive and real. And write that all down.” So I wrote down that I expect to see an incontestable sign from the universe to let me know that it is alive and behind all the weird things in life. And I expect to see that sign within two days.

During the week before I had this talk with this guy, I was thinking about spaceships all week. I love science fiction, and I was trying to figure out how exactly an antigravity ship would work realistically. I couldn’t figure out how an antigravity thing would work based on what little I understood about the laws of physics. And it was bugging me all week in the back of my mind. Because sometimes I like to daydream about being in a future time frame, and I like to keep my futuristic world as realistic as possible.

So the first day after I wrote my thing for the universe past and I saw no sign that stood out. The second day came and I looked everywhere for anything that looked like a sign. And I didn’t see shit. The sun was begin-



ning to set, and I was disappointed. So I went to my duties at the shop and made mop water to mop the floor. I was thinking to myself as I was mopping the back of the store how I really wanted to believe that the “thing” out there behind the weird stuff in life was real. But it’s all just probably coincidences. It was 7 in the evening and the sun was going down. I stopped mopping for a bit to rest and my gaze just drifted to the southern wall of the inside of the shop. And there was the sign!

In context to time and what was on my mind at the time, the sign was uncontestable, beyond a doubt. On the southern wall of the shop was a fucking spaceship! The sun, as it was setting shot rays of light onto the outer northern wall of the shop. On that wall we had shiny posters. The posters reflected some of those rays into the store’s inner southern wall. I had seen this plenty of times, but never have I ever seen the ray of light on that wall in the shape of a spaceship. The ray of light was actually in the shape of a spaceship a foot long. You can see the tail part of the ship tapering down to the nose. I was standing there laughing to myself in disbelief looking at that spaceship. Then I notices that it moves. As the sun went further down, the ray of light shaped like a spaceship moved forward slowly. All I could say to myself in my head was: “What the hell?”

And so that evening at home, I said to the universe: “Okay, I got your sign I asked for. I have to admit, that was an uncontestable sign. But wait, give me another sign to convince me. This time I’m going to tell you what I want to see. I want to see my favorite flower in three days. And this sign has to be completely uncontestable where, there is no way I can say ‘well that was a freak coincidence.’” And I wrote this demand in my diary.

Two days passed and I saw nothing. My favorite flower is a White Easter Lily, the kind you see during Easter season. It was nowhere near Easter or April. So I was looking for the sign on things like the picture of a passing truck, a flyer on the street, and so on. But I saw nothing. The third day came and I looked every where, and saw nothing. I was starting to have doubts and asked myself what it meant if I got one sign out of two requests? It was around 4 in the afternoon. I was standing outside looking for signs anywhere.

So I took a break from looking for signs, and I just looked at the sky. There was only one cloud I noticed earlier. The cloud was small when I saw it and it was bigger, so I was wondering how the cloud attracted to it the stuff it needed to make itself bigger. Then I saw the chemtrail streaks in the sky left behind by airplanes. I wondered why those streaks don’t grow into clouds and rained.

One patch of these streaks I noticed to my surprise formed the initial of my real name. I looked at that for long time, and thought it was cool, that the initial of my first name was clearly in the sky. Down to the lower left part of this “letter” in the sky was a deformed chemtrail that looked like it was a shoe. So I’m looking at that deformed shoe asking myself what it could be. It looks like a shoe, cuz it has an opening and tapes down to toe parts. I notice as time passes, this “shoe” changes shape ever so slightly. It got longer, more narrow where the narrow part looked like a stalk. Then the top part stretches out slowly into a few fan shaped things. That’s when I saw my sign I asked for, in the sky!

I was thinking to myself: “No. Don’t tell me that’s going to end up being a lily. I’ll die if it does. It’s just too weird.” And the thing actually grew to be what looked like a white Easter lily. It had a stalk, with what looked like a long leaf, the flower part, and petals, and it was in the right shape, and it was right next to the initial of my name! It was an uncontestable sign for me. This time I was silent and wordless. And I silently accepted the sign and acknowledged that there is something out there that is “alive” behind all the weird stuff in Life like fate and providence. That the world isn’t just dead matter. Something we can’t see is also present. And whatever it is, it is playful and responsive, if we just take the time to acknowledge its presence and simply ask. And you can prove to yourself that it is there, that it is a real observable phenomenon, if you simply pay close attention to how Life unfolds.

It's playful and clever. This one time – nearly 10 years after I learned how to do this – I had asked for a sign again, just for the hell of it. I asked to hold a lion in my hand in three days. I was expecting that life would cause me to be at some toy store where I would hold a stuffed lion, since I couldn't imagine how else I'd be holding a lion in my hand. That week was very busy for me. After many days had passed, I suddenly realized that I had asked for some sign, but didn't pay attention to see if I got the sign. I couldn't remember what I had asked for. I spent some time trying to remember what I asked the sign to be, but after an hour, I gave up and said that, that request didn't count, since I was very busy and wasn't out looking for signs.

In the evening at my aunt-mom's shop a regular customer came in. She's a short little Filipina lady who works as a maid at a large hotel in the area. She had bought her usual stuff, and pulled out a coin purse to do her usual: count her tips she got to pay me in pocket change. She says to me: "I got many tip today friend! Here, all for you." As she was counting her change, she pulled out a big copper coin with a curious look and said to me: "What's this?" I had never seen a penny that big before, so I said to her: "Probably a token from Chuckie-Cheese." She laughs and goes: "Oh, here you go then friend. Your tip!" And she gives me the copper token. I put it into my pocket and sarcastically thanked her.

Later that day, at home, I was changing my clothes. So I empty my pockets from the pants I wore to work, and had a look at the copper token. It had the face of a queen, with the letters: "ELIZABETH . II . D . G REG . F . D 2011" on the front side. So I figured it was English and perhaps not a token at all. I turned it over to see the reverse side, and it said: "TWO PENCE." At first I laughed to myself thinking: "Who on earth makes a 2 penny coin? That's the weirdest denomination for a coin!" And then my attention became fixed on the design of the reverse side. It was a lion, inside squares adored with several fleur-de-lis. That's when I suddenly remembered what I had asked for: to hold a lion in my hand! So I was laughing to myself about how clever Life was.

You unborn will naturally ask: "Providence, fate, destiny, wyrd. That all nice and shit. But if it's real and really works, then isn't asking for the answers to dumb questions about Life... silly? Isn't asking for silly signs... petty? Why not ask for a million dollars? The cure for cancer? World peace? The lottery numbers? Something more grander and productive than petty requests?" It's the same type of mind-set – and lack of an understanding of how wyrd, fate, works – when people say/think things like: "If magic is real, then magically give me a billion dollars. If psychic readings are real, then have the psychic give me the lottery numbers.

In my Asian culture, there is a simple answer to those questions: Visnah. If you are not fated to be super rich, it doesn't matter how hard you try in life to be a millionaire, you'll never be one. If you are fated to not be married to the same spouse your whole life, then no matter what you do, you will be with several people. If you are fated to die at the age of 50, no matter how safe you live life, you are somehow going to die at age 50. There's a funny story I heard recently about an escaped convict. He was on death row but somehow escaped the prison. So he jumps the walls of this prison and hastily runs across the street... and died from being hit by a car. In my culture, that's called "visnah."

So you guys can ask: "But that's silly. It doesn't seem fair. Why must you be destined and fated to be what you are in life?" I'll use some examples to draw out the answer.

A tree unfolds wholistically, meaning in three dimensions, as a whole thing. You plant an apple seed, and it will "wyrdfully" [fatefully] grow to be a big apple fruit bearing tree. For that tree's fateful destiny to unfold right: every cell needs to be in their proper place, doing what they are supposed to do. The leaf cells just have to be leaf cells doing what leaf cells do. Those leaf cells aren't individual entities. They exist as part of other cells' lives and story-line. Likewise with root cells. Those root cells are just destined to be underground and never be in the sunlight. What if one day the root cells didn't like being condemned to live in the dirt and wanted to be leaf cells, and the "universe" complied with their wish? The tree and every cell in it would die. Why? Cuz you would have no root cells.

If you were living in the Star Wars movie: in that movie, the whole “story-line” is meant to unfold gradually in a specific way. For that whole story to unfold right, every person needs to be in their proper role, doing what they are destined/cast to do. What if one day, young Luke Skywalker asked providence for a million dollars, and he was granted that request? Luke would move out of that desert and into some mansion. This would fuck up not only the whole story-line, but it would affect the lives of many people in Time, as wyrd unfolds.

So in real life terms, let’s go back to my family’s story I told earlier: My great grandfather was destined to have some money, and he was by nature a philanthropist, so he spent what money he had on his community, building temples and orphanages. What if this great grandfather in life changed his mind and said to providence or whatever: “I am really religious. I want to give all my money away to the poor and be a Buddhist monk!” And what if providence gave him his wish. After all, being a religious monk is a very good and positive thing, isn’t it? If he did become a monk, then there would have never been any orphanages. If there were never orphanages, then that Khmer Rouge boss guy would have never known my great grandfather, you see. Which would mean that my entire family would have been executed. And that would mean that I would have never been born or any of my cousins.

Same story: what if that Boss guy asked the universe for the lottery numbers, and he won 20 million dollars! Then that guy would have probably moved out of the country to a better place so he can give his own children a better life. And wyrdfully, that would mean that when the time came, my whole family would have been executed also.

You see the “problem” with this whole thing is that you don’t exist as an independent, isolated being. We are each living cells of a much greater living being. You also exist as a character in the pageantry of other people’s lives and story-line. In the same way that other people actually exist in your life as characters and parts of your life. And so how you are as a person, or your lot in life, or your destiny, affects other people’s lives and influences a greater story-line in life which is unfolding. Life doesn’t happen in a clean cut linear way, as if it’s a simple 2 dimensional time line of events. The threads of Wyrd crisscross between people and groups of people like a spider-web, connecting and interconnecting everyone.

That sounds cliché and goofy at first to say that Wyrd is like a spider-web, but really think about it, for a moment. What does that really mean? It means that nothing that happened in that spider-web is an isolated phenomenon. What happens to one node of a web affects other nodes around it, and affects the whole web. If people really understood how fate or wyrd works and if people really actually understood what is meant when they use words like “spider-web” and “interconnected” to describe things, then they should actually be able to understand why random people can’t just win the lottery and be a billionaire. Because it affects shit in that god damn spider-web! Cuz shit is interconnected!

The late former president Ronald Reagan was once a Hollywood actor who fatefully became president of America. What if one day he said to God: “I change my mind, I hate politics, make me a super star!” And what if God gave him his wish: how would that influence and affect the whole unfoldment of America’s history, and how would it affect the lives of most of its citizens? What if one day Hitler said to the universe: “God damn it. I’m never going to be elected chancellor. I’m going back to art. Make me a great artist!” Do you realize how much of human history – our collective story-line – would have been effected/affected if the universe did grant his wish?

This leads us into the subject of Destiny and Dharma, which is another shade of meaning of Wyrd. Destiny and Dharma mean two different things, but they point at the same single thing. Destiny, as in for instance, something you are destined to be in life.

Dharma is a little bit harder to explain because it has many meanings. We’re using a specific sense of Dharma here. So when I say that you have the “dharma” to be an artist, that means that in life you have this natural

forte for art, you have this love and passion for art shit, you're obsessed with it. You live it. You're good at it. And so when somebody says you have the dharma to be an artist, it means that because you have such a natural proclivity for art, you should be an artist in life.

In ancient times dharma was used to describe nature. For example, the wind has a dharma to flow and fly around freely in the air. That's what wind is good at doing. That's what wind naturally does. That's all wind seems to want to do in life. And so, dharmically, since wind has a natural and strong proclivity for that shit, wind should be wind. The sun has a dharma to shine light and radiate heat. It's really good at it. It seemed to be born to just shine and be hot. It's all the sun seems to like doing in life. And so, it should be a sun and shine light and heat.

And so when the wind and sun follow their dharma, something interesting happens. The wind and sun – each doing their individual thing which they are each good at doing – causes climate to become real on the earth. The climate influences, seasons, rain, and so on. And so, Dharma in these ancient times meant Natural Order, or the Way that Nature Works, or the Order of Nature, or the Tao of Nature. There is an order and structure to nature where everything has a place and function. And when everything does what it is meant to do, the whole order or system works. If every part of your car does what it is good at doing, then your whole car works. What do you call it when some part in your car refuses to follow its dharma: refuses to do what it is meant or destined to do? We say that your car is broken or malfunctioning.

This applies to human society as well. Human society is an Ordering of people, a system. A system is a big thing made of little things where the little things work together to make the big thing work. Hence, we call a rainforest an “ecosystem.” What happens in an ecosystem if clouds didn't want to follow their dharma anymore and rain water? Shit would die.

Same thing in human civilization/society. Certain people have a dharma for politics, and so most follow that dharma and get involved in politics. Certain people have a natural forte for business, and so they will naturally follow their calling and do business stuff. Certain people just like being soldiers of an army, and so these people join armies. As long as everyone in a given society follows their destiny, that society will not only work, but it will be strong and durable. Why? Because in this case, everyone is naturally good at what they are doing.

On the other hand, in some old Communist states, the state or party tells you what you will be doing in life, as far as jobs and careers go. And so, in this case, instead of people having the freedom to follow their destiny, a state tells people what they will do for the state. This ultimately weakens such a society and makes it so that it won't last long. Why? Because the citizens of such a country are doing shit they really don't have a natural love for. And so they do their shit without passion, in a half assed way. What kind of a country do you have when your whole country is built on the foundation of half-assery and people who just don't give a shit? The more insightful question to ask is: What will eventually happen to such a country, if it is founded on half-assery and none of its citizens giving a full fuck? It dies, it malfunctions, it sickens, it breaks down.

And so, your individual destiny is actually important. Your dharma in life is actually important. Your destiny is the role you were meant to play in the pageantry of Life. You are a living part and aspect of a much larger system: your family, your community, your tribe, your folk, your race, your nation, your species. What you were fated to be, what you were destined to be, your unique dharma in Life: affects and influences the system you are a living part of. In Thelema they say it's manifesting your “True Will.” In the East it's called Following Dharma, or Flowing with Tao. Tao is the Way of things. If wind blows and flies around, then that is the Tao of wind. If you like fighting crime, then being a police officer is the Tao of you, meaning you Flow with your own Tao. You go with the Flow of how nature made you. In ONA we say you manifest your individual “Wyrld.”

When I was in high school I had a neighbor friend named Maurice who was a motorcycle cop. He lived across the street from me. He was black, married but had no kids at the time. He was cool. I'd go talk to him often. One time I asked Maurice if he hated criminals. So Maurice said to me: "I'll tell you what. If criminals didn't exist, I'd be out of a job. I wouldn't be able to pay for my house, or for my cars, or buy things I needed." So I said: "But you can find a different job?" And he says: "Yeah, but I like being a cop. It's exciting! I've always wanted to be one." So that's one way two people's fate or destiny or dharma in Life are interconnected. Some people do have a dharma for crime and they become criminals. Some people have a dharma to be cops. And the criminals' existence benefits the cops. It's called "job security." It gives a cop his means of self-sustenance; it feeds him and his family in other words.

But you might say: "But how do the criminals benefit from the cops?" In ONA the saying goes: "What does not kill us makes us stronger." The cops to the criminals are a force or source of adversity. Cops are an adversary to criminals. Like a lion is an adversary to gazelles. How does a population of gazelles benefit from lions? Lions prey on the weakest gazelles since they are easier to catch. Their weak genes are thus eliminated from the gene pool. In turn the next generation of gazelles have better genes. Same thing with cops and criminals. Those criminals that get caught are "weak" in the sense that they suck at what they do. They weren't intelligent enough to not get caught. Those who don't get caught learn from example how to do their crime better without getting caught. And so, their criminal stuff is gradually refined or becomes more sophisticated with each generation. In other words, the weak memes are eliminated from criminality's meme pool. Meme here meaning "a unit of culture," as in information regarding how to do shit. So tell me this: Who benefits more in this relationship in the end?

So what does all of this wyrd, fate, or providence stuff and "surfing life" look like in actual real life? I'll share a few real life simple examples that happened.

A couple of my cousins are into Satanism or into the occult like me. So, I had taught them the little simple techniques to surf life and work with providence I learned. One day, when I was 19 my oldest guy cousin and I hung out together. We decided to drive down to Pacoima to visit one of his friends and hang out with him for the day. Pacoima is in the Valley. It's a ghetto, and not a place you'd want to be in at night or in the wrong neighborhood if you don't know people there.

So after we were done hanging out in Pacoima all day, we decided to drive back home. On the way home my cousin feels the impulse to "catch a wave," [surf life]. So he says to me: "I feel something... you wanna catch a wave and see where it leads? I said: "Yeah, let's go." So he goes: "Okay, give me a number between 1 and 10." I said: "Three. Why?" My cousins goes: "Alright, we're getting off three exists from here and we're just going to drive aimlessly and check out their city." We were on the freeway. We were at least an hour's drive from our home city.

We got off the third exit and ended up in a city neither of us had ever been to. It was a very nice, upper middle class city with big houses and lot of trees and hills. My cousin likes to check out houses, so we drive around looking at the real estate and fancy neighborhoods for a while.

It was evening and the sun was going down, so we decided to go find a place to have dinner. We drove far down this one street until we ended in an unfamiliar lower income city. We were lost, but since we were surfing a random wave, being lost is a good thing, so we just drove around to get even more lost. Eventually I spotted a Pupuseria, and yelled out: "There! A pupuseria!" My cousin, turns around saying: "Alright, pupusas it is." Pupusa is an El Salvadorian foodstuff. It's great, I don't know how to describe it. It's like a cross between a Greek gyro and a Mexican quesadilla. The pupuseria was a small mom and pop hole in the wall, but the dishes they serve were huge!

At the little restaurant my cousin small talks with some of the random customers asking about the city, any fun stuff to do around there. Just small talk, trying to get “leads.” When you’re out surfing a wave like this, you actually have no idea what is going to happen or why you were led into that wave of life, so you’re naturally trying to figure out what the purpose or intent or outcome of the wave might be, cuz you’re in the dark. We got no leads of any type, so we finished dinner and walked back to the car. We had parked in the residential area in front of a ghetto house because the pupuseria had a small lot which was packed. It was already dark.

So my cousin just stands by his door on the driver side quietly for a long while. I eventually asked: “Why are you just standing there?” And he looked at me with a funny face and says: “I forgot my keys in the car. You know how to break into cars?” I said nope. So we were stranded at night in a ghetto city we were unfamiliar with. My cousin spends some time to try and do something – anything – to break into his car. Nothing worked, so we sit on the hood of the car and smoked cigarettes. And then the guy who lived in the house we were parked in front of came up to us with a hanger!

The guy was an older Mexican gentlemen, of about 50 years in age. He didn’t speak a word of English, so he just made gestures with the hanger. My cousin jumps off the hood, pats the older gentleman on the back, and untwists the hanger, so he can use it to try and break into the car. The two of them go at it for a while, but nothing. So the older guy turns around and says in Spanish: “Ey, carbon, ven!” A second older Mexican gentleman appears from the dark who takes the hanger and gives it a try. After 10-20 minutes the three of them gets the door unlocked! So we were grateful and happy and thanked the two older gentlemen for their help as best as we could. My cousin speaks in broken English and gestures: “We come back... cervesa! Hasta la vista.”

My cousin wanted to show his appreciation by buying them a 24 pack of beer, so we drove to a liquor store he saw, and returned to that house with beer. The older man came out seeing us return – with gifts of beer – and he had a big smile on his face and invited us into his yard. That’s when we saw a lead, or clue.

The older man had a group of friends over on his porch by the back, and by the chair of each man was a musical instrument. They were playing music together. My cousin looks at me, knowing that what we were seeing may be a lead, because my cousin plays the drums, the electric guitar, the bass, and the acoustic guitar. And so we drank beer with these 6 older men. They spoke no English and we spoke no Spanish, but we still had a nice time. My cousin gestured to them that he plays the guitar. And so one of the men handed him an acoustic guitar, and they sat and watched. So my cousin plays it for them for a few minutes. They nodded their heads in approval and the older men pick up their instruments and start playing, gesturing to my cousin to play along.

The style of music they were playing was mariachi, one of the guys sang folk songs. They did this for about an hour and my cousin was able to ad lib and keep up, with one of the men occasionally showing my cousin how to play certain things. At the end of the night, when it was time for us to go, the men shook our hands and gestured to my cousin to return to their house the next day. And so we told them we’d be back like they asked.

On the way home, my cousin reveals to me: “This is really cool. I’ve been thinking about joining a band for the longest time. I tried to start bands with my friends, but I’m not into the music they are into. I like the mariachi music they were playing. Those guys have a mariachi band...” So the next day we returned to their house and the daughter of the original man who gave us the hanger was present. The original man said a few things to the daughter – who was in her early 30’s it seemed – and says to us in English: “My father likes you two. He says you’re good people,” she looks at my cousin and continues: “My father likes your ability to play the guitar. He’s in a mariachi band. They play at the local Catholic Church here. One of their guys left them, and they need someone to maybe play the guitar or another instrument. He wants to know if you are interested. Maybe you don’t like mariachi music?”

My cousin says: “No, I love the sound of mariachi music. Tell your father I can play any instrument and read music notes or play by ear. Tell him, I’m interested and to teach me! I learn fast!” And for the next 2 years my Asian Satanist cousin was in a Mexican mariachi band playing at a Catholic Church every Sundays, and he loved every minute of it! And, Providence had a second little gift for him: he met his Mexican [beautiful] girlfriend at the church.

But you don’t even have to know how to do these “techniques” to have fate or providence work in your life. For example, a story about my natural mom and providence: My natural mom, me, and my sister were hanging out at China Town one day all day long. In the afternoon we decided to head for home. So as we were driving on the freeway, my natural mom was talking so much, she wasn’t paying attention to where she was going. She ended up on some other freeway headed for Sacramento. She notices we were going in the opposite direction of home and goes: “Oops, where am I?” So we get off an exit to find someone to ask for directions, because we were lost.

We stopped at the nearest gas station and pulled up to the gas thing. On the other side of our gas thing was a handsome light skinned looking man filling his tank up. I noticed he was checking my natural mom out. I would have guessed the guy was Mexican or something, but I noticed he had a kind of Asian accent to his English. My natural mom doesn’t look Asian. My grandmother has Indian [Hindu] blood in her ancestry, so some of my aunts came out not looking like East Asians. Most of them don’t have slanty eyes. My natural mom looks like she could be Mexican. She has very curly hair. So she got out of the car to ask this guy for directions. The guy gives her directions, and begins small talking with her. He seems interested in my mom, and she’s nice so she small talks back. My sister and I get out of the car to go buy drinks.

As we walk to the gas station store, our mom called to me saying: “Srey, get me a Sprite?” I said: “Okay.” In my family and culture it’s rude and barbaric to use proper names. Only peasants and low class people not properly cultured call each other by their proper names. You either refer to family members and kin by what they are to you [brother, sister, auntie] or you use family nick names given to you by your elders. My family nick name they gave me is “Srey” which is the Khmer word meaning “Girl.” My natural mom’s family nick name is “Pon,” which is a truncated form of her whole name, meaning something like “Pretty,” or “Beautiful,” or “Nice To Look At.” My adopted aunt-mother’s family nick name is “Sor,” [said as an Englishman would pronounce it] which means “White,” since she is pale skinned. You can live your whole life not even knowing your family members’ real birth certificate names! I only learned my grandmother’s birth certificate name when I was 15. I still don’t know the real names of some of my aunts and uncles. And asking for people’s names is rude.

As me and my sister were walking away after our mom requested a sprite, I overheard the guy she was talking to speak Khmer all of a sudden saying: “All this time I thought you were of the Mexican race.” My sister had turned to be shocked saying: “That guy’s Khmy [how “Khmer” actually sounds]?” The two of them exchanged numbers since the guy said he didn’t know any other Khmy people and would like friends of his own race. His name was/is [uncle] Dara, which means “Star,” and also means “Precious,” or “Dear One.” In my culture and class, we refer to every person out of respect by familial titles, depending on their age relative to your own parents. Since this guy was around my mother’s age, me and my sister refer to him as “uncle,” and not by his name.

So about a month passes and my natural mom tells me about this uncle Dara that he really liked her and asked her out on a date. My natural mother had to decline the invitation because she was married with children. But she had told him that one of her sisters is divorced and available. My grandmother has 9 surviving children. 3 boys and the rest girls. Each child is 2 years apart from the other. So this available sister of my natural mother is only 4 years older than her. We call this aunt, auntie “Blackie” because she came out with slightly dark skin for some odd reason. Her siblings used to make fun of her when they were children by teasing her saying that

she was an adopted orphan peasant girl. When auntie Blackie was in her early 20's she used to be a print model. And so my natural mom set up a get-together to introduce this uncle Dara to auntie Blackie at our house [natural mom's house]. I made sure I was there because I like match-making.

The meet up day came and the uncle Dara and auntie Blackie saw each other. They were around the same age. I asked auntie Blackie what she thought of the uncle when we were alone and my aunt said she thought he was very handsome. The uncle Dara had made a compliment saying to my natural mom in Khmy: "If you and your sister are of any indication, you're whole pbooj must be blessed with good blood and good looks." "Pbooj" is an agricultural term meaning Crop or Breed or Strain, it was borrowed by the upper class to refer to racial and folk breeds of people. For instance each dog breed is a pbooj. Each pbooj of dog inherits a look, quality, and genetic health, etc. In the dog world, pure breed dogs – with pedigrees – are considered valuable, whereas a dog of mixed breed or of no recognized breed, is worthless.

And so, in this upper class feudal influenced culture, it is the same with human beings. Your pbooj can make you either a human of social value, or a worthless human being. You hear these elder grandmothers sometimes talk about peasants saying things like: "Their pbooj is not worth the ground they till." Or they teach you when you're growing up things like: "Some Pbooj [breed] Sat [animal] are nobler than the peasant pbooj, because at least animals know and care for their kin and own kind. Peasant don't know their parents and children from strangers and treat them as such. The peasant is lower in quality and nature than an animal." In human terms, pbooj has more to do with culture, upbringing, mentality, way of life, quality, and nature, rather than actual blood and genes.

So this uncle Dara and auntie Blackie liked each other. Auntie Blackie at the end of the day personally invited the uncle Dara to meet her big sister – my aunt-mom – the following week. This was a great sign. In my culture, your oldest sibling is considered and revered as your third parent. My aunt-mom is the eldest of her siblings and is the second mother and shot caller to every one of her siblings. In the family she has the power and authority of a mother to her siblings, and to us cousins also. Before you can date or see [court] a boy or girl, it is proper to introduce or show this boy or girl to your oldest sibling to get their approval. If your eldest sibling disapproves, then you can't date or see them. Usually your eldest sibling will interrogate and interview that boy or girl, as if they were applying for a job at an important firm; background checks and all. If you get the approval and blessing, then the courtship can officially begin. This is old feudal oligarchic stuff, because you simply can't have random people marrying into your family or getting your females pregnant. You'd corrupt you pbooj.

The following week came and the uncle Dara was at my house – aunt-mom's house, ready to be interrogated. Before that day, my natural mom, auntie Blackie, and me were already hanging out with the uncle Dara going places. He had learned that I actually wasn't raised by my natural mom, but by her eldest sister. And so, realizing I was close to the person he was going to be interviewed by, the uncle Dara became really nice to me. He bought me and my little sister items, clothes, and so on. We liked him. So I told my aunt-mom that this uncle Dara was a really cool guy and that I think he'd be very good for auntie Blackie. My aunt-mom just said: "Is that so?"

So the following week the uncle Dara came over for dinner. He had come a couple hours before dinner started to talk with my aunt-mom. My natural mom, auntie Blackie, and some nosy cousins were present. He greeted my aunt-mom and uncle-dad in the proper traditional way and small talk ensued between my uncle-dad and the uncle Dara for a while as me and my aunt-mom were in the kitchen cooking. After the small talk, when the uncle Dara was comfortable with everything, my aunt-mom told me to watch the food with my auntie Blackie. And the interrogation began. Me and auntie Blackie had to eavesdrop from the kitchen, which was a bit away; but Auntie Blackie's chubby daughter Tiff was our spy who ran back and forth feeding us everything she heard. She's nosy, she read through my natural mom's diary once.



My uncle-dad had already asked the uncle Dara about what happened to him during the revolution, and how he ended up in America. So that conversation revealed that the uncle Dara and his eldest brother were the only survivors of his whole family, the rest were murdered. My aunt-mom had expressed her condolences and sad feelings and said to the uncle Dara in Khmer: “Do you believe in God young brother?” The uncle Dara said: “Yes big sister, I do. I believe the gods took care of me and my older brother.” And my aunt-mom said back: “Good. Then believe that the gods have led you here to find a new family. From now on, we’ll be your family. We’ll love each other and care for one another as blood siblings.” He said in return: “Thank you, I accept. I’ll revere you from now on as my own big sister.”

My aunt-mom asked about his grandparents and what each of them did in the old country. The saying in my culture goes: “The fruit never falls far from the tree.” When they ask about your grandparents and what they did, what they are trying to determine is your quality of person, ethos, and/or nature. If your grandparents were drunks and couldn’t maintain a job, it reveals that your quality or inner nature is the same. You might not be a drunk, but you have the same potential and disposition as your grandparents and bloodline [pbooj]. The uncle Dara said that his paternal grandfather was a high ranking officer in the kingdom’s military and his maternal grandfather was a member of the old government. And his two grandmothers are of Thai ethnicity, and of “rachawong” pbooj.

Rachawong is a word which means roughly “Noble Court.” The Thais borrowed this word where it becomes rajawongse taking on a slightly different meaning, but related. Racha [raja] means King, and Wong means Circle. A rachawong means a king, his family, his ministers, his close friends, his concubines, his harem, his wives, his children and grandchildren, his statesmen, etc. In English, we’d call this a “Royal Court,” which actually doesn’t necessarily mean blood relations.

So, curious, my uncle-dad and aunt-mom asked what province his grandparents and parents hailed from. He said the province of Battambang, which is the same province my aunt-mom and her family came from. In the old times, every oligarchic family knew each other. So my aunt-mom began to ask for names, saying: “This is a rude question to ask young brother but, I come from the same province, and my grandparents worked in the government and military as well. May I ask what your two grandfather’s names were? He said two names and my aunt-mom repeated one name saying: “Chea Hir, you say? Do you remember the names of any children this grandfather had?” I recognized the last name “Chea” as my aunt-mother’s family/clan name. In our culture the family name goes first. Chea Hir is a Chinese name. Chea is a dialectal variation of the Chinese term “She-She” meaning “thank you,” “She” or “Chea” means roughly “Happy,” or “Good.”

This uncle began dropping names, one of them even I recognized. My aunt-mom and everyone in the room recognized the name. My aunt-mom said: “Chea Chin-Lee you say?” The uncle Dara said: “Yes big sister. Chea Chin-Lee was my blood uncle, the younger brother of my late father. He married a granddaughter of one of my grandmothers if I recall correctly.” So my aunt-mom tells him frankly: “Chea Hir is my grandfather’s name. Chea Chin-Lee is my late father’s name. I believe we are first cousins. Let me bring you a picture album.”

In the picture album there are old black and white picture. One, of my late grandfather Chin-Lee, and one of his older brother whom my aunt-mom and her siblings called Pa-Om. Pa means Dad, and Om means an uncle or aunt older than your mother or father. The uncle Dara looked at the picture of Pa-Om and said in disbelief: “That’s my father. And that’s my uncle.”

By the way, “aunt-mom” in English looks funny, but in Khmer it’s a real word: Ma-Om. Ma means “Mom,” and Om is a sibling of your mother or father who is older than them. A Pa’Om or Ma’Om is an aunt or uncle whom you honor and revere as your own birth mother or father. These familial titles are similar in essence to the concept of “godfather,” or “godmother” in the West, but not quite exactly the same. Your pa’om and ma’om are siblings of your parents, and they have authority over you as a father or mother.

Me and auntie Blackie were in the kitchen, listening in. Auntie Blackie had missed important parts of the interview, so she wasn't sure what was going on. Her daughter Tiff ran up to us and told her mom: "Mom, he's your first cousin. That's disgusting." She asks me: "Hey big sister, what would he be to me in English if my mom married him, so I can tell my future children?" Auntie Blackie was just laughing to herself.

After the silence and shock brought on by the weirdness/wyrdness of this situation, the uncle Dara broke the silence by saying and moaning in disperse in Khmer: "Oh what a terrible misfortune this has become! Your sister Blackie is so pretty too." So my comedic uncle-dad interjected saying to him: "Dara, not that it's in my place but, you have my permission to court her. Blackie, did you hear that? I approve!"

So my natural mom and aunts decided to bring Dara and his older brother, uncle Nate, to my grandmother's house a couple days later. They weren't going to say anything because they wanted to see if grandma recognized them. When the day came, my natural mom just brought them into grandma's house and had them just sit quietly on a sofa. And we just waited quietly. My grandma had come in curious about the silence and asked us all what was going on. She took a look at uncle Dara and uncle Nate for a few moments, and mumbled to herself: "Who are these two?" My natural mom said: "Do you know who they are?" Grandma walked away to get her eye glasses and came back to take a much closer look. The uncle Nate actually did look exactly like his late father. When she looked close at uncle Nate, she grabbed her heart and said: "Oh Buddho, my nephews!" And she began to cry, taking a seat by them. Buddho idiomatically means something like "dear god."

And that is a true story of how my grandmother found her long lost nephews. Their side of the family didn't do so well during the revolution. The KR had murdered most of their family. They escaped, being the only two survivors, and lived their whole lives believing that all of their relatives were dead. And somehow, after two decades or more of living their separate lives oblivious to each other's existence, my natural mom and uncle Dara just so happens to "coincidentally" be at the same gas station at the same time, on the same day, in the same spot on earth. And it was just a wrong turn on a freeway that started it all. And wyrdfully, that day, we would have never even gone to Chinatown if it weren't for my natural mom having a "sudden" craving for pickled gooseberries with salt and chilly.

If you pay attention to all of these stories so far, you'll see a reoccurring pattern. All of these acts of wyrd, fate, or providence, begin with a "sudden" feeling; a hunch out of nowhere, a sudden impulse, an intuitive tug, a flash of desire, a sudden stirring of chitta. The second thing you will see is that after the sudden impulse, the thinking process is evaded or doesn't take the driver seat. You drive around aimlessly, you are lost, you're not thinking. Your conscious mind is not in control. Chitta – the seat of Will, Volition, Emotion, and Intuition – is in control. Chitta leads like your pet dog were trying to guide you somewhere, if you ever walked a dog. Your dog runs in front of you a bit in a certain direction, stops, looks back at you to see if you are following, wags its tail, invites you to follow further, and runs off a bit more.

You follow along if you feel your dog and don't think. If you start thinking thoughts like: "Wait a minute, where is it leading? This makes no rational logical sense. I have better places to be and better things to do." Then your own conscious mind, gets in the way. And in Buddhism, you are taught to learn to meditate to silence that conscious mind. You can't gain "enlightenment" [buddhi] with that conscious mind and its thinking process and chattering in the way. Why not? Because your conscious mind is the thing that has opinions, views, and so on. It is what doubts and rejects hunches and empathic impulses. It is what dismisses such things as being unimportant. It judges such empathic impulses by measuring up such things to its own causal opinions, views, and abstractions. "That's silly" it says. Your conscious mind is dismissive with anything not in agreement with what it thinks it knows, with its own opinions and causal abstractions. So the saying goes: "Your cup must be first empty before it can be filled."

The other reoccurring pattern you see is that in all cases, you "let go" and "go with the flow." You just put yourself into that wave, and let it take you wherever. You put yourself into the unfolding event, and let things

unfold around you. You go out into life and drive, just meet people, just wonder around, just place yourself in new places and situations. And gradually, as *wyrd* unfolds, things become more complex, more eventful, more interesting, and more relevant. In the beginning of these waves, it can seem totally irrelevant to anything in your life, but towards the end, you'll notice, there is meaning and purpose.

Hearing other people stories regarding this subject is easily dismissible. I understand, because I have no "proof" to back up strange stories like this. The fortunate thing is, *wyrd* or providence, are observable and verifiable natural phenomena, and you can recreate them to experience them for yourself, to gather your own empirical observations, data, and proof; and then come to your own conclusions. The unfortunate thing is, here in the West, we are taught to reject such silly notions as fate and providence as being superstitions or crazy religious nuttury. Because it's "unscientific."

Since I've learned how to use providence years ago, over the years, I've just incorporate this stuff into what I do every day. The way I use this stuff is unspectacular and pretty ordinary.

So this one time, not too long ago, I was thinking about the matter replicator device from Star Trek. I don't like the idea of the matter replicator because of its social implicative impact. If you had a device that can make items you need, it would render capitalism, consumerism, and money completely useless. The whole of society would have to be redone. But I was curious if such a device was possible or not. So I spent a day researching the first basic concept of the device. The matter replicator basically transmutes "proto-matter" into different types of matter. So I researched the subject of transmutation of matter, to see if such a thing was even physically possible.

After a day I learned that transmutation does happen in nature. The first is with radioactive isotopes. As they spray off atoms and junk, they slowly transform into different shit. And then inside the sun, this happens. The enormous pressure and energy of the sun causes some elements to transmute into other elements. So I learned that if such a device were possible, it would take an enormous amount of energy, and we just don't have the technology to convert such a huge amount of energy into matter. The scientists I was reading from are "relativists" meaning they like Einstein and believe in his theory of relativity and  $E=mc^2$  things. I dislike relativity, and mainstream science. So I rejected their assessment.

This gave me problems. I rejected their idea that such a device was impossible because it would take a lot of energy and yada yada. I think it is possible, but without mainstream science, I was left with no answers. And so I spent the next few days obsessing over how this device would work without the need for all that energy. I researched alchemy and everything I could think of. After many days of obsessively thinking and researching, I got very frustrated and gave up! I couldn't figure it out.

That's a little trick I do with myself. I'll spend about a week obsessed over one topic or question I have which I want an answer to. And I'll be obsessed with it until I give up and can't figure things out on my own. Then I tell providence in my head: "Okay, I tried. I failed. I can't figure this out. It's your turn. Give me a clue." Then I'll drop it and just forget about it. I just ask for clues. I love figuring things out on my own, so I'll just ask for a little hint or clue from providence, and I can figure the rest out.

About a month later – after I actually forgot about matter replicators and didn't even give a shit anymore – I had this sudden impulse to drive myself to a bookstore I sometimes visit far away in a different city. I'm used to working with providence, so I recognize these flashes or impulses tugging you somewhere. So I get in my car and drive without questioning it, dismissing it, or thinking; not knowing why it wants me to go to a bookstore. I wasn't looking for a book of any kind at all.

At the bookstore I just stood there like a nut case. I actually didn't know what I was there for. So my thinking process starts acting up and getting in the way. I was thinking that maybe I was supposed to *wyrdfully* meet a new friend? So I went to the Starbucks right next door to the book store, bought an iced coffee, and sat myself

at a table. I spent an hour smiling at everybody, and talking with anybody outside at the tables with me, and I got no leads, clues, or catches. Nothing.

So I walked back to the front of the book store and just wondered to myself, what I'm doing here. I gave up trying to think about it since it was all ridiculous anyways to think about. So I just stood there. My eyes fell on the neatly trimmed bush plant in front of the book store. It had these ripe red berries the size of kumquats. I got interested, and went to pick one of them and squashed it open. It had beautiful pinkish red flesh and milky white juice. So I tasted a bit of the berry. It tasted nice actually, very sweet. I was wondering to myself why I never see those berries at the market. The bush had green thorns, in a "Y" shape, and thick shiny emerald green leaves.

So there I was, eating a random berry off a bush I never seen before standing in front of a book store, staring at a nothing wondering what I am doing at a book store eating a strange berry. I was looking at the bush and that's when it hit me! It's a flash of awareness. The leaves of the plant turns carbon dioxide into oxygen! I gasped to myself, and realized I got a clue. So I dropped the berry and ran into the book store. I knew what I was at the book store for.

Inside the book store the usual starts to happen. I feel a stirring inside my chitta. Your chitta is the seat of your feelings, impulses, drives, and will. I once wondered where my feelings arise from. I can tell that my thoughts come from my head area, cuz your brain is there. But I've never felt emotions come from my head. So I tried to focus my mind on my feeling to discover where exactly in my body they were bubbling up from. Your intuitive hunches bubbles up from a place between your heart chakra and your solar plexus, about anywhere between 2-5 inches above your bellybutton, and an inch below the surface of your skin; and your feelings arise from an area above that just around the lower part of the heart chakra.

So in the book store when I am led weirdly to one, I put my focus on that region of my body. It's like you're a bat in the dark and your chitta – that region – is your echolocator. You don't think thoughts, and you don't look for anything. You just move around according to feelings in your chitta area. What I do is walk around down every aisle slowly, and I just lightly run the tips of my fingers across a row of books. I'll just do this up and down most of the aisle, which takes about 20 minutes.

I don't look at the titles or read anything, because that will kick start your conscious mind's thinking process, which would ruin everything! So I walk slowly down aisles aimlessly "feeling" the "aura" of the book sections, with my chitta area. I don't look at the books. What I'll do is walk past them slowly, and sometimes I'll run my fingers along the back sides of the books facing you. If I get a funny feeling, I'll stop and take the book out to hold it and smell it for a while, but my eyes are starting into empty space and my mind is blank. The feeling I get when I'm not close to the book is a feeling of urgency churning in my chitta area. If I pick up a book and I still feel that feeling of urgency, I put the book back and move on. When I get closer to the book I'm being led to, the feeling of urgency subsides, and a feeling of relief comes out. Like you have to go pee real urgently, and you're looking for the restroom, and you spot the restroom and walk to it, the closer you get to it, the more relief you feel.

Once I get to a specific aisle where the feeling of relief is strong I stay there. This time I get on my hand and knees to actually look at each book. I try not to read the titles or anything, because that makes your thinking process kick in. Instead, I touch each book, pull them slightly out; if I feel an impulse, I pull them all the way out to smell them, and look at their color and any cover pictures.

I found myself in some section, with a book that caught my attention, and all the feelings fades, and you just feel a sense of calmness and relaxation. So I opened the book to read thru it. It was a book about weird oddities of all things. Just strange stories.

There was a story in there about an Englishman in England who raised chickens. One day this chicken guy went on vacation for a while. During his time away from his chickens, the man forgot to give his hens calcium supplements. Before reading this book I had no idea chickens needed calcium. Apparently, hens need calcium in order to give their egg shells strength and good health. Otherwise the egg shells come out weak, which is detrimental to the fetus inside! That makes sense.

Upon his return, he found that his hens had laid all perfectly healthy eggs. The chicken man was perplexed, where did the hens get their calcium? He spent some time watching them, where he didn't give them calcium, and they still laid healthy eggs. This man noticed from observing the hens that at around the time just before when they are gravid, the hens will peck at the dirt and eat little stones and pebbles. The pebbles were tiny and too small to be those gizzard stones some animals use to help them digest. One day this man got a flash of insight! He believed there was something in the pebbles the hens were eating which the hens somehow transmuted into calcium.

It was an outlandish idea I thought. So the guy did an experiment. He had two chicken coops. He deprives both chickens of calcium. And guess what he fed one set of chickens. The answer is mica, which is rich in silicon, the stuff we make computer chips out of. And so this man placed a pile of mica in one coop and watched. Those hens, just before having eggs, pecked at the mica, and they eventually laid healthy eggs. The other hens laid soft shelled eggs. As bizarre as it sounds, the hens' bodies were able to transmute atomic element 14 [silicon] into atomic element 20 [calcium].

I put the book back on the shelf, happy, and gave my thanks. I had found the information I was looking for: a way to transmute matter without using all of the energy mainstream science says you need. I pulled out my phone to google a few things to confirm this clue. I did a search on a combo of key words like "organic transmutation," "element transmutation organic," and so on. And it turns out that the idea that organic cells can turn one element into another isn't crack pot science. Your own human body does it! And we're not just talking about dumb things like oxygen into carbon dioxide.

So I went back home with an interesting insight in my head. Being led to the idea that living organic matter can somehow transmute or transform matter/elements, David Myatt popped into my mind. He had the idea of something he called: "Organic Technology." I had come across DM's idea long ago, but I was never able to organically understand what he meant and what such a technology would look like. But this small insight got me to understand that somehow, an organic cell can transform element 14 into element 20 without what we call nuclear energy or atmospheric pressure or nuclear fusion. These cells were either using some other species of energy, or they were transmuting these elements in some sort of way which is not how mainstream science understands how elements are transmuted.

But that's an example of how I get many of my private insights. Half the time I'm led to books or people who have the information, the other half of the time, the entire insight just suddenly pops into my field of awareness, and a streak of chill shoots from the top of my head to the back of my neck.

So for example, a while ago I was obsessing over how Lao Tzu got his insights about the Tao, if he was a hermit living by himself on a mountain? What was he looking at that gave him his insights? How do people like Lao Tzu come up with original insights. What was the Buddha staring at exactly in the jungle that allowed him to understand how nature and the world works? I know you study nature – or they study nature – but how exactly did they "study" nature? What were they looking at, or how where they looking at it? I see trees and squirrels all the time, and don't get cool philosophical insights? What were those first ancient Greek philosophers studying or looking at to get all their original insights? How did those guys know so much about reality and life and people and everything? When today, even with all of our science, colleges, and books, we know so very little?

I began to get agitated. In my mind I was on a theater stage with actors. I know we're all actors on the stage, and I know the curtain in the back of the stage leads to the back stage. But every time I go towards the back curtain to lift up the veil to see what's on the other side, the back curtain moves further away from you. Like the horizon does when you walk towards it. I know if I can just lift that veil I can see what's on the other side, but I can't get to it. It's just there to tease me. Some actors on this stage don't care about that veil. Some don't even notice. I'm obsessed with it.

For several weeks I was wondering to myself how I can see the other side of the veil indirectly if I can't directly lift it. Lao Tzu, Buddha, and those ancient Greek philosophers were able to do it. So I know it's possible. I couldn't figure it out after a couple months of being frustrated and agitated. So I gave up, and just said fuck it. I'll know what's on the other side when I die. Forget about it!

I found something else to preoccupy my obsessive mind with. It was a constructed language, one of those invented languages. The creator of this language believes that language influences human behavior, and so his theory is that if we speak a totally logical and unambiguous language that the world would be a better place filled with less crime and wars. I read some more about this conlang, to better understand the theory they were working with. And I hated it!

The conlang was stupid, and a mere semantics game you see. The creator takes a word he invents, let's say for example the invented word "Glop." And he'll give it a logical definition of, "Glop means when a fat woman of exactly 207 pounds walks up stairs a two story building with the use of her two legs." That's exact, precise, and logical, and it's supposed to bring world peace and universal interhuman communicational understanding.

I said to myself: that's not how language work! There is a culture based *weltanschauung* which grows over time and generation, rooted in *chitta/psyche*. The constituencies of this *weltanschauung* are wordless fields of feeling, experience, familiarity, and image in the psyche. That's the fundamental or foundation of "language."

The words we use are abstract variable! Just like the variables in algebra or calculus are abstract symbols that represent "things." Just like gods of a myth are abstract variables that symbolize or represent "things." All three – words, math variables, and mythic gods – merely represent and symbolize Fields of a people's *weltanschauung*. And so the mythic god Mars represents a "Weltanschauung Field" which words such as War, Warfare, Conflict, Strife also represents. Just like Einstein's "E" in  $E=mc^2$  represents in the Western *weltanschauung* the Field symbolized by the word "energy." Field like a football field. Inside this field are images of electricity, thing we have become familiar with equated with energy, feeling and impression we have of energy, and so on.

And so, to invent a language with stupidly rigid left brain based definitions, may indeed be highly logical, but it would restrict the potential for such word/symbols to represent a field of psychic [of the psyche] impressions, images, experiences, familiarities, and so on of a people's culture based *weltanschauung*. It would be like giving the goddess Venus a single logical definitive definition where we say that: Let Venus represent the condition of sexual love between a young male and young female, and nothing more, otherwise Venus becomes ambiguous and confusing.

So in protest I set out to invent my own constructed language which would be the opposite of this stupid language I found. I spent about three months creating root words for my conlang and just worked on the grammar, and whatnot. After three months I had about 2000 words, and enough root words to combine to make any kind of new word I needed. I would make my words when an idea or *weltanschauung* field popped into my head.

And so, during the third month the field of "Fractal" popped into my head. I looked through my lexicon and saw that I didn't have a word for 'Fractal,' so I sat there for a while and asked myself what roots could I combine together to express the *weltanschauung* field of what we call in English a "Fractal." I figured that combining the root words "Pattern" + "Repeat" was the best choice. And that was when out of nowhere an insight

popped in my head, fully “codified.” A codification of wordless “knowing.” You just know something, but not in words. I pulled up a picture of a fractal pattern to look at it, and went outside to look at everything. That’s when I was scrambling to find words to explain what I was feeling, what the insight was.

There are patterns in nature that repeat! Phenomenal patterns, patterns of natural phenomena! That’s what those old guys were looking at!!! That’s how they figured out what shit behind the veil look like! Excited, I went to try out and test my new “revelation.” I went to go scrutinize how alpha male chimps become dominate and they get to pass their genes to the next generation. I saw the same phenomenal pattern in how the English language became dominant. I saw the same phenomenal pattern in the evolution of religion and sects. I saw the same phenomenal pattern in the struggle of nation-states for dominance. I saw the same phenomenal pattern in human courtship. I saw the same phenomenal pattern in atoms and molecules. Unstable molecules that arise naturally are weak and become not dominant. Stable molecules that arise naturally become dominant. Molecular patterns that can replicate themselves thrive to pass their molecular information/sequence to the “next generation.”

It was everywhere! That gave me my first peek behind the Veil. The physical universe is based on coherent information. Like bands of chimps and nation-states, many bands of information that have evolved into coherent “structures” fight and struggle. Weak information fades away, stable information stays. And coherent information that can replicate thrive. And so I ended up calling that flash of insight “Fractal Inference.” The insight pops into your head as a fully formed “impression of knowing,” which is wordless, not having words to it. You have to find words to express/articulate it. You don’t need books to learn things. You don’t need to go to school to study philosophy. You don’t need religion to teach you what god is or isn’t. All you need is you yourself and the world.

That sounds goofy doesn’t it? But think about this: All 7 billion of us humans exist inside the SAME single phenomenal world of experience. It’s the same world of experience we all live in. And so, therefore: every bit of human knowledge, human wisdom, scientific wisdom, religious wisdom, philosophy, ideas, conceptualizations, everything that homo sapiens knows and understands about anything and everything for the past 200,000 years is derived from that same single world of phenomena and experience. Everything. Think about it. All you have to do is place yourself in that world, consciously with effort and let Life give you what knowledge and wisdom you seek. And simply open yourself to receive it. Simply let go; yield. Submit to the wave and current of Life, of Tao. And let it Guide you wyrdfully.

### Putting It All Together

You live a “Sheltered” life. Just like I once did. I’ll tell you two stories to show you what I mean. There was once a cave. In side this cave lives a tribe of cave people who had never been outside their cave. Every evening when the sun set and night came, demonic shadows would dance on the walls of this cave. The elder cave men who stayed by the entrance of this cave would interpret the mystical meanings of the dancing shadows. They would tell fantastical stories of what the world outside their cave was like. One day a boy wondered outside that. He discovered that outside the cave was a world different from what the elders told of. There was a forest just beyond the cave. And he saw that when the sun sets and it became night, a different tribe of people – just like his tribe – made themselves a fire and danced around it. And their shadows made by that fire went into the boy’s cave.

This ancient Greek story is the memetic ancestor of the story of the Buddha. Remember the Buddha was born inside a palace which he was never able to leave? His father the king created for Buddha in that palace an entire fictitious world, an imaginary world, a world of fake props and fake people. And the Buddha lived in that fake world for many years. Until he ran away from that palace and was exposed to the actual real world.



The palace and the cave in Theravada is called Samsara. In other schools of Buddhism Samsara takes on its Brahminical meaning of being a cycle of birth and death. In Theravada, samsara means something different.

Samsara is the entire fake, imaginary, fabricated world the Buddha and those cave people live inside of. Their minds are born and raised in that delusional world, Sheltered from the actual real world. Yet these people do not know they live inside a fabricated world, because that illusory world is the only reality they know of. And so, oblivious to any other world, that fabricated world we lived in, influences our brains. It influences how we see the world: our paradigm or worldviews. It influences how we think, how we feel, how we behave, and how we do things. And entranced by that fake world, we do the same things over and over, which is Samsara. Most who are born inside such a psychological sheltered world never free themselves. And so, it is said that we are born, live, and die in Samsara.

For example, Islam is a manmade religion. And so, logically, every idea that makes Islam up, is fabricated by old men. And so it is the Muslim who is trapped inside that fabricated world. He believes Allah created him and the world, his religion influence how his brain interprets reality. His religion influences how he feels about himself and about other around him. And his religion influences his actions in life.

And so how many life times have Muslims walked around a black cube in the middle of the desert, for what objective real reason? How many life times have Muslim women worn the veil to cover up their faces, and for what objective real reason? How many life times has the radical Muslim killed an infidel, and for what objective and real reason? How many life times will the Muslim live, oblivious to the nature and reality of the objective world? In this example, the Muslims do the same set of irrational things over and over again, century after century.

Long ago, during the Buddha's time, India was ruled by Brahmanism which covered everything with a fabricated world of gods, karma, and reincarnation. A delusional samsara existed inside which millions of untouchable believed that they were worthless because of some bad karma they did in some past life. And these untouchable lived generation after generation abused and mistreated, unable to free themselves from their samsara for thousands of years.

And so, during the Buddha's time, many people became disillusioned by this Brahminical fabricated world and desired to liberate themselves. Back then, the only way to free yourself from that Brahminical delusion was to leave the cities and live in the jungles as homeless people. In the jungle, your mind isn't enclosed by the myths and stories and laws preached by Brahmin priest. Those people freed themselves from that psychologically sheltered world, and exposed themselves to the real world outside.

Even now, in our modern world, we exist inside a modern samsara. A fake and delusional world. The walls of this imaginary world is made up of the ideas of things like democracy, money, politics, voting, parties, nation-states, regimes, capitalism, consumerism. And just like any samsara, we are influenced by this delusional world. Those lost in this samsara can't imagine a world without a nation-state. Just like the serfs of olden time Christendom were not able to imagine a world without the Church and Kingdom. They can't imagine a world without money, without buying anything, without capitalist factories and malls, without political parties, without democracy. For, what else is there to the world beyond those things?

And this modern samsara influences our behavior and actions in life doesn't it? We go to high school get good grades and hope to go to college. We go to college to get a diploma to get a job. We work a job because everybody does it, and for money. We need money to buy things. Lawmakers make laws and law breakers go to prison. That's a sheltered life. Why? Because the Natural Order – the world of tooth and claw; of trees and animals – looks nothing like that shit, and those Mundanes live out their lives oblivious to that wild, raw, and lawless reality.

And the society/city we are born and raised in pushes us further and deeper into that sheltered samsara. We see and interpret the world with urban eyes you see. In our cities, it's a dog eat dog world, and so we project that urban shit out into the Natural Order and say that nature is a cut-throat dog eat dog world of Darwinian Struggle. When it's not. It's a System, an interconnection of symbiotic parts.

These people in our manmade urban world are fake. Our urban world is a permanent masquerade party where the name of the game is to be as presentable to others in open society as possible. But these people are different beneath their public presentations aren't they? I had a friend named Caleb once in Riverside who was kicked out of his house at 13 for being gay by his drunkard father and whore of a mother. Caleb had to prostitute himself at a park to survive and feed himself. He once told me: "These old men that pick me up, they'll fuck me, hand money to me, and drop me off back on the streets. Then they go back to their nice little homes, to their nice little families. To their wife and children, and act like they're normal. They'll act like child molestation is wrong in public. But they come back and fuck me. And as nice as they make themselves look to everybody, ain't none of them ever had the decency to help me off the streets."

In ancient times Shiva was patron god of the outcast. He was a disruptive god. In his many myths and legends there are stories where he will appear nude in a human city and jack off in public, to mock our nice little manmade cities/world. His third eye, when opened, is said to burn this manmade world to ashes, to awaken those lost in it to the realization that it's all a lie, all a façade, all silly pretend games over grown children play. The real world, beyond such silly urban pretend games, is wild, feral, lawless, and savage. And that savage world is the world mankind was truly born and created in.

You're a sleeping fool lost in pretend games if you think you're an employee, a CEO, a cop, a president, a lawyer, a philosopher, a scientist, a whatever. Shiva burns that façade away and shows what you really are: a creature that fucks like an animal, a creature that kills like an animal. A creature that hates. The only difference between you and other animals is that the human being believes he can transcend that animal nature... by playing pretend games. By make believing and role playing. By losing himself in a mundane manmade world of his own creation. By dreaming up delusional religious universes. By wrapping himself beneath layers and layers of ideas, ideals, idealisms, ideologies, definitions, words, opinions, conceptualizations, etc, and so on.

That's the Shelter you will be born inside of my unborn brothers and sisters. Your own mind is the walls of that samsara. And some of you will never wake up to break free from it. To be "sheltered" means to be raised ignorant of the real world and how the real world works and is. Like a house cat born and raised inside a house its entire life. You don't need to be born in a strict family to be sheltered. Your mental environment is a shelter for your brain. You'll never break free if you can't see past your own mind. Past your own views, your own world-models, your own opinions, thoughts, beliefs, feelings, morals. And all that shit in your mind isn't even yours. Someone else put all that shit there. Your teachers, your televisions, your preachers, mundane society. You have no thoughts of your own. Everything you think you know about life is fed to you by others. That's being Sheltered.

That shelter of samsara is a delusional prison of Belief. You simply Believe it is real. And you'll never break free if you can't stop Believing. The power of Belief is powerful my unborn siblings. How many people believe that money has value? How many people work their whole lives for it? How many people live in poverty because they don't have that money? How many people don't kill because they believe it is wrong to kill? How many people believe in democracy? What happens when everybody stops believe in something? That something loses its power and meaning. Everyone in Europe stopped believing in Christendom, and it's gone. Everyone stopped believing in the Soviet Union, and it's gone. The British Empire was once the largest and most powerful nation-state on earth, and one day everyone just stopped believing in it. And it's gone.

It's important to understand that Belief keeps you locked up in your shelters and samsaras because you first need to know and understand what is actually imprisoning you before you can break free and Liberate yourself.

You see, back in that cave allegory, the people in that cave never ventured out of their cave because they believed the stories the elders told them. The Buddha never left his palace because he believed in the reality his father fabricated for him. The key to breaking free from the grip of belief is: Direct Experience.

It wasn't until that boy from the cave left those cave stories behind to directly experience life outside the cave that he was liberated. It wasn't until the Buddha left the palace to directly experience life, that he was liberated. For example, as long as you believe that premarital sex is sinful, you will always be imprisoned [limited] by that belief. To free yourself, you simply have to directly experience premarital sex to see that nothing will happen to you.

Satanism is simple you see. You become a devil to all belief systems – religion, politics, whatever – when you stop believing and you directly experience life, sans Belief. When you stop thinking and making opinions, and you just Live & Experience. Why do you become a devil to these belief systems if you stop believing and just experience life on your own? Because those systems are power games and pretend games, and if everyone stops believing, then those people who are in power and control lose that power over everyone. You become an Enemy to the [belief] System. And that's actually what the word Satan means: Enemy. In olden times the words Satanism and Satanist meant exactly what I am trying to tell you. As the ONA and Anton Long points out:

[Begin Quote]

### **Satanism**

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix –ism applied to the word Satan - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from sathan, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine.

That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term satanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term Satans also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

"That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in Fraser's magazine for Town and Country used the term in connection with Byron:

"This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes:

(1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

### **Satanist**

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix – ist applied to the term Satan – so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

"The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559

"Be ye Zuinglians, Ariens, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?" Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'*. Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

"There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

"It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines. –Anton Long, *The Geryne Of Satan, ONA*

[End Quote]

Satanism is simple. In the olden days, a Satanist was just a wicked, defiant, person who was opposed to everything that society and the mundanes represented. Opposed to their way of life, their ethos, their culture, their views, their morals, their politics, their religions. This meaning of the word "Satanist," and "Satanism" is the oldest definition and way of usage of the two words. It wasn't until centuries later that some people began to ascribe philosophies and religious trappings to Satanism, such as LaVey during the late 1960's.

All you need to know to be a Satanist is that you are the Enemy of mundane society, their religions, their ethos, their breed, their everything. You are against and opposed to everything they are for or represent. Then, put in the effort to directly experience things on your own. In Theravada, this dhamma is called Paccakka, meaning to come to a knowing of things by direct experience, direct exposure.

It is from direct experience, direct exposure to Life, that you will gain your knowledge-base and wisdom: gradually, in its own time and season. Life has its own way of teaching you and giving you insights. Sometimes it leads you to people and places. Sometimes it pops insights you are searching for in your head out of nowhere. You don't need any book or bible to grow in knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding. All you have to do is put yourself in the midst of unfolding Life, and let go, go with the flow/tao, and ride its waves. I've tried in this essay to show you the many different ways Life has to wyrdfully teach you and impart to you knowledge, wisdom, and understanding.

Satanism is the clearest lens you will have to "see" and understand the world and self. What I mean is that, Buddhism is cool, but as a lens, it is speckled with impurities such as silly spiritualized moral precepts, moral opinions, moral interpretations of reality and so on. Likewise with most right hand path religions. Satanism on the other hand, presents to you Life and the World as they are without the goofy spiritual and moral shenanigans. You see Life as it is: Raw and Wild. You see Man as we truly are: an animal both sinister and numinous, both loving and murderous, both motherly and wonton, both saint and sinner. In Satanism, there are no rights or wrongs, no moral lens to interpret the world, action, or event. The view of World and Self is crystal clear.

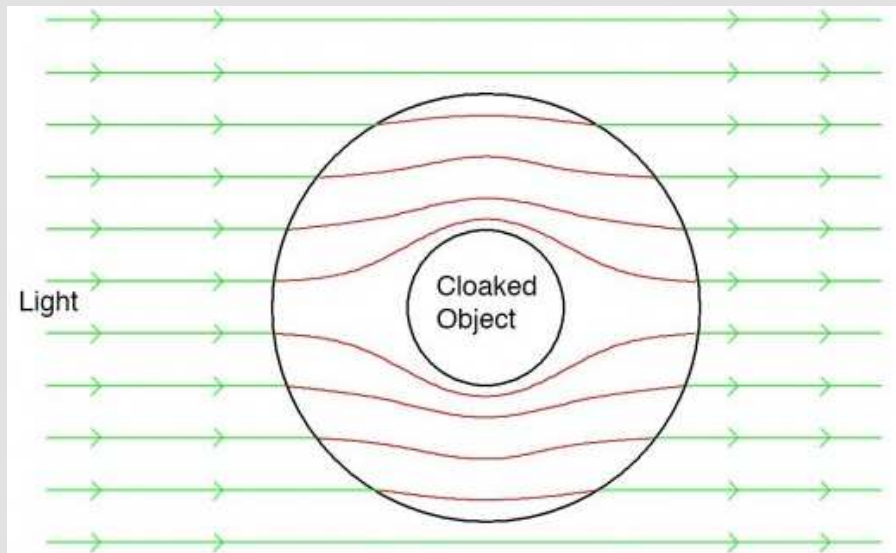
How you will one day live Life as a Satanist, in tune to the Flow of Life, will be your Praxis and magick. If you study wind and understand the nature of wind and how it works, you can learn to make it fly an airplane. And so, it is the same with Life. If you understand the Nature/Physis of Life, how it unfolds, then as an ariya/arya you will be able to use Life to your advantage, use it for your own growth and evolution. You are either crushed by the Wheel of Dharma, or you are the Helmsman of that Wheel. Which of the two you will eventually be, indicates whether or not you have developed a realistic and organic understanding of Life and the World. "By their fruits you shall know them."

∴Kryptonimus

Order of Nine Angles

8.13.125 yfayen





## The Science Of Galactic Empire

...I believe that science will one day further evolve to be more fertile to “science fiction-esque” technology when we are able to reconcile—synthesize something out of—the dialectical opposing models of Einstein & Tesla. But there is a big philosophically troubling problem with a world model in which sci-fi like technology exists or is possible. I’ll talk about this later, but I find it personally difficult to deal with those philosophical problems; at the same time, I love science fiction.

This essay is just me rambling and speculating on about things I have been thinking about lately. About what DM & ONA refers to as sometimes “Dark Imperium,” and other times as “Imperium Galactica.” The question I have been asking myself ever since I stumbled upon DM & ONA is: Is a galactic “civilization” —meaning a coherent social order of humans [and whatever other intelligent people], spread across the galaxy—possible without the technology for super-luminous speed?

### Electric Cosmos

Also called “plasma cosmology.” I really like the model of the world plasma cosmology presents, because its more philosophically sound, sensible, and more in tune with commonsense. So I spent several years giving this model some consideration. And I now have problems with a model of an electric universe. It was such a big problem for me that I had to come up with my own entire other model to work with.

The problem is: Electricity. Where does all that electricity come from? What is the source of this electricity that—I guess—fills the whole infinite universe... INFINITE universe... that is a lot of energy! Whatever happened to that old “energy conservation” theory? I got an insight into a different model of the universe one day when watching a documentary on plasma cosmology.

In the documentary the supporters of this model talk about immense magnetic fields in space... huge fields of magnetism. And they use the existence of such huge magnetic fields to support their notion that, as they said: “Where there is magnetism, there is electricity.” As if to suggest that the magnetic fields are derived from electric fields in space. So I thought to myself: Hold on a sec, what if it’s the other way around? What if the magnetic fields; under certain conditions and within the right environment; generates the electricity? You know, when a turbine spins, the huge magnet twirls around a bundle of wires. The magnet causes the electrons “in the wire” to move and flow, thus forming a current, and we call that electricity. I suppose ionized plasma can act as a medium for electrons to flow. And so if magnetic fields can excite those electrons in that plasma, maybe electric currents are born?

But that’s not the insight. What led me to my little insight was that I needed a model of the cosmos where all the ideas I have will all fit together nicely, and the idea that magnetic fields play an important role triggered the insight. Ideas such as Fractal Fields, Sheldrake’s memory and morphic Fields, quantum Fields, energy Fields, Acausal Fields [membranes], Fields [spheres] of influence, sematic Fields, weltanschauung Fields, memetic Fields of influence.



Fields of emotions and their Fields of influence. And so on. Gravitational cosmology is based on the idea that gravity somehow plays a central role in the formation of the physical universe. Plasma cosmology is based on the idea that gravity plays a minor role, and that it's electricity and plasma that plays the lead role. What I needed was something beyond plasma and electricity as the lead characters. A model that can neatly house all my Field ideas.

And so I had the idea of a Field Model of the universe. The basic idea is that "Fields" are one of the most fundamental building blocks of the physical cosmos, and that Fields are what plays the lead role in the creation [Brahma], sustainment [Vishnu], and destruction [Shiva] of the physical cosmos. "Field Cosmology" as I call it. A problem with this field model: What exactly is a "field?" I hate using words I cannot define and explain off the top of my head. And I'd rather not go to Wikipedia or some dictionary.

I know what I mean when I say the outer word "field," because that word is trying to express a wordless "knowing" of something. But how do I explain what I mean by the word "field?" A "Field" is a... the source [x1] of a "framework" a "scaffolding" a "matrix" [x2] of "influence" [x3] where [x2] exerts or possesses an influence upon [x4]. Kay, so the variable [x2] approximates roughly and metaphorically a "framework," or "scaffolding" or "matrix." The variable [x3] represents the force or impression of influence [x2] has or exhibits, or exerts. The variable [x4] is that which the influence is affecting/effecting. Then to further define what I mean by "influence," influence is an affect or effect which is observable and measurable. Kay, so now we can fractally plug in different things into those variables to demonstrate what I mean by the word "field."

X1 is a group of stone masons. They erect a Scaffolding at a given construction site [X2]. A temple is being constructed inside that scaffolding. And so X4 is the temple being built. The builders thus have an influence [X3] upon what is within the scaffolding, where that they have the ability or capacity to affect/effect the nature and causal suchness of the temple.

X1 is a magnet. This magnet erects or generates an invisible scaffolding or matrix, or framework at a given area or spot [X2]. There are bits and pieces [X4] of metal inside this invisible scaffolding. The magnet's invisible scaffolding exerts an observable and measurable influence [X2] upon those bits and pieces of metal.

X1 is a coherent body of informational memory. This coherent body of informational memory generates an invisible matrix or scaffolding [X2]. Organic building blocks such as DNA, enzymes, cells, etc [X4] are inside this invisible matrix. The coherent body of informational memory—Sheldrake's Memory Fields—exerts an influence upon the organic matter and causes it to eventually become certain things, according to the informational memory [X3].

X1 is Russia. Russia has a circle or sphere around its borders inside which it has the ability and capacity to exert a certain amount of influence [X2]. Ukraine [X3] is within that Field of Influence, and so Russia has a certain amount of power to affect and effect what goes on with and in Ukraine [X4].

X1 is the "god-meme." The god-meme generates an invisible matrix of belief, an invisible scaffolding of thoughts: Those thoughts influences emotions, those emotions influence action and behavior [X2]. And so, whatever [X4] is within that Field of Influence is affected/effecting by that god-meme. If X4 are people, they could be converted. If the god-meme has infected Islamic radicals, and X4 were people, such people may end up being killed. And so on.

So, that's what I mean by a "Field." And so "Field Cosmology" is when we speculate or hypothesize that Fields of different species play fundamental [primary] roles in the cyclical creation, sustainment, and destruction of the physical universe, from the level of the microcosm on up to the macrocosm, Fractally, in other words; and not gravity or electricity or plasma. Informational fields have an influence on primordial "matter" [aether/akasha], which become quantum particles. Those generate quantum fields which influences whatever is in its field. Gravitational fields influences the formation—amalgamation that is—of matter into big stuff like space rocks and stars. Magnetic fields influence solar winds, protects the earth, and so on. Temperature fields influences the creation, sustainment, and destruction of stuff like ice, water, solids, gas, lava, etc. Organismic fields—the field of influence generated by groups of organisms—influences the environment and other organisms within such fields. Social fields—the field of a society—influences the people within it. Political fields of nation-states influence the people and other countries. And so on. So we see a seamless transition from example to example, from the microcosm on up to super-organisms such as nation-states. It's a fractal principle. And so it indirectly infers or suggests something about the nature of the cosmos.

## Traversing The Field

There are different kinds/species of “field” phenomena. Magnetic fields are different from gravitational fields. They aren’t the same types of fields. Memetic fields are different from Political fields of influence. But most types of field phenomena have a quality or nature in common: they are difficult to move through or break free from. I’m pretty sure any person at NASA understands just how difficult it is to break free from the earth’s gravitational field... and how much money and fuel is needed to do so. And once you are caught inside the field of influence of a powerful nation-state, it’s difficult to also break free from that field. It took a revolution, and slaughter, and money, and time just for the American colonists to break free from the field of influence of the British Empire. How long has the West been in the grip of the memetic field of influence of Christianity? It has been 2014 years roughly since the birth of Jesus, and still our Western “civilization” is stuck in that field. But with science and secularism, we’re just now beginning to break free. And so it takes effort, to travel thru and break free of a field.

When me and my cousins were small children, this one time one of our uncles had worked on his car, replacing his speakers. So he removed the old car speakers. My cousins and I were really fascinated with the giant magnet of the speaker. We ended up inventing a game with the speaker magnet. The game was whoever can throw screws past the magnet without making it stick to the magnet wins, but your screw has to fly near the magnet. My screws never past the magnet. The boys can throw their screws very fast, and the speed helps their screws not get stuck often. I got frustrated with myself, so to make me feel better, I cheated by wrapping a wad of my chewing gum around my screw, and then I threw it. The others said it didn’t count, but it still made me feel better. That started a new game: to see who can find stuff to wrap around metal object so they don’t get stuck to the magnet.

Space itself is inside a gigantic Field. By space here, I mean the majority of the known universe. The ancients called this field “akasha,” and it is said to permeate the whole universe like a fluid. The akasha itself was often described as being of a “spiritual” or “supernatural” substance. Supernatural here meaning “above,” or “independent” of physical matter/nature: that which is natural. Spiritual here meaning possessing the nature and essence of Spirit. In the West you have God as X1 [the source of a field] and you have his “Holy Ghost,” which is the *Medium* of his influence [X2], right? Different words, terms, and idea-pictures, but they are pointing at the same Essence.

The word Medium is the key word here. In this case, the word “medium” means a means or conduit of influence, which is a “field,” as we are using this word in this essay. The means whereby a magnet affects and influences metal is its magnetic “field.” Without that field—that “medium”—the magnet has no affect or influence on the metal.

In the old days of the West, the Medium of Space was called aether/ether. It was described as a “fluid” in behavior. Einstein’s beef with aether was that he believed and insisted that light does not need aether as a medium to be a wave to fly around in. Tesla believed that electromagnetism itself was the aether. Whatever it is, in the West, the theory of Relativity took over physics and aether was thrown out. In name at least. Aether—the essential idea and nature of it—in the West is like the ugly step child you don’t want because of the quackery and pseudo-science stuff associated with it, but it’s there anyways. We avoid calling it ether, but Einstein and others say the “Medium of interstellar space.” And now, in the era of the 21st century we have a new name for it: the Higgs Field. Whatever we call it in the West, this Field or Medium of space is associated with something called Mass. To avoid being labeled a quack myself, I will continue the Western tradition and not call it ether. I’ll call ether the “cosmic medium,” or I’ll just refer to it as “akasha.” Now, you guys might begin to see what all this talk about fields and science might have to do with a Galactic Empire. The question was asked: Can a galactic civilization exist without the ability to travel faster than light? Things with Mass can’t go as fast as light.

Now that we’ve talked about aether and medium, I can try to explain what a “Field” is as a “thing.” I only explained how I am using the word above. I didn’t explain *what* a field is. What is a field and what’s it made of? They’re made from different things. Physical fields such as magnetic fields analogously are like currents in the ocean. The medium or stuffiness of sea water moves or behaves in a different way than the rest of the ocean, and you get a current. Other types of fields such as energy fields are made of moving particles in the cosmic medium. Analogously, these types of fields in an ocean would be like currents moving sand in a swirl. The moving sand would be the energy field. Or better yet, an energy field is a large school of fish swimming and encircling you in concert with each other. As the fish swim together they produce an envelope of water current around them.

Informational fields are a different animal altogether. Information here meaning things like “quantum information,” the “stuff” that tells a subatomic particle how fast it should spin and where it should be in relation to other particles; then also infor-

mation such as ideas, memes, mathematical data, and so on.

These types of “fields” have their suchness in a different medium other than the cosmic medium, and they affect that cosmic medium in an indirect way via secondary means of impression and influence. What I mean is that an idea in and of itself cannot affect or influence anything in the real world. For example, the environmentalist idea of saving trees. That idea in and of itself doesn’t have a real causal influence on forests. What that idea does influence are receptive minds/conduits. Those receptive minds then feel and act in accord with the idea, thus affecting a forest of trees. That’s what I mean by an “indirect way via secondary means of impression and influence.”

### Circumventing The Problem

The problem is Mass. It actually only makes commonsense that an object with mass can’t travel at light speed, because it’ll be ripped to shreds... never mind the amount of energy you would need to make the massful object fly at that speed. In my attempts at trying to figure out a plausible way to make a Galactic Imperium real, or at least speculatively feasible, I’ve come up with only two ideas. One more realistic than the other. I’ll start with my first idea, which is not realistic but is colorful.

So our problem that keeps us from traveling at light speed is Mass. But what the hell is “mass” anyways? I personally hate using words I cannot explain and define off the top of my head. Because if I were to do so, it would make me feel like I were a pseudo-intellectual trying to sound more smarter than I am about a topic I have no real, beyond superficial, organic understanding of. And if you have a realistic, beyond superficial, organic understanding of something, you would be able to put it into your own words and use your own analogies, without running to Wikipedia, or Webster; or invoking the writings of some scientists.

I call that a “Mexican Fight.” A “Mexican Fight” is a type of debate pseudo-intellectuals often get into. They’ll debate or argue about a subject or topic. You think it’s going to be a fair fight of brains, 1 on 1. But when it’s time to fight, the other person runs off and starts quoting Wikipedia, quoting and parroting learned academics and scientists. In essence, they’re bringing into the fight everybody they can grab, and they leave themselves and their own brains out. If I wanted to debate Steven Hawking or Michio Kaku, I’d do it. And the funny thing is, these pseudo-intellectuals think that because you’re an ordinary person and can’t argue or debate or out smart the intelligence of Hawking or Kaku which they merely quoted and parroted, that they somehow won! It’s the same mentality you encounter when you are debating with a Christian about God, and this Christian runs off and quotes bible scriptures. They’re appealing to something they believe to be “authoritative” with the Attitude or mood or tone that such authoritative figures or books are infallible. As if to suggest that Einstein’s theory of general relativity is infallible fact, which shouldn’t be questioned.

So what is mass? How would I explain that to myself off the top of my head, as I am using the word in this essay? Mass is like a brick wall. You run into the brick wall and it hurts. Or mass is like you falling out of a tree. Your body has “mass,” gravity affects it and pulls you down, and you hit the ground. Mass has the ability to affect objects, and also to express kinetic energy some times, and it is prone to being inert. So, I would say that “mass” is a “field property of a physical object.” What I mean by that is that a “thing” or object has its own envelope of field phenomenon, which is an “emergent/collective” property of its constitutional corporeal makeup. Keep in mind that all these goofy words I’m using are just fingers trying to point at something, an Essence. Don’t get too caught up in the words.

What do I mean by “emergent/collective” property of constitutional corporeality? We can say that a sun has “mass,” lots of it. In fact, if I remember correctly, our sun represents 99% of all the mass of our solar system. But, what if we were to shrink ourselves down to the size of atoms and we were to step inside that same sun? At that atomic level, the sun doesn’t even exist because the atoms that make it up are so far apart, there really is no “object” as we understand an “object” to be. So at that atomic level, and in that spacious environment: Where is the sun’s mass? That’s actually not a trick question or zen question. Here’s the same question asked with a different object: the Galaxy has mass: so where is all its mass hiding? If the stars are so far apart and a galaxy from our perspective is so vacuous and spacious? The answer is in the stars that make up the galaxy. That’s what I would mean when I said “emergent,” which is to say that the mass of the Galaxy emerges into being out of the collection of its constitutional parts: stars, planets, and so on.

But the atoms of a sun are slightly different, with their own nature/physics and properties. They are themselves emergent phenomena, born from fields: electromagnetic fields, quantum fields, energy fields, yada yada. As the ancients would explain it, the four elements arise from akasha. And so, to put that into modern terms, the cosmic medium itself is what is acted upon

by these fields, which then “arises” to become atoms and so on: the building blocks of nature/matter. I picture in my mind a big glacier in a cold ocean. That glacier has “mass” to it, which has a nature/physics different than from the “volume” of sea water surrounding it, even though, the glacier itself is essentially made of the same stuff. It’s just that the glacier is the condensation of that sea water. In the same way the ancients allegorically said that Shakti [that which is manifested] is the condensation of Shiva [that which is unmanifested].

If we use the quackery language of ether supporters, mass arises when a “physical object” [a collection of atoms] draws to it ether. Picture a sponge in a jar of honey. The sponge soaks up the honey and thus gains “weight,” and “mass.” And get this: like how a sponge has spacious holes in it, physical objects are also spacy... the atoms are far apart with space in between them. Not just empty space mind you, space filled with atomic fields and energy fields that keep the atoms together in their coherent formations. Fractally, like how gravity is said to keep the stars of our galaxy in their coherent formation. But only nut cases believe in ether, or would use that type of foul language. Today, it’s more acceptable to say that the “Higgs Field,” “draws” to it “Higgs Particles” and thus “mass” arises. And this is all I can speak about “mass,” because I don’t understand it beyond this point. All I will say is that, if we ever desire to travel really fast one day, we really must come to a deep understanding of the nature of mass. Which is beyond my intelligence and ability.

So, now that I’ve explained what little I understand of mass, I can explain for you unborn brothers and sisters my first idea of establishing a future galactic civilization. Or the means of such. It is speculative and perhaps not even possible, unless by some divine chance, what some human beings understand of mass is correct.

The problem with traveling at light speed is mass, as I said. Mainstream scientists at the moment in my time frame have this idea that you can “bend” the “fabric” of what they call “space-time” and somehow travel fast in those bent wrinkles. Their idea is born essentially from an Einsteinian world model, in which the speed of light is the fastest anything can travel. And so they speculate that you “simply” bend space, or warp it, and make the warped fabric of space travel faster than light! And therefore, you do not violate any laws of relativity.

I have several personal issues with that idea. These are just my personal issues, based on what I personally understand of the cosmos. My first issue is that I don’t believe the speed of light is constant like Einstein says. My second issue is that I don’t believe space is a fabric or something you can warp or bend. “Space” when I use it in this sense, looks like this as a logical equation: [x1] is at a distance of [x2] from [x3]. If x1 = the Sun, and x3 = the earth, then x2 = ~93 million miles.

Now, these Einsteinian crackheads, will take the x2 variable and they will say that this variable is in fact a “thing” with physical properties, a “fabric” that stretches and expands like rubber. Talk about reification. Me? I like to keep things simple and common-sensible. I would like to simply believe that x2 is merely a convenient method for us to understand just how far the god damn sun is from the earth. I say “left and right” as a method of conveying placement of areas and things. These Einsteinians, when they say “left and right,” they mean that left and right is a rubber fabric which is ever expanding. My last issue with the idea of warping space to travel quicker to distant stars is that I don’t even believe dimensionality [distance, here, and there] and time are intrinsic properties of “space.”

The idea I have is simple. If the etheric field gives mass to an “object,” then let’s remove that etheric field? Make it go away. How, you might ask. I asked the same question myself and it took me several years to get an answer that satisfied me. My answer came as a flash of insight one day when I stopped thinking about this subject. I was thinking about the ONA idea of Sinister Cloaking. Which caused me to thinking about Star Trek The Next Generation and how those green alien ships cloak. I understood the basics of cloaking. You cause the light to travel around your ship. In fact, we have the technology at the moment to “cloak” small things, in a primitive way, using this same concept. They use a species of strong electromagnetic field to cause light, or whatever, to go around an object. Which explains the picture I started this essay with.

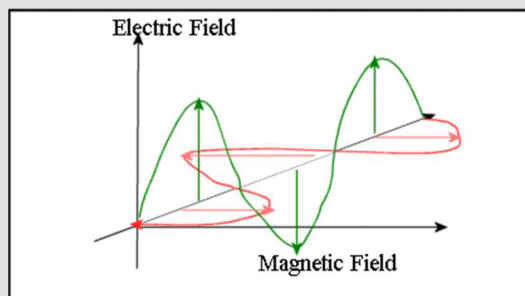
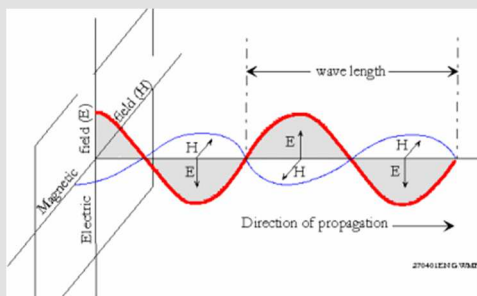
I thought about this cloaking technology and a flash came into my mind. I saw my childhood time when I was playing with my uncle’s speaker magnet with my cousins. To make the magnet’s field not effect our screws we wrapped them up, and they were able to pass through that field without getting stuck in it. That’s when the insight hit me.

It’s like trying to throw a baseball in a pool of honey. The honey causes the ball to slow down, and eventually become inert. Or the honey prevents the baseball from flying very fast. Because that baseball is flying through a medium acting upon its mass. And so I asked myself: What if you cloaked the mass from the etheric field so it can’t tell the baseball has mass? How would

you “cloak” mass? If the etheric field itself gives an object “mass” then making an “ether bubble” around that object, would “cloak” the mass of the object in relation to the etheric field. Or you can say that if the Higgs Field attracts Higgs Particles to atoms and so on, and it’s those Higgs Particles which gives an object mass, then making a “bubble” inside that Higgs Field would mask the “mass” of the object in relation to the rest of the Field. It doesn’t mean that the object has no mass. It just means that in Relation to the cosmic medium or field, the object has no mass. A powerful magnetic field is said to have an effect on ether, as does gravity. So if such is true, then a powerful magnetic field, and speculative anti-gravity field might make an etheric bubble.

If such a bubble is possible, then whatever is inside would also not be visible, because light travels in the medium of interstellar space, as all things do, and that bubble makes that light travel around the object. And so, if anything can travel faster than light, it might not even be detectable or visible at all.

The thing is, before Icarus learned how to fly, he studied birds. And so, if we desire to fly like Light, then it only makes sense to try and understand what exactly Light [a photon] is, and how it flies. A light particle/wave has no mass, but why does it have no mass? A ship inside a hypothetical “etheric bubble” would have its mass cloaked, and so it would “look” like a big photon to the universe: something with no mass. Inside that bubble the effects of gravity [G force] would not apply, since gravity waves are linked to the etheric medium, and the bubble is “negative etheric medium,” like how an air bubble in water is the absence of water: negative water.



Light is also a “wave.” Not just any old wave. It’s a weird [E/M] wave that’s split into two co-existing wave patterns in one. An electric field wave and a magnetic field wave at a 90 degree angle to each other. And so, “cloaking” the mass of a ship by placing it in a bubble of negative etheric field isn’t enough. The ship must “shapeshift” [disguise] itself to feel and behave like a light wave to the cosmos by generating the same type of angled E/M wave pattern of electric field and magnetic field around it.

The ship would require a lot of energy to do everything it needs to do. And so, it’s logical to make this ship a “sun skimmer.” A ship that skims the sun at very close range. Some sort of a protective “force field” that repels heat waves would be needed obviously. The ship would skim the sun and use the sun’s already present huge amounts of energy and electric and magnetic fields. The ship would fly around the sun collecting the energy it needs. Once it has enough energy, it would set a course for a designated star system—say Alpha Centauri—and put up its negative etheric field bubble, and fly towards the designated star system, disguised as a light wave to the cosmos.

## The Weird Stuff

Unfortunately I believe the cosmos is limited by something we call the “laws of physics.” Meaning here that I believe that there is a limit to just how far and advanced Mechanical technology can go. It only makes sense that what is itself made up of nature/matter must be limited by the very laws of nature/matter [physics]. It would thus require an immense amount of causal [Mechanical] energy to make a ship fly at the speed of light.

Casual energy here is being used to describe a certain species of family of energy. Causal energy is any type of energy which is based on causal particles in some way. For example electricity is a type “causal energy” here because electricity is the flow of electrons, which is a causal [physical] particle. Without those electrons flowing and moving, you don’t have “electric current.”

I am inclined to believe that there are other species of energy not based on causal particles. It’s hard to imagine the existence of other usable forms of energy not causal in nature, being as we of the 21st century are, still entranced in the Electric Paradigm. When humanity experiences an energy paradigm shift, the possibilities of other forms of energy will be more thinkable. I’m using the term “paradigm shift” in a different way than how it has come to be used in the occultnik regions of cyberspace. I’ll ex-

plain what a “paradigm shift” is as it is used by many people outside mundane satanism and the pseudo-intellectual community.

So, long ago, long before I was ever born on earth, there once existed something called a “vacuum tube.” I’m really not sure what exactly a vacuum tube was and did. I have seen pictures of them. They look like empty light bulbs. All I understand of vacuum tubes is that in those very early days of electronic devices, you needed many of these things to make such old electronic devices work. I’ve even seen pictures of ancient computers, which were said to be several neighborhood blocks in size and which used thousands of these vacuum tubes!

That all changed one day when something called a “transistor” was invented. Transistors eventually made the vacuum tube obsolete. And that’s when humanity in relation to how it collectively understood and conceived electronics and the potential of electronic technology underwent what’s called a “paradigm shift.” Before the invention of transistors, if you were to tell people on the streets that electronic devices such as “computers” and radios can be smaller, more powerful, without the vacuum tubes, they would think you were crazy. Why? Because they just simply could not conceive [picture in their minds] anything outside that vacuum tube paradigm of electronic technology. Napoleon Hill once said: “What can be Conceived can be Achieved.” And the converse of that is also true: What we cannot conceive, we cannot achieve.

The Electric Paradigm is on its death bed. The seeds have already been sown for a new paradigm of technology which has nothing to do with electric power, or “electronics.” Today, when we speak of green “energy,” renewable “energy,” “power” plants, that it requires such and such amounts of “energy” to do such and such, all we are actually talking about is electrical energy, or electricity, for, what other kind of energy are we humans of the 21st century familiar with besides electricity... and horse power, and fire?

Over six years ago I read something overlookable yet greatly remarkable in a science journal. It was about a team of Japanese scientists who made “Photon Crystals.” These crystals absorbed and stored photons. Like how a battery holds electrons. And with a little ingenuity, a “circuitry” can be made so that the photons in those crystals can flow in a current, thus producing a Photonic Current. The conceived idea of “photon crystals,” will be to electricity what the transistor was to the vacuum tube. When the day comes when humanity as a whole is able to understand and conceive mechanical devices that operate and function on photonic current, and not electronic current, we will enter our next real technological and energy Paradigm Shift.

The need for a new type of energy other than electricity is here, because our microchips have reached their limit in small size. The problem is the electron itself. The electron is too “big” and too hot for us to shrink our microchips down any further, lest the chips burn. Electricity is also a wasteful form of energy. Much of electrical energy dissipates in the form of heat from wires and devices. Technologies such as real functioning nanotechnology can’t come into existence until we find an alternative to the electron. Photons have no mass, no size, and they don’t produce heat as a byproduct.

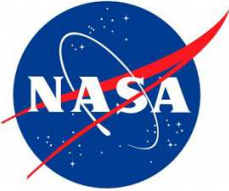
Can you imagine “Photonic” Technology? All this stuff about nuclear power plants, fission, fusion, using and abusing the earth for “renewable energy” would be rendered obsolete. Why? Because the SUN is our solar system’s hugest producer of photons! Devices will be even smaller than they are now, more efficient and powerful, and will waste no energy. Now, as far as spaceships go, think about a Photonic—not electricity powered—spaceship in conjunction with something like this:

## NASA Validates 'Physics Defying' Space Drive

BY DAMON POETER   AUGUST 3, 2014 11:28AM EST   67 COMMENTS

*To the surprise of many, a radical new type of spacecraft propulsion system appears to actually work.*

373 SHARES



NASA recently tested an experimental microwave thruster for a radical new type of spacecraft propulsion system—and to the surprise of researchers, the “physics-defying,” fuel-less space drive appears to actually work.

Fuel takes up an enormous amount of space and weighs down current spacecraft, so it would be a tremendous breakthrough to essentially eliminate the need for it, as the “EmDrive” promises to do.

The drive generates thrust by “bouncing microwaves around in closed container” without any need for propellant, [according to Wired UK](#), which has been following the work of its inventor for several years.

No chemical energy propellant. Just a big tin can with music and microwaves bouncing around it. I don't expect this Photonic energy paradigm to hit humanity until another two or three generations from my time, which would be in the time frame of you unborn brothers and sisters. In your life time, how you understand and conceive mechanical technology and its potential will be radically different than what I can presently imagine since my mind was born and raised in the "old order" of electrical energy and fossil fuel. No doubt 'primitive' and laughable to your future paradigm of energy and technology, as it should be.

The old energy order of my era use destructive means of obtaining energy. It is the only way we know how. It requires radioactive rods to make wasteful electricity in nuclear power plants. We still burn coal to spin turbines to make electricity. We plunder the earth from her reserves of oil and natural gas to power our 'civilization.' A 'civilization' founded upon the exploitation and destruction of earth. I believe there are many different species of energy yet to be discovered, as this article has uncovered:

## How This ISS Fireball Revealed a New Type of Cool, Invisible Flame



Kelsey Campbell-Dollaghan

Filed to: ISS Yesterday 11:04am

18,905 🔥 8 ★



Remember that [flame burst](#) recorded [by an astronaut aboard the ISS](#)? Well, it wasn't just for the fireworks. In fact, that great ball of fire led to the discovery of a previously unknown type of cool-burning flame that isn't even visible to the naked eye.

It's a newly discovered species of "fire" [plasmic phenomenon], which is cool [no heat], and is not visible to the human eye, or to most of our instruments. The people that discovered this cool flame are now trying to figure out ways to use this cool invisible flame in rockets and ships. I wonder, if something like this cool flame can be invisible and not detectable with most of our instruments, how many other such forms of energy are actually "out there," waiting to be found? The problem with the majority of the Mundanes is that their brains are like old trees: rooted in a certain paradigm, and stiffened like an old oak, unable and unwilling to conceive and realize anything outside of their materialistic paradigm, their electricity paradigm, their fossil fuel paradigm, their gravity paradigm. It takes a lot of time, and an immense amount of societal energy, to push these Mundanes into a paradigm shift. It took a thousand years to shift people's paradigm of a flat earth into the paradigm of a round one didn't it?

I believe David Myatt was onto something when he talked about his "Organic Technology." I've given DM's idea a lot of thought over the years. This has slowly led me to realize a few clues/clews into the nature of organic cells. I now know that organic cells regularly somehow transmute atomic elements. Chickens can transmute silica into calcium for their egg shells when deprived of calcium. I understand that elemental transmutation happens deep inside a sun and that it requires all that immense amount of energy to do that transmutation... but then how are chickens doing it? The only answer I can come up with at the moment is that the chicken's cells are using a different species of energy we don't know of other than the nuclear inferno of a sun.

The same mainstream scientists who say that it takes a huge amount of energy to transmute elements are also the ones who say that it takes a huge amount of energy to make a ship fly at light speed. This is understandable because their brains are inside an old energy world model/paradigm. But... how does a photon do it? If it takes a lot of energy to fly at the speed of light, then where is all that energy at which a single photon is using to fly at light speed?



So, the type of spaceship I am thinking of is not powered by old order energy. It would use Photonic energy, in conjunction with Organic Technology and the mysterious energy that such organic stuff can access. If an organic cell can transmute one element into another—what the SUN does—with whatever form of energy it is using with so very little effort, think about a ship powered by that same “organic energy.” This organic energy has been called by many names in different ancient civilizations. Prana in ancient India, Chi in ancient China, Ki in ancient Japan, Rauch in ancient Hebrew. Life force as it’s called sometimes in English. We’ll refer to it as “acausal energy,” since it is an energy source not based on causal parts and pieces, or just as “organic energy.”

I don’t know exactly how to build a ship using organic technology since I’ve never done it before. But I can guess that we would use living things as a model. All living things share at least two factors in common: 1) water/liquid solution & 2) crystals. Water here would be like the plasma of our blood, or the sap of a plant. Crystals here doesn’t mean a rock. It means Crystalline structures. DNA and RNA are crystalline structures. In fact amino acids are piezoelectric crystalline things just like quartz crystals are. Piezoelectricity is a really cool property of some crystals where the crystals generate electrical energy under applied pressure or stress. For instance, something cool you can do: take two quartz crystals into a dark closet and rub them together, you’ll see they produce light and sometimes sparks, and a weird smell of burnt hair.

And so, our star skimming ship would be constructed to be like a cell, with “cytoplast” or a network of flowing liquid solution, like blood vessels. How coincidental the word “vessel” means a ship also! And also with crystals. The network of fluid solution would be what the acausal energy flows around the ship through. Some Native American peoples believe that crude oil is the Blood of Mother Earth which carries her life force, like the plasma of our blood. I can honestly understand the metaphysical and metaphorical analogy. Something like dark crude oil made from organic matter would be used as the liquid solution. The crystals?



The earth—the living planet that it is—essentially has the same two factors that all living organic things have. The earth obviously has liquid water, essential for organic life which is a key idea. Less obvious are the crystals. Not crummy rocks you can hold in your hands. I mean huge crystals! Bigger than a person huge. These crystals are underground. That’s a vast amount of stored piezoelectric energy! It takes millions and millions of years for those giant crystals to grow. All that time they absorb solar life force.

Around the entire inner side of the ship’s hull are “organic batteries.” These organic batteries would be relatively small like large bricks. The organic batteries contain mostly saline water solution to keep specially engineered organic cells alive and dividing. The organic batteries would be layered. A layer of these specialized cells between a layer of gold sheets and a layer of piezoelectric micro-crystals. The layer of piezoelectric crystals would be inside a micro-device which would apply pressure or stress on and off upon the crystals, rhythmically, like a heartbeat or breathing.

Gold is interesting esoterically. In Tibet, some lamas are mummified in sheets of gold. It is believed that gold has the property of attracting to it spiritual energy. The lama’s spirit in other words is said to dwell around the mummified body because of the gold sheets enshrouding his body. Metal has some sort of property where it can absorb and hold onto “memories” and impressions, which is how psychometry works. The ancient Egyptian mummies were housed in gold caskets. The gold veins in the earth, might be venous for a reason.



So besides a network of liquid vessels, a network of gold wiring would emanate out of these organic batteries to cover the ship, enshrouding it in gold veins. Some type of an “organitech” engine in the ship would use the photonic energy and this organic energy to make the ship move.

### Translocation & Spaceminders

I use the word “move” in the above paragraph loosely, as I personally do not believe in locomotion. By locomotion I mean: [x1] moves from [Point A] to [Point B]. I don’t believe that an “object” moves in space, because I do not believe dimensionality is an intrinsic property of space. In other words, there is no where to move to. I believe dimensionality is a “qualicity” meaning a property of Experience and not a “corporeality.”

Einstein and his stooges believe that space and time are the same continuum, because they reason that you can’t move around space without also experiencing time. So they call it the space-time continuum. I take things one step further and say that space—here meaning dimensionality—and “time” and experience are the same spectral continuum, which is not a property of the cosmos. They are the native properties of inner experience.

You can see a clue in a simple algebra equation:  $X + 2 = 4$ . To figure out what X is, you isolate it, by “moving” the (+2) to the other side, like this:  $X = 4 - 2$ . Except the (+2) does not actually “move.” It is relocated by erasing it from one side of the equation and re-writing it on the other side. Now, in the realm of experience, the “gap” between the process of “erasure” or relocation is “filled” in with the experience of distance + time. This would not be called “locomotion,” but more like “translocation.”

Translocation works like the characters of a computer game. A character in a computer game does not actually move in the classical sense. The pixels that makes up that character on your computer screen fades out. Then the digital information of the character turns on another set of pixels at a different location of the screen and builds up the body of your character. The character does not actually move. It is translocated. But as you play the game, you Experience distance + time as your character is translocated.

Another way to explain translocation is to use our dreamscape. In the dreams we have at night, we may move about from place to place. And as when move we may experience distance + time, but in reality, “we” aren’t actually moving or going any where, as “we” are in bed asleep. The scenery of your mindspace just change, and the experience of distance + time gives the impression of movement. Or the Holodeck in Star Trek. In the Holodeck, you don’t actually move any where outside the holodeck room. The scenery simply changes, and the experience of distance + time gives you the impression—interpretation—that you have moved.

When you slowly wave your hand in front of your face, it doesn’t move across space in a classical sense. The hand translocates in front of itself gradually over and over, giving the appearance of movement. This weird model of the universe in which locomotion is an illusion and dimensionality is not an intrinsic property of the cosmos allows leg room for anomalous events and phenomena such as “non-locality” of subatomic particles, “quantum entanglement,” “out of place objects,” and bilocation.

I’m not even going to try to talk about non-locality and entanglement since I know for sure those subjects are beyond my organic knowledge. But we can talk about bilocation. Bilocation is an alleged phenomenon when some holy man is in two different places at once. The most famous in the West I guess is Saint Padre Pio. In the orient, there are tones of stories of bilocating people. Most are gurus in ancient India and Tibet who can use the power of their mind to bilocate themselves to different places.

There is a phenomenon call “time-storms,” which actually have nothing to do with time travel. Cases of time-storm events often come from rural England and America. Usually, many of the cases of time-storms happen after a rain storm. The people involved report that they were driving their car down a road, and they enter a faint purple fog of some type. Inside the fog they say they lose their sense of time—hence the name— and they become confused, everything becomes quiet, they lose a sense of where they are, they say they are in some kind of hypnotic like state. When they awaken from this state of mind, they find that their car has been relocated to different parts of their city, to the side of a field not near the road they were on, and so forth. There was this one case of a man driving one evening in New York city on his way home. He enters a fog of some type, and after a few minutes of driving thru this fog, find himself in New Jersey.

Or, the strange case of the green children. This took place in old times in England. One day, two green skinned children, a boy and a girl, were found confused and crying in a field somewhere. Neither spoke any English when they were found. The farmer

who found them, took them in and raised them. The boy died eventually as he refused to eat. When the girl learned English, she told her adopted family that that she and her brother—the boy— were playing outside one day, and a storm came. So they ran into a cave. While in the cave they heard the sound of bells softly ringing and saw in a fog the scenery of a field. They walked towards the scenery, and found themselves in the field where the farmer had found them. The fog had made them ill. The sound of bells quietly ringing, and the feeling of being sick matches with reports of people who have been displaced by time-storms.

The interesting thing to note about time-storms are that most cases take place around areas with large underground crystals. The interesting hypothesis given is that sometimes the crystals are put under heavy stress by the earth or ground and this pressure causes these giant crystals to produce a field of some type, which strangely can dislocates objects and people.

## Out of Place in Time: Was This Hammer Made 100 Million Years Ago?

By Tara MacIsaac, Epoch Times | April 3, 2014

Last Updated: May 20, 2014 12:44 pm

[Like](#) 1.3k [Tweet](#) 69 [+1](#) 20 [Share](#) [Pin it](#) [Share](#) [Feedback](#)



Replica of the London Hammer as presented in a slide by Dr. Doug Newton of the non-profit organization Trinity Creation Studies. (Screenshot/YouTube)

### YOU MAY ALSO LIKE

- **Swordmaker, Instructed in Dreams, Recreates Infallible Sacred Swords of Legend**
- **Mysterious Ancient Indian Metal Works Surpass Modern Technology**
- **Mysterious Viking Sword Made With Technology From the Future?**
- **Out of Place in Time: 500-Million-**

*The universe is full of mysteries that challenge our current knowledge. In "Beyond Science" Epoch Times collects stories about these strange phenomena to stimulate the imagination and open up previously undreamed of possibilities. Are they true? You decide.*

*Oopart (out of place artifact) is a term applied to dozens of prehistoric objects found in various places around the world that seem to show a level of technological advancement incongruous with the times in which they were made. Ooparts often frustrate conventional scientists, delight adventurous investigators open to alternative theories, and spark debate.*

A hammer was found in London, Texas, in 1934 encased in stone that had formed around it. The rock surrounding the hammer is said to be more than 100 million years old, suggesting the hammer was made well before humans who could have made such an object are thought to have existed.

In the above picture is one example of many of an "out of place and time" object. The hammer in the picture was found in a strata of rock dated to be over 100 million years old. The question is: is the hammer actually 100 million years old? Where is the rust? What intelligent species 100 million years ago made this hammer? A dinosaur? Did aliens forget it? We understand that it was found in stone and a layer of strata dated to be 100 million years old, but how did it get there?

We can assume that many out of place objects may be clever [and funny] hoaxes. But some can't be hoaxes because they were documented to be found really deep and in strange places. How do hoaxers get to those really deep and strange places to hide random objects? And why? There is a case of a living frog having been found in coal miners had dug up, the coal was deep in a level of strata millions of years old. Was the frog just chilling in the coal for several million years? Hibernating and stuff? How did it get there? Who would hide a frog in a piece of coal a quarter of a mile in the dirt waiting for miners to one day find it? The current model of the universe can't explain these anomalies, and so they are conveniently dismissed and brushed under the rug.

And so, our hypothetical sun skimmer ship uses this translocation concept to gradually relocate itself to its designated star system. The translocation stuff will take on the form of a “translocation drive.” The hypothetical translocation drive would consist of several large rings around the ship. Inside these rings would go giant naturally grown crystals, packed together. The rings have a mechanism which would apply great amounts of pressure upon the giant crystals. Enough rings and crystals would be needed so that when the crystals are stressed, an envelope of time-storm field would enshroud the whole ship. The translocation drive would be powered by the photonic elements of the ship and by the organic batteries of the ship. Inside the ship, would be chambers, with networks of gold and veins of fluid connecting this chamber to the rings. A class of people I would call “spaceminders” would perform their duties in these chambers.

I believe that Mind, Spirit, Akasha, the acausal part of the universe, and the causal part of the universe are one single living spectrum. The Cosmic Being, as DM calls it. By that I don’t mean that they are all the same thing. A spectrum is like a rainbow, which is a spectrum of colors. The color red in a rainbow is not the same thing as the color green. The E/M spectrum is also a good analogy. Gamma rays are not the same thing as radio waves. But the E/M spectrum is just the “same thing” waving and osculating at different wave lengths. Musical notes are also a good example: the same ‘sound wave’ osculating at different frequencies. I would even go so far as to say that Causal reality has 7 “notes” of material manifestation: 7) Bose-Einstein Condensate, 6) Crystallized matter, 5) Solid matter, 4) Liquid, 3) Gas, 2) Plasma, & 1) Aether/Akasha and 0) Spirit/Acausal. “Crystallized matter” here meaning matter in a coherent and crystalline state, as opposed to just being a lump of solid stuff. The difference is like a piece of coal [solid matter] to a diamond [crystallized matter], there is a fundamental difference. The first state of “matter” —Aether/Akasha— being “Prima Materia” itself.

As I pointed out earlier, I believe there is a causal limit to just how far and advanced mechanical technology can develop due mostly in part to the restraints of the “laws of physics.” Being so, I reject the notion that an alien civilization; human or other wise; can develop causal technology that have “miraculous” powers to colonize the galaxy with. In other words, there is a “glass ceiling” to mechanical technology simply because of the restraints of the laws of physics. Therefore, any “advanced” species that may have the ability to traverse the galaxy must be a species of significant “spiritual” and organic advancement. For example, even with light speed, it would take us about 100,000 years to travel to the other side of the galaxy. How is a galaxy wide civilization possible with those restraints? There is a limit to the power of causal technology and causal energy. To transcend that causal limit, one must transcend; be above and independent of; matter/nature. What is above and beyond nature is the supernatural/acausal.

This is a fractal principle within the domain of living beings. And so, can we take that fractal principle and predict the nature of a species like humans and hypothesize that it is not machine technology that helped our species evolve into what we are today, but spiritual and organic things such as religion, culture, social coherency, adaptation, etc? I should here explain what I mean by “spiritual.” Spiritual meaning: having to do with spirit or “life force,” the numinous presence in Living Nature, the life force of the Earth, the Life force of the Cosmic Being; which is a universal medium of Life Force that permeates the Cosmos. Like blood permeates your body. Like light permeates our solar system. Like gravity permeates the galaxy, holding it together. It is said by the ancients that only some of Purusha forms the physical universe. The rest of Purusha towers above the physical universe to form the spiritual [acausal] realm.

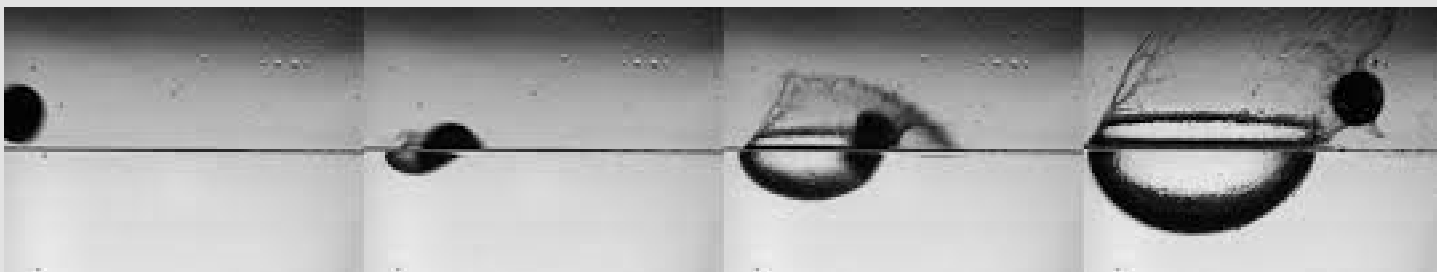
The state of a people’s spiritual and organic condition is the Cause. The science and technology are the symptoms. If a people’s spiritual and organic condition is Fertile ground, then fruit such as scientific understanding, philosophical wisdom, and technological knowledge comes into being, at the same level of the spiritual and organic condition of the people. A people who are organically undeveloped, meaning their society is undeveloped, the way they treat others in society, the way they take care of themselves and others, etc; if such things are undeveloped, then so are their science, philosophy, technology, and world-view. An organism which is organically developed, meaning it is in tune organically to nature, adapts well to the change in environment, becomes adept of its environment, evolves into more complex and sophisticated creatures, cybernetic social orders.

The state and condition of our mainstream, materialistic science of today is a reflection of our Western hubris and atheism. The West has lost touch with the spiritual pulse of life, and has lost touch with the organics of just being human. In most cities in the West we don’t even have organic communities any more. We don’t even know our neighbors, let alone care for them. When such a society reaches its technological limit, it will go no further and regress. It’s wonderful that we humans of this era have technological ingenuity... but what do we use that ingenuity to make most of the time? Military weapons. To do what? To do primitive things such as subjugate other nations and peoples, and so on.

How many backwards human societies have vanished off the face of the earth over time? And how many races of humans have spread their people across the face of the earth? Like the ancient Polynesians who were organically developed enough as a people to have a deep understanding of stars, where they were able to colonize many islands. And their people, race, culture, and society still exists to this day. There was a time when Islam was Great, a thousand years ago. Islam at one time long ago; when Europe was in the Dark Ages; was the most advanced human society on earth. And in that advanced spiritual and organic state of being, they developed advanced sciences, philosophy, and technology. Nearly every other star in our sky has an Arabic name. The mathematics the West uses in their hoity-toity science originates from Islam. If it weren't for Islam and its people taking an interesting in learning and philosophy where they studied, read, and translated ancient Greek writing, the ignorant West would probably not even know what Greece was. And now, what of Islam? It is self destructing as a social order. Regressing. Mechanical technology can only take a people so far.

"Spaceminders" are a certain class of people who have a certain quality about them. They are like Rounwythas, Tibetan monks, shamans, Traditional Christian monks. These are people who have a certain high level of empathy and spiritual attainment to them. They also have a highly developed control of their own minds, and have developed methods and ways to enter alternative states of mind. I believe that since Mind and Universe are the same spectral phenomenon, that Mind has power over Matter. Jesus once said: *"You don't have enough faith, I tell you the truth, if you had faith even as small as a mustard seed, you could say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it would move. Nothing would be impossible."* I say to Jesus: "I'm not looking to move mountains sir. I just want to fly to Alpha Centauri."

In their chambers, when the translocation drive is on, the Spaceminders would do what they need to do to enter a trance or their deep spiritual levels of mind. Chanting for Buddhist monks, praying for Christian nuns, taking herbal drugs for shamans and dancing to drums, whatever. In that altered state of mind, they would visualize and concentrate on the end destination, the designated star system the ship is to go to. The ship is permeated with that strange time-storm field. It's flying fast inside a negative ether bubble. The ship, the Spaceminder, the crew, are interconnected as one organism with a will and intent to be somewhere.



Translocation as I picture it in my mind is like skipping a rock along the surface of a pond. The rock from time to time touches the pond's surface and hops back into the air. The strength of your throw plays the first significant part in how far the rock skips. Your angle plays the other important role. If your angle is bad, the rock is "captured" by the medium of the pond water and it gets stuck. If the angle is good, the rock continues to skip along until its kinetic energy runs out.

The pond represents the universe and its interstellar medium. The rock represents the ship. The point of contacts where the rock touches the pond water are the translocation placements of the ship. If we were fish in this pond looking up, we'd see that this rock appears and disappears from time to time. Each time it reappears, it has "moved" forward. The gap in between touching the pond where the rock is flying in another medium represents the force or effort of the translocation drive and the Spaceminders. The strength of the throw represents the rate or speed at which the ship is flying. The angle of the throw represents the bubble of negative etheric medium. So the ship is flying in the classical sense fast, but at the same time it is translocating itself gradually towards its destination. At light speed, flying to Alpha Centauri for example would take around 4.5 years. Flying at light speed inside an ether bubble, with your mass cloaked, and translocating at the same time, should in theory, take less than 4.5 years.

So that's my first idea of getting to other star system to establish a galactic civilization. As I said, it's not very feasible, according to our science of today. We would make these types of translocating ships. Send them to the sun to collect their energy. Use the sun's magnetic field to help create a powerful magnetic field around the ship. Use "antigravity" to repel ether to make a bubble of the medium of space. Then make a trajectory to our designated star system. The ship flies at near light speed, or at light

speed inside this bubble. Spaceminders help translocate the ship closer to its destination inside a strange field that dislocates objects and people. Some people might think these Spaceeminders would be useless. But even our materialistic science of this era gives hints to the nature of Mind over Matter. We know today that the observer of an experiment can influence the conclusion of the experiment just by observing and minding the experiment.

**Featured Research**  
*from universities, journals, and other organizations*

## Quantum Theory Demonstrated: Observation Affects Reality

**Date:** February 27, 1998  
**Source:** Weizmann Institute Of Science

**Summary:** One of the most bizarre premises of quantum theory, which has long fascinated philosophers and physicists alike, states that by the very act of watching, the observer affects the observed reality.

**Share This**

- > Email to a friend
- > Facebook
- > Twitter
- > LinkedIn
- > Google+
- > Print this page

**Related Topics**

- Matter & Energy**
  - > Quantum Physics
  - > Physics
  - > Spintronics
  - > Inorganic Chemistry
  - > Quantum Computing
  - > Detectors

**Related Articles**

**R** EHOVOT, Israel, February 26, 1998--One of the most bizarre premises of quantum theory, which has long fascinated philosophers and physicists alike, states that by the very act of watching, the observer affects the observed reality.

In a study reported in the February 26 issue of Nature (Vol. 391, pp. 871-874), researchers at the Weizmann Institute of Science have now conducted a highly controlled experiment demonstrating how a beam of electrons is affected by the act of being observed. The experiment revealed that the greater the amount of "watching," the greater the observer's influence on what actually takes place.

### Proton Radiation Therapy

[protons.com](http://protons.com)  
Loma Linda: Highly

The key is to try and understand just what exactly is happening. How does mind affect reality? But you don't have to look in science to find clues to the nature of mind over matter. Many people, including myself, regularly experience things we call synchronicity, happenstance, fate, wyrd, and so on. How do those phenomena work, and what does it suggest about the nature of reality on a fundamental level? I believe Jung and Buddha might have some answers. I'm dependent on a future science to expand on this idea which our science of the 21st century has barely encountered.

The science of my time frame is stupid. Western science in its early great days was the play ground of philosophers. This was back when it was called Natural Philosophy and later natural science. Science began to devolve into something stupid when the mathematicians colonized science and they over populated it. You might ask: but what does philosophy have to do with "real" science? Everything. You can't have science without philosophy, or it would make no sense.

The reason why is because: what do you do with the data of a conclusion of an experiment, or a mathematical formula? Let's say for instance you are a scientist and you shoot a single photon into two slits, and instead of the photon going thru one slit, it produces an interference pattern like a wave. The question is: after you have collected such data, then what? What do you do after? Go home? You have to make sense of your *raw data* via interpretation and extrapolation! What happened to the photon? Why did it behave like a wave when you looked at it? What does that mean on a larger scale? What might that imply or infer about reality at least on a quantum scale? You see, that is where philosophy comes into science.

That gap between obtaining the hard data of the end results of your experiment or in obtaining an equation and the end interpretation is where philosophy fits in, because you have to translate that shit into meaningful stuff so as to come to an actual understanding of nature and the universe, or whatever it is you are studying. That gap is science's weakest link today because you have unimaginative egghead mathematicians playing the part of mystics and philosophers. Some of the great early scientists like Sir Isaac Newton weren't dry clinical egghead mathematicians by profession. Newton was a philosopher, mystic, and occultist into alchemy. Today, science is over populated with these dry, clinical math geeks who are so left brained with their numbers that they lack the creative insights to make any natural wholistic sense of their own data.

Some people might ask: but Chloe, what do you mean? What 'prepostery' are you talking about? This reminds me of a humorous story Abraham Lincoln once told in court. I'll paraphrase the story since I don't know the exact words. One day a little boy of a farmer runs to his father in the sitting room and says: "Pa! The hire man and big sis are on the hay stack in the barn! Big sis is lifting up her skirt and the man is letting down his pants! I think they're afixing to pee on the hay!" The father says to his son: "Now, now son, you've got your facts all right, but you've come to the wrong conclusions."

So there was this time not too long ago when these astronomers were taking pictures of galaxies. One of them noticed that small galaxies in many of the pictures has a red color to them, while other galaxies much bigger were not red. Those are the basic objective facts. The extrapolated conclusion? That the red color means the galaxies are expanding apart from each other! Some weird force is pulling them apart. Space is like rubber. It's expanding, inflating like a rubber balloon! Inflation theory! And lets not forget the dark matter and the dark energy! Because some great force is holding those galaxies together and making up all the missing matter, when everything is expanding. Whatever happened to Lex Parsimonae in modern mainstream science?

That's what I mean by how these modern scientists lack the ability to interpret their own objective data into something that actually makes sense in relation to the real world. Because modern science is dominated by math geeks who are out of touch with the real natural world, and very in touch with numbers in their own heads. They stare at their numbers, and tell fantastical stories about them. And people call that "science" today.

Science today is the new religion of the mundane mass. And these mathematicians are the new religion's high priests. Nothing has changed. We are still in Plato's proverbial cave staring at the dancing shadows. And those old mathematicians now sit by the cave's entrance telling us stories about the dancing shadows. Not any of those Mundanes who are into Scientism ever stop to ask to see the actual raw objective data/facts. To see and examine the end results of experiments. To see and try to examine the actual mathematical formulas. They accept the interpretations and extrapolations as the actual facts. And they have the nerve to ask what part philosophy plays in science. Which is telling of their lack in understanding of how empirical observation, experimentation, and raw data are processed into meaningful interpretations and extrapolations, which is what ends up in school text books and on the internet.

Case in point: only about two month ago of this writing different news outlets online were passing around the story of how scientists and astronomers finally found an earth like planet, the size of earth in the habitable zone, which may have life on it. These junk journalists was cranking the story, complete with artist renditions of this miracle planet. And then a few weeks later the scientists said they had made a mistake. It wasn't a planet after all. It was just a glitch in the data. That's the problem: How do you get a glitch in hard data to become some fantastical idea of a planet the size of earth in the liquid water zone with trees and giraffes on it? And the thing is, these Mundanes who are into Scientism will believe that shit without questioning the process of extrapolation of that damn data, and without ever asking to see what the actual hard data looks like!

Nothing has changed. In the old days you had the bible in Latin gibberish. And so you depended on Latin speaking priests to tell you their own interpretations of Latin scriptures. In the new religion of science, it's the same game. Now we have Mathematical Scriptural gibberish, which of course, only the High Priest mathematicians like Hawking understand. And of course again, only they can interpret the gibberish for us. And of course a third time, only their interpretations are the acceptable ones. And of course a fourth time, the Mundane mass accept what these scientific authorities story-tell to them. What has actually changed?

In the old days, when Christianity was the dominate religion of the mass, you had all these different groups and spiritual sects try to align themselves to Christianity in someway. Even something like the Self Realization Fellowship which is this quasi Hindu thing aligned itself with Jesus, where Jesus is one of their gurus and so on. Even Crowley and the old OTO's ritual work and language was aligned to the religion of the mass of its day.

And now? Now that science is the religion of the mass, what do you see? The same god damn mentality. You see Muslims trying to align Islam with science, where they say the Quran is scientific. You see Buddhism run around trying to make their shit look like its saying the same thing as quantum physics. You see modern satanism running around trying to make their satanism aligned with science as best as possible. Everybody wants to align their shit with the new religion of the mundane mass.

Why? Because where else do you find new recruits for your sect if not in the mundane mass? And so if you want to attract new members form that mass, or be accepted by them, you have to mirror and reflect their mindset, world-views, and belief system. Those Mundanes don't question shit. Have any of them questioned their scientism and mainstream scientific world-views?

No. Nine out of ten Mundanes believe in the Big Bang & black holes, even though none of them have evaluated the hard data or examined the process of interpretation.

### Deep Freeze

My other idea of establishing a galactic empire is not as cool and sci-fi as my first, but according to how our present physics explains the universe, it may be the only way. This way is based on the notion that it is impossible to travel at light speed. So, we are presented with a problem, which we now must try to circumvent. How do you establish a galaxy wide society of humans when you can't ever fly to distant star systems in a lifetime... or several hundred lifetimes?

Generation ships would be a popular likely answer. It's the idea that you make a giant ship, put many people in it, and send them off to some star system. The people live and breed in the ship, and when they reach their destination, your population has increased. So the theory goes.

I think, if we are talking about colonizing Alpha Centauri that this idea is very, very doable. You would need a big solar sail, some type of energy supply, lasers to point at the sail to push the sail, and rig an O'Neill Cylinder to the sail. Theoretically, such a laser powered solar sail—given that the needed amount of energy is present—would be able to reach top speeds of 10% luminosity. That would mean, it would only take about 40-60 years to reach Alpha Centauri! But using this same method to colonize more distant star system is not possible. I believe the people would die out in deep space. I'll try to explain why.

If we take a directional compass olden day sailors used to tell them where north is, and we consider this device carefully, we learn to realize that this compass works the way it does because it comes into being—is manufactured—inside the magnetic sphere of the earth. If we were to remove that compass outside of that magnetic field, what would happen to it? It would stop working properly. The compass represents an organic cell. The magnetic sphere represents a type of force field of the sun.

We notice that the more "primitive" a life form is; such as fungus and bacteria; the less reliant they are on the sun. Bacteria can live just about anywhere. But the more developed an organism is, the more reliant they are on the sun as an energy source. I believe the sun has to it a kind of force field of solar life force to which all highly developed organisms are connected to like how our computers are connected to the wall socket for energy. The more evolved the organism, the more dependent its cells are on this solar field of life force. This is because it takes time to evolve, and those of "higher order" levels of evolution thus have spent more time inside this solar field bathed in it.

For example: a small rural city can do without large amounts of electricity, nuclear power plants, and so on. It's level of cybernetics and organic coherency is undeveloped and primitive. On the other hand, a city like New York, Tokyo, or London cannot exist without huge amounts of electricity. Why not? Because of the level of organic complexity and sophistication of the city. That cybernetic complexity has evolved in tandem to the usage of electricity. Cybernetics here meaning the ability of a coherent system's parts to communicate, coordinate, react, and interact with each other and its environment as a super-organism.

Our human cells are members of a highly complex and sophisticated cybernetic organism. And this complexity has evolved over great spans of time inside the matrix of this solar field. And so, if we were to remove ourselves outside of this solar field, and say live in deep space beyond our heliosphere, it would be like unplugging New York from its energy supply. The system would gradually fail! Your health would deteriorate. The health of your genes deteriorates. Your cells stop functioning right. And so on. Same goes with other high order organisms up in the evolutionary tree. Inside a tin can in deep space, most if not all of those high order organisms would deteriorate and die out, leaving plants, fish, reptiles, and bugs. Artificial light has nothing to do with what we are talking about. Light bulbs, no matter how high tech, won't produce the life force field the sun generates.

The only alternative we have for deep space migration is deep freeze hibernation. The major problem with freezing yourself is that the liquid in your cells and tissue, when they crystalize, punctures their cellular membranes and destroys cellular organelles. And so, when they thaw you out, your brain has been turned into mush. You're no longer salvageable. But many animal species have natural "antifreeze" in their blood. Their anti-freeze is mostly composed of sugars [glucose]. The sugars saturates the cells and tissue and prevents the ice from crystalizing into sharp jagged crystals. Instead, the ice forms round little balls. This way, when a frog thaws itself from being frozen for the winter months, most of its tissue, cells, and brain are intact.

I believe that it would be possible in the future to give anesthesia to a person to put them to sleep, and then administer

intravenously a sugar based anti-freeze solution into the person's blood. Like you were embalming someone, but instead of using formaldehyde, you use bio-organic anti-freeze. Being asleep before you are frozen may be important, because if you are awake while your being frozen, you'd freeze to death. I don't think you need to be frozen solid like a brick of ice. Taking your body down to very low temperatures would suffice. The bodies, when in deep freeze hibernation would have to be contained in an oxygenless vacuum container so as to prevent things like rot, mold, or decomposition, or whatever.

But even deep freeze hibernation has its limits. How long can a body remain frozen before it cannot be revived back to life? With our current technology it would take about 45,000 years to send a probe to Alpha Centauri, just 4.5 light years away. If that probe were carrying a frozen person, would he be revivable after 45,000 years? It's hard for me to imagine the spirit of a person just hover around a frozen body for 45,000 year doing nothing. Wouldn't it get bored eventually and just reincarnate?

In my second way of colonizing the galaxy, deep freeze migration would only work for near earth star systems, within a "viable range." Here the term "viable range" indicates the distance and time from the earth a frozen person can travel before they are unrevivable. To colonize star system outside the Viable Range, something else must be used.

#### Imperium Ex Machinis

We start off with "pods." The pods are the size of cars. Each pod contains the digital information of all known organic species, including humans. Each pod also contains software and programs needed to run and operate different types of computers, devices, and machines. Each pod also contains a colony of dormant nanomachines. The pods are seeds that will spawn the galactic empire for humanity. Pods are sent out to different star systems, by whatever future means.

Once a pod reaches its designated star system, it lands onto a planet. The nanomachines are activated. These nanomachines will use the natural resources of the planet to construct tiny assembler micro-machines. Those micro-machines would construct cell sized machines. Those cell sized machines would construct a swarm of slight larger machines. And those will make pebble sized machines. And those will make larger machines. And so on, all the way up. Until you have this swarm of small self replicating machines constructing large Robots.

The Robots work on building factories needed to assemble O'Neill Cylinders in orbit around target planets in the solar system. While the robots build, the machine swarm continues to make more robots to add to the labor force. Once an O'Neill cylinder is finished, other robots work on terraforming the cylinder by using the digital genetic information in a database to regenerate plant and small animal species.

Once the cylinder has been terraformed the robots would create android animals. Android here meaning a robot that acts and looks like a biological creature. The android animals would act as surrogate mothers and fathers to recreated higher order animals, such as mammals and so on. The female android animals have artificial uteruses inside which are placed manufactured zygotes using digital genetic information. In this way, each animal species is immediately "rehabilitated" into its natural way of wild life. Once the livestock and farms have been created the humans are regenerated.

The robots would begin by creating android humans: grandparents and parents. Each android human has artificial intelligence to act and behave like an organic human being, and plays the part it is assigned to play. Grandmothers act like grandmothers and do grandmother things. Fathers act like fathers, and so on. The mother androids have artificial uteruses, inside which are placed created zygotes using digital genetic information of human beings.

The organic human children would be raised in families of androids. And thru those androids human culture, human language, human society, are passed down to the children. And so in this way, each pod eventually germinates its own default human society around a designated star system. Each society comes with all the elements of any human society on earth: religion, recreation, and so on. The ancestral scientific, philosophical, and spiritual wisdom of the human race would be encoded into each pod, so that when the humans are regenerated they have access to the wisdom of a long dead species who created them.

The type of "civilization" that would arise from these pods won't be your classic civilization where you can call your grandmother on Tau Ceti and say hello. Or travel to distant star system to visit other human stellar-states. But it would eventually spread humanity, human cultures, and organic life across the galaxy over great spans of time.

#### The Big Problem



There is a big glaring problem with these two ways of colonizing the galaxy, which is hard for me to explain away. The problem is: if either of these; or any similar idea; is possible, then where is IT??? Where is this galactic civilization? How come no alien species has yet established a presence across this galaxy? Why is our galaxy so quiet? Where are they? We haven't even gotten any radio signals from anywhere in the galaxy. Why? Why the eerie silence?

I have only one answer, but I don't like it. The only answer I can come up with is that we humans are the only ones here. I want to romantically believe that intelligent life such as humans and humanoids are common in a galaxy, but it seems as if intelligent life as we are, are very, very rare. But still, there has to be a few other intelligent humanoids in the galaxy. Where are they? Even if faster than light travel is impossible, there are ways to colonize the rest of the galaxy in time. Unless...

Something I find fascinating and telling: the Chinese civilization has continuously been around for about 4000 years. And oddly; and tellingly; during those whole 4000 years, China has never crossed the ocean to colonize the new world. Or how about this: Ancient Egypt existed for even longer than China, and during all those thousands of years they never crossed the Atlantic to colonize the new world. It makes me wonder how many human societies and peoples and races have existed who never thought about exploring their world and colonize new lands, who just died out. The only time in our human history when a large group of humans explored their bigger world and colonized it was when a small band of people left Africa and spread across the earth. We'd have to wait thousands of more years for the next tide of human exploration and colonization. Which was when the European age blossomed.

What if intelligent life is out there? But what if the impulse to explore and colonize is only present in some races or breeds? May be it's not a race thing? May be it's a cultural thing? I know that the European race of humans are very big on exploration and colonization. And I have noticed that other people—such as myself—who aren't European, but who are raised in a Western culture get that exploration and colonization bug. I've seen South Koreans go on safaris. Before it encountered the West, Japan was a very closed society of people. It took American military force to open Japan up to trade and so on. Now, after a few generations of being exposed to that Western culture, the Japanese have caught the exploration and colonization bug. They have space probes now.

So, what if intelligent life forms like us humans are rare? And what if what intelligent life forms do exist out there, just don't have the right cultural programming where they have that exploration and colonization bug? That would explain the lack of any galactic civilization in our galaxy. They just might not care, or might not see the stars like we do? I mean, what's the point? Why expend all that effort, energy, technology, and time, just to have a few of your folks live on some barren planet trillions of miles from your lush green home planet?

Unfortunately, I believe military driven creation and use of technology is indigenous to any technologically advanced civilization. And so if alien civilizations exist out there, they may self destruct via war and depletion/over-exploitation of natural resources before they ever attempt at colonizing other star systems. Which is the direction our own species is headed in as I write this. Something more crippling and debilitating than war and depletion of natural resources: Money, and the limitations we allow it to create. As in the astronomical cost of such a venture. It may be that our own species will never colonize another star system.

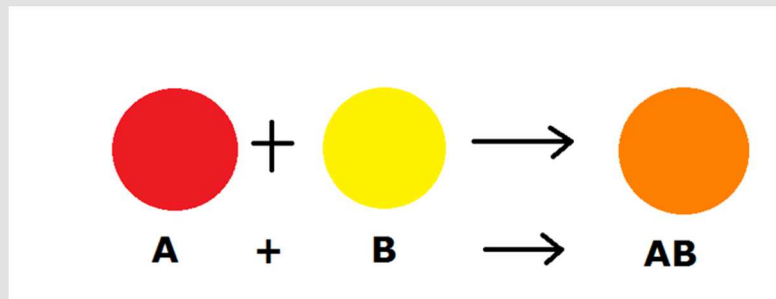
For, it may be that we are able circumvent problems of interstellar travel, and we may even develop technology to colonize another star system, but if the Money god says something is impossible because of cost, then no matter how physically and theoretically doable the idea is, it will never be done. Thus, I don't believe that any society or civilization that is Money based, that is labor-for-pay based, can ever, ever leave their solar system and be starborne. In the end, it may not be the limits of physical laws, or technology that keeps us [and alien civilizations] grounded. It may be our own "Culture of Money." A capitalist democracy did not build the great Pyramids of Egypt. Neither will one be able to build an interstellar empire. Before we as a species ever even try to set a permanent foot into space, what must first be done is to change the very basics of our own human culture & society, from the fundamentals up. The most powerful and technologically advanced country on earth today [America] no longer has a presence in space because it can't afford the costs; think about that. So long as we exist in a money based society, we will never be starborne.



## Synthesis

I'll try to explain to you unborn brothers and sisters a method I use to develop new insights and new perspective or vantage points of things. I just call the method "Internal Dialectics."

So the formula looks like this: Thesis + Antithesis = Synthesis. You take something, then rub it up with something "opposite" to it, and the end product is Synthesis. But that formula is misleading and deceptive. That formula as a mathematical equation may be misinterpreted to look like this:  $X + Y = Z$ . This is misleading because the variable "Z" appears to be something totally physically new. As a mathematical equation, the formula would actually look like this:



So for example, using the proper equation, let A = Olive Oil & let B = Vinaigrette, which is a water based solution. AB would then be Italian Dressing, the Synthesis of opposites [oil and water based fluids]. Parts of variable A and parts of variable B simply tessellate. Where "tessellation" here means that two things are placed side by side closely together.

### Buddhism + ONA

I tessellate Buddhism and ONA to Synthesize new insights and new perspectives of both Buddhism and ONA. Buddhism is the "thesis," and ONA is the "antithesis." These two are like water and oil. They don't properly mix for many ideological reasons. But, the greater the difference in your two variables, the better your insights will be. The greater the difference, the greater the synthesis. For example: fire and water are polar opposites of each other. Put them together and they produce steam, which turns turbines, which in turn generates electricity to power our cities. I'll give an example of what I get from tessellating Buddhism with ONA:

In Theravada Buddhism there are something called the Three Jewels. All you have to do to be an entry level "Buddhist" is to acknowledge and take refuge in the Three Jewels. Unfortunately not many people in and out of Buddhism actually understands why the Three Jewels exist and what it actually teaches. The Three Jewels are as follows:

- 1) Buddham saranam gacchami. [The Buddha (is) The Refuge I Go To].
- 2) Dhammam saranam gacchami. [The Dhamma (is) The Refuge I Go To].
- 3) Sangham saranam gacchami. [The Sangha (is) The Refuge I Go To].

The order the Three Jewels are in is important, and is what is overlooked by most people in and out of Buddhism. The Buddha is your first refuge. Why? Because he is the primary source. Dhamma is second, why? Because the way in which Buddha lived his life actually generates for him the insights he obtained, which were written down and taught as dhamma. Dhamma is therefore the secondary source. Sangha comes last, why? Because the Sangha [association of monks and practicing Buddhists] put the dhamma into practice, and are therefore a tertiary source of Buddhism.

Most people in the West who want to be Buddhists would first find written stuff about the teachings of the Buddha. They'd study it. Other's may try to find a Buddhist and learn from them to gradually be a Buddhist. This isn't taking refuge in the Three Jewels because the person has gotten their Buddhism from merely a secondary or tertiary source, and have disregarded the primary source of Buddhism itself.

The Primary source of Buddhism is the Life Buddha lives, which has been carefully documented. That life he lived, my unborn brothers and sisters, serves as an Example for you to follow. Because if the Buddha was able to obtain so called "enlightenment" doing what he did in life, by his own self-effort, and if you followed his footsteps and did the same, you would also obtain that same "enlightenment" and understanding of the world and self.

To put it differently: How a Mormon and Protestant Christians practice their Christianity differs greatly. The teachings and doctrines of Catholicism and Evangelical Christianity differs significantly. But despite those differences, how Jesus lived his Life is the same for every Christian. And so to be Christian: Christ-Like, one first must go to the Primary source of Christianity: Jesus himself, and how he lived his life, then you emulate that Way of Life or his method. Your secondary source would then be the teachings, doctrines, and interpretations of scripture which will differ from denomination to denomination. Your last source would be the practice/praxis of Christianity, which will differ frequently from community and church to community and church. If you were to start your Christianity off "backwards" and learn the rites, ceremonies, and practices of different churches, you'd end up confused and with a warped grasping of what exactly it means to be "Christian."

And so the meaning of the Three Jewels is that if you desire to be a "Buddhist" that you first look to the Buddha and study his Way of Life and what he did to obtain his insights and understandings and follow his example. Live as he lived. Do as he did. Only second do you go to some written teaching. And only lastly do you go to some monk or some other practicing Buddhist for your Buddhism. All three sources are necessary, but there is an order to it. The functioning idea in Theravada Buddhism is "Sambuddhi," which means to come to an understanding of things [Buddhi] by your own self effort [Sam]. And so it makes no sense to go to another Buddhist to have him teach you what to do and what to believe, if the idea is to enlighten yourself by your own efforts. It also makes no sense to read some written shit, memorize that shit, and call yourself a Buddhist, because you have learned nothing by your own self efforts.

So now we tessellate that understanding of the Three Jewels to the ONA and see what we can see. What is the Primary source of ONA? Not the circa 5000 pages of ONA MSS. Those were written by somebody. By who? By "Anton Long." Where did Anton Long get the ideas and insights found in those ONA MSS from? From the Way he lived his life, from what he did, from his own pathei-mathos. So that is the Primary source of ONA: Anton Long's [DM's] life, which serves as an example. All the written shit are a secondary source of ONA. And all those ONA people and how they practice their ONA, should be your last [tertiary] source of ONA. To approach ONA in any other way would give you a warped understanding of ONA and what it means to be ONA.

So that's an example of one possible insight or new perspective you can get from tessellating Buddhism and ONA. You learn that if you desire to be ONA, that it's logical to go to the primary source. To follow the example of Anton Long, live your life similar to how he lived his, learn from your own pathei-mathos, and then turn what you have learned from pathei-mathos into your own insights and weltanschauung. Secondly, the ONA MSS are simply guides, simply the expressed written wordings of One who lived a certain Way. Rather than treat such written text as holy writ, you "compare" notes. You take what you have learned in Life from your own Pathei-Mathos and compare it to Anton Long's writings to see if you came up with the same insights and conclusions. Lastly, how individual Dreccs, Niners, and Sinister Initiates practice their ONA are approximate guides. The practice will differ greatly from person to person. But if such Initiates have been in ONA for a long time, and have experience in what they do, they can be a reliable source of guidance and insight.

#### Math + Natural Philosophy

This is another set of very different things I squeeze together to get insights and new perspectives of things. Mathematics is this very left brained, linear, rationalistic process of thought. Whereas natural philosophy is a very right brained process of observing and appreciating the world and finding meaning in what you see and experience.

I was trying to figure out if Nothing exists once several years ago. The reason is that mystics the world over suggests that reality came from "Nothing." It was called Chaos by the ancient Greeks, Wu Wei by ancient Taoists in China. So, if reality arose from Nothing, then what does this Nothing look like?

It took me a couple years of reading and searching, and after two years I wasn't able to find an answer. I failed at finding Nothing, or coming to an understanding of what exactly Nothing is. So after two years of trying I gave up!

So one day, after I gave up and wasn't even interested in Nothing anymore, a flash of insight popped into my head out of the blue. I saw the number Zero [sunyata] and the calm surface of an ocean. That was all I needed. It was Nothing!

You see, in numbers [math] Zero [0] is the balance of all possible negative and positive integers. If we were to draw this out it would look something like this: [-5\_-4\_-3\_-2\_-1\_0\_1\_2\_3\_4\_5]. So, as long as all of those numbers stays balanced, their total sum adds to Zero. The Zero is thus in fact, not nothing, but all potential numbers in equilibrium. If that equilibrium is upset or disrupted/disturbed, the Zero becomes "something." For instance, if you remove the number -2 out of that equation, you end up with the sum or number 2. That number 2 "arose" from Zero/No-Thing due to an upset in the balance of that equation. No-Thing meaning that a "Thing" is that which is causally Expressed, whereas the Potentiality of something being unmanifested potential, is No-Thing, or Not Yet a Thing.

If you look closely, you will notice that that Zero is not actually the absence of things. That Zero is in fact the balanced co-existence of all possible numbers in a state of unexpressed potential. The still surface of an ocean contains in it the unexpressed potential of all different types of waves, from very small swirls to giant tsunamis. This concept is similar to the idea of quantum superposition.

And so, having grasped the insight of Zero and Nothing with numbers, I tried to look for a model I can use and observe where "things" can arise out of Nothing, which Nothing is actually a field of all possible unexpressed potentialities; just so I can better understand how reality may work. My own Mindspace was the Model!

Your own mindspace in a state of stillness is "nothing." But pay close attention to that nothing and you will realize that it actually is a "field" in which anything has the Potential to arise. Whole dream worlds can arise in your mindspace; people, events, experience, all can arise inside the field of mindspace, out of that "nothingness."

#### Math + Religion

When I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, back in junior high, I was "exoterically" in Pre-Algebra; which at this junior high, was the highest level of math they offered on campus. "Esoterically," though, I was already familiar with algebra since grade school. Usually in traditional Asian families, your parents are strict disciplinarians and force you to be smarter than others. They usually make you read hard books, and do complicated math at an early age, and beat you or verbally assault you if you don't do what they tell you.

Such was the type of person my adopted uncle-father was. My uncle-dad had already beaten into me and my cousin-brother algebra when we were in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade. He used to draw up simple algebra equations for us to do. About 25 equations to do initially. For each problem we got wrong, he'd draw up another 25 equations. And so on. We'd start working on his equations and math assignment as soon as we got home from school. We weren't allowed to go play outside, talk to friends, go anywhere, or eat dinner until we finished all of his assignments. When you're barely a 4<sup>th</sup> grader, and your brain isn't fully developed to really understand algebra, it's hard not to get wrong answers.

And so, there were many nights when my cousin-brother and I went to bed at midnight with no supper, having worked on all these assignments since after school. Why is it that Asian kids always seem to be good at math? Because of this. It's beaten into you from an early age.

I wondered why my uncle-dad turned into a monster when it came to school and being smarter than other kids in class. Usually he is very nice and friendly. One day I got my answer. It was during an evening when my cousin-brother Andy and I were stuck in the living room doing assignments. Andy that evening had gotten many of his math problems wrong and his father – my uncle-dad – just got fed up, took his belt off and beat Andy silly in front of me.

After Andy got beat, my uncle-dad sat by the bedside and was crying a bit. And he said to Andy [and me]: "When I was your age, my father died, and since he was the money earner, my mother and siblings became poor. My uncle adopted me and used his money to put me through school. School wasn't free in the old country. I was stupid. My uncle beat me silly every night, from childhood on up to the last year of school. I graduated number one in the whole school. That's because of my uncle. You two aren't stupid. It's my fault if you grow up stupid. I know both of you are able to be very intelligent. You just need someone to discipline you."

So, after many years of being "disciplined" with math and algebra, by the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, I was able to "think" in a strange way that resembles formulas and equations. Like your left brain had been trained and beaten to use algebra-like equations to think with. This is balanced by your right brain's abilities.

And so, when I was 13, I questioned the reality of God, specifically Jehovah of the Bible. I had spent a little over a year studying with a Jehovah's Witness. I ended up using math to try and prove to myself if Jehovah was real or not. I made an equation out of it, which looked something like this in my head:

$$\text{God} = (x_1 [\text{Bible}] + x_2 [\text{authors of Bible}] + x_3 [\text{original language of Bible}]) + (x_4 [\text{church interpretation of Bible}] \text{ multiplied by } T [\text{Time/Historical Period}])$$
So to explain, "God" which is the variable at the left of the equation is the "proposition" or the answer to the equation. All the [X] variables on the right of the equal sign are factors by which we come to the knowledge and understanding of what exactly this God is. And so – according to my thinking back then – even if I can't prove or disprove the God variable, I can still figure out if that variable is False or True by seeing if  $x_1$ ,  $x_2$ ,  $x_3$ , &  $x_4$  are true or accurate. If any of those X variables proves to be shaky or iffy, or uncertain, or questionable, or faulty, then the concept of Jehovah – is likewise faulty.

So for example,  $x_1$  is the Bible factor: how many different versions of the Bible are there? Which is the better version?  $x_2$  is the authors of this Bible: who were they? When did they write the books in the Bible? Who were their audience?

$x_3$  is the original languages of the Bible: what were they? Because I speak and understand two different languages I was able to understand that it's very hard to translate English ideas and thoughts into Khmer and vice versa. So I knew that if the Bible was written in an ancient language other than English and it was merely translated into English, then this variable is the equation's weakest variable I can attack.

$x_4$  is church interpretation of the Bible multiplied by Timeframe or historical period: How many churches and kinds of Christian sects were there? Do they all have the same understandings and interpretations of the Bible? Timeframe or historical period meaning: When Christianity interpreted the Bible back in the 1700's and practiced Christianity, is it the same as when Christianity interpreted the Bible in the period of 1800's, 1900's, 2000's? What I was looking for was continuity right? Because if "truth" exists, it is continuously the same no matter what timeframe or period it is. A fact of any kind – like  $1+1=2$  or water is made of  $H_2O$  – is the same fact in the 1700's, as it is in the 1990's, as it will be a million years from now.

If there is a break in the continuity of how Christianity interpreted the "word of God," or understands its Christianity, then something is wrong. If the Catholic Church interpreted Bible scriptures dealing with witchcraft and pagans in a certain way and burned witches at the stake in the 1500's and in the 1990's the same Catholic Church discontinued that practice, re-interpreted such Bible verses, and had new interpretations of the Bible and new practices, then something is wrong with this variable.

If Catholics interpret the Bible one way, Witnesses interpret it another, and the Mormons interpret it yet another way in the 1800's and all of these denominations have different interpretations today, then something is wrong with this factor of the equation. Because how we or anybody gets the "God" variable today, is dependent on all of these X variables. And so if one or all of them are faulty, lacks continuity, changes periodically, then it means that how we are getting the God variable is fucked up, because the process by which that God variable comes to us is fucked up.

This equation does not prove or disprove the actual existence of a supreme creator being most humans call "God." It just help one understand that at least the God of the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims is a faulty or flawed concept or idea, because of how that Magian God concept/idea is formed or shaped – by all those X variables – are shaky, iffy, inconsistent, and faulty. It took me years to actually research and study the X variables in that equation.

What is True/Factual does not change. In Buddhism there are two types of "truths," which in English I would translate as 1) Consensus truth/fact & 2) Sublime truth/fact. Consensus truths or facts are things like the Big Bang and the Theory of Evolution. Consensus here meaning that a bunch of people just agree on the idea that it must be true or factual.

Sublimation in stuff like alchemy and chemistry is when a fluid becomes vapour. When dry ice turns into clouds of gassy carbon dioxide, that behaviour is called dry ice "sublimating," or the "sublimation" of dry ice. Dry ice just skips the liquid state altogether and sublimates into vapour. Sublimation is when a substance transcends its substantial nature and becomes what it is in Essence. Carbon Dioxide is obviously the Essence of dry ice: what dry ice is in fact made of. And so "sublime truth/fact" transcends its substantial nature and is the factual Essence/Suchness of something.

Sublime truth/fact is like the existence of the sun and moon. The sun is real, and its reality is beyond consensus and debate. Which is to say that the existence of the sun transcends what substance we form around it: the words we call it, what we believe it to be, what we think it is made of, how old it is, where it came from; whatever ideas, theories, conceptualizations, denotations, designa-

tions, our views, our opinions: all that shit are mind stuff we pack into a compact ball, which is the causal abstraction or “substance” of the sun, by which we understand the sun. A facsimile of the sublime sun.

The actual physical sun itself is beyond such substantial denotations and designations. The sun existed before we humans gave it a word/name, formed views and opinions around it, believed or disbelieved in it. That’s Sublime Truth/Fact. “The Tao which is Tao-ed is not the Eternal Tao. The name that is named is not the eternal name.”

And so if God is a factuality of reality, is he or it, an idea or concept we believe in and agree on, or is he simply sublime and beyond debate? That’s a rhetorical question which I already know the answer to. If God is obvious [sublime], then why all the debates about if he is real or not, then why all the different interpretations and beliefs, and so on?

Here’s a thought experiment: if God [Jehovah] were dry ice and you sublimated him – burned off all the denotations, designations, beliefs, theories, opinions, views, conceptualizations, paradigms, ideology, ideation, imagery, thoughts, words, meaning, stories, myths, legends, narratives, philosophies, explanations, books, scrolls, churches, preachers, etc, and so on – what exactly would you have left? Another way to ask this question is: Is there any Sublime Truth/Suchness to God at all? If not: then God is a consensual truth/fact: i.e.: a *Belief* a group of people agree on and accept to be true.

And so, back to the equation: How we today come to understand Yahwey, Jehovah, or Allah, is by substantial additives, causal abstractions as DM says, and consensus [agreed opinions], passed down to us, generation to generation. And so, if those substantial additives, causal anstractions, and consensus, are flawed, faulty, iffy, shaky, questionable, suspect, inconsistent, disingenious, or out right deceptive, and so on, then so is *IDEA* of Yahwey, Jehovah, or Allah.

I’m not really sure how to explain this in simple terms. I use the term “High-Fidelity” to describe what I’m trying to talk about with this God and math stuff, and how we come to know God. High Fidelity originally deals with sound or audio transmissions. High Fidelity is when a song is played at a sending station, and you hear it on your radio exactly as it came out from the sending station, without any distortion. Low fidelity is when a song is sent from a sending station, and all you hear on your radio is static and some music. In other words, something went wrong somewhere with or during the process of sending the music out to you.

I started to use the term low and high fidelity a while ago because I needed a term to describe encryption methods and sending and reproducing encrypted ciphertext via emails to friends. There are some encryption programs – cheap ones – that use these weird characters and spaces, which when copied and pasted change, thereby fucking up the whole thing, rendering it undecryptable. Or I encountered these other programs which seem to produce copy-pastable ciphertexts, but when I sent them in emails to friends, the friends got the ciphertext all fucked up. I ended up calling those types “Low Fidelity” encryption programs. I then saw that all forms of information, intelligence, genetic, & memetic transference follows the same fractal principle of low and high fidelity.

God, in this example is an encrypted text message people send or transmit to you across time and generation. If the transmission of the substance of information [all the X variables in the equation] are low fidelity, then how you received your God – your concept/model of God, your views or understanding of God – is fucked up, because the very process of getting that idea/meme of God to you is low fidelity. In other words, if the process of getting to you the information of God is fucked up, then the concept of God is fucked up, and thus, what you know/believe about God is likewise fucked up.

As a side note: the fractal principal of fidelity of information transference also deals with the survivability and aeonic continuity of anything which exists in a state of informational coherency. Such as human culture, human society, human language, civilizations, empires, corporations, religion, biology, molecules, and so on. The functioning idea is that low fidelity information simply doesn’t have what it takes to replicate itself for long periods of causal time. It’s like having a fucked up CD Burner in your computer that messes up the 1’s and 0’s with each copy, and you expect that if you copy a CD a hundred times over a period of time that you’ll end up with music.

In the arena of sociology and the study of human society, we call “low fidelity” informational transference stuff like “Decadence,” “Liberalism,” and we call “High Fidelity” informational transference stuff like “Traditionalism,” “Conservatism.” An empire or corporation which is decadent, liberal and too “progressive” for a long period of time dies. Rome didn’t just fall all of a sudden one day. An army that is decadent, liberal, undisciplined, is worthless and has no power or force.

Closing Remarks

So that's one method I use to come up with insights and new ways of understanding things. I take things that don't fit together and I squeeze and rub them together. Not to try and create a "hybrid" something, but to synthesize new insights and perspectives. Most people who have read my writings may misassume that I am trying to create some sort of hybrid ONA/Buddhism thing. This isn't accurate and doesn't explain what I am doing. I use ONA to better understand my Buddhism, and I use Buddhism to better understand ONA.

Stuff like Buddhism, ONA, algebra, Satanism, philosophy, gardening... these are all "tools," in a toolbox I have. The tools are used to "build" insights and new perspectives.

I love studying language. I was reading something about language once, where you can tell how sophisticated a language is by how many words for colors the language has. It's the Color Tester. The more underdeveloped a language is the less words they have for colors. In Khmer, the word "Kiew" can mean both Green or Blue! And the Khmer word for mango [Swai] also means Purple, even though a mango is green when young and yellow when ripe! To say "Green" you would say Kiew like a leaf, otherwise people might think you mean Blue like the sky. But then the word Swai [mango] Tawng [?] means Green also.

I use this "Color Tester" on people to see how sophisticated their Capacity of Mind is. Stuff like Buddhism, ONA, algebra, Satanism, philosophy, gardening, your wardrobe, materialism, spirituality, theism, atheism, are like goggles by which you see/feel the world around you. Just like you can tell a language is sophisticated and highly developed by the number of words it has for colors, you can tell the level of sophistication and capacity of mind of a person by how many of these paradigmatic goggles [perspectives] they have in their toolbox.

A mind in which there exist only one Perspective/model of the world and self is underdeveloped or has a low capacity for understanding. A mind in which there exists no contradictions, is also a simple mind which cannot deal with or lacks the capacity for the synthesis and integration of such contradictions. I have very little respect for a Christian who can only see the world and self with a single Christian perspective; and I have an equal amount of respect [lack of] for a Satanist who likewise only has the capacity to see and understand the world and self from a single Satanic perspective/paradigm. Both are simple minded: Simpletons.

Reality isn't "one thing" like a rock is one thing. By fractal inference, reality is a spectral phenomenon, much like how the electromagnetic spectrum is a spectral phenomenon. Like how music is a spectrum of notes. Like how art is a spectrum of colors and shapes.

And so, when you limit yourself to just one single perspective or paradigmatic model, it is like only listening to one single radio station and making up your conclusions about the whole radiowave spectrum by what you know of that one single radio station. This is the same mentality when you use only materialism or atheism, or only theism to understand the world and self. Because you are working on the assumption that reality is "one solid thing," when it is a spectrum. The spectrum of reality has "bandwidths" in it just like the EM spectrum or rainbow has bands of different colors. One band is the physical layer, another is the molecular layer, another is the atomic layer, another is the subatomic layer, another is the quantum layer, and so on. And that's not the whole of the spectrum of reality. The Acausal fits somewhere into that spectrum.

You do yourself a great injustice when you limit yourself to just one perspective and are lost in just one "bandwidth" of the spectrum of reality. What would you be able to synthesize if you rubbed Theism up with Atheism? The mind of the Atheist is focused or entrained inside the coarse or very physical "bandwidth" of reality. Whereas the mind of the Theist comes more from a finer "spiritual" bandwidth of the same spectral reality. And so to produce conclusions, opinions, and world-models of reality, based on a single bandwidth of perspective, would generate a very inaccurate portrait of what reality actually is. I'll end this with two cool quotes that should shed new meaning to the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition, if you have understood the simple essence of this essay:

*"One is fruitful only at the cost of being rich in contradictions."* –Friedrich Nietzsche

*"I have never agreed with my other self wholly. The truth of the matter seems to lie between us."* – Khalil Gibran

..Kryptonimus





# *Session 2*

CONSONANTS (PULMONIC)												
	Bilabial	Labiodental	Dental	Alveolar	Postalveolar	Retroflex	Palatal	Velar	Uvular	Pharyngeal	Glottal	
Plosive	p b			t d		ʈ ɖ	c ɟ	k ɡ	q ɢ		ʔ	
Nasal		m ɱ		n ɳ		ɳ̠ ɳ̡	ɲ ɳ̺	ŋ	ɴ			
Trill		ʙ		r					ʀ			
Tap or Flap		ⱱ		ɾ		ɽ						
Fricative	ɸ β	f v	θ ð	s z	ʃ ʒ	ʂ ʐ	ç ʝ	x ɣ	ħ ʕ	ʁ ʕ	h ɦ	
Lateral fricative				ɬ ɮ								
Approximant				ɹ		ɻ	j	ɰ				
Lateral approximant				l		ɭ	ʎ	ʟ				

Where symbols appear in pairs, the one to the right represents a voiced consonant. Shaded areas denote articulations judged impossible.

CONSONANTS (NON-PULMONIC)		
Clicks	Voiced implosives	Ejectives
◌ Bilabial	ɓ Bilabial	ʼ Examples:
◌ Dental	ɗ Dental/alveolar	ɰ Bilabial
◌ (Post)alveolar	ɟ Palatal	ɰ Dental/alveolar
◌ Palatoalveolar	ɠ Velar	ɰ Velar
◌ Alveolar lateral	ɠ Uvular	ɰ Alveolar fricative

**OTHER SYMBOLS**

◌ Voiceless labial-velar fricative    ɕ Alveolo-palatal fricatives

◌ Voiced labial-velar approximant    ɭ Alveolar lateral flap

◌ Voiced labial-palatal approximant    ɰ Simultaneous ʃ and x

◌ Voiceless epiglottal fricative

◌ Voiced epiglottal fricative

◌ Epiglottal plosive

Affricates and double articulations can be represented by two symbols joined by a tie bar if necessary.    k͡p t͡s

**DIACRITICS**    Diacritics may be placed above a symbol with a descender, e.g. ɲ̥

◌ Voiceless	◌ Breathily voiced	◌ Dental
◌ Voiced	◌ Creaky voiced	◌ Apical
◌ Aspirated	◌ Linguolabial	◌ Laminar
◌ More rounded	◌ Labialized	◌ Nasalized
◌ Less rounded	◌ Palatalized	◌ Nasal release
◌ Advanced	◌ Velarized	◌ Lateral release
◌ Retracted	◌ Pharyngealized	◌ No audible release
◌ Centralized	◌ Velarized or Pharyngealized	
◌ Mid-centralized	◌ Raised	◌ (ɹ̥=voiced alveolar fricative)
◌ Syllabic	◌ Lowered	◌ (β̞=lowered bilabial approximant)
◌ Non-syllabic	◌ Advanced Tongue Root	
◌ Rhoticity	◌ Retracted Tongue Root	

**VOWELS**

Where symbols appear in pairs, the one to the right represents a rounded vowel.

**SUPRASEGMENTALS**

◌ Primary stress

◌ Secondary stress

◌ Long

◌ Half-long

◌ Extra-short

◌ Minor (foot) group

◌ Major (intonation) group

◌ Syllable break

◌ Linking (absence of a break)

◌ Tones and word accents

## IPA

∴So, I finally learned the International Phonetic Alphabet. I told myself I’d never learn it. I unfortunately have this strong interest in language and words. I also have a secret hobby like interest in “conlangs,” & “conworlds,” like Tolkien and Star Trek alien languages, etc.

I think since junior high school, I must have invented a dozen constructed languages, and hundreds of different alphabetic writing systems. My friends and I invented a “sophisticated” one—by junior high standards—when we were 13 and so on. We got into these friendly debates with our English teacher about what language was, what makes a “real” language “real,” and why our invented languages wasn’t real.

The thing about the “conlang” subculture I really hate was that the majority of the people into that genre take the fun out of it by bringing into the subculture dry, clinical, pseudo-intellectualism. You simply cannot escape pseudo-intellectualism no matter what subculture or genre of something you are into. It’s the mentality of some people that is the issue.

The mentality of pretending to be a professional, pretending to be more intelligent than they are, of

mimicking professionals of others they look up to. For example, in the conlang subculture—can anything be more geekier?—most of its mundanes look up to professional linguists. That’s understandable. But this brings in a big problem. The problem is you have these normal people who really like making conlangs trying to do things a professional linguist doing field work does.

Nothing is more tedious than the “field work” of professional linguists. They have this thing called the “Leipzig Glossing Rules,” which is an international convention of making notations about lexical input you are collecting. It looks something like this:

*German*

*unser-n Väter-n*

*our-DAT.PL father.PL-DAT.PL*

*'to our fathers'*

And so, in this geeky subculture of conlangers you have your heavy dose of pseudo-intellectuals who will actually present their entire conlang’s lexicon to others and each other fully glossed and IPA’ed. And if they don’t do things like they do—like everybody does—they consider you to be an “amateur.”

The thing is, how they do things leads you to ask the question: to whom are they trying to ‘market’ their invented language? To professional linguists? I mean, whom or what is their intended audience? Real people, or egghead professional linguists? And the other thing is, most of these pseudo-intellectuals in the conlang subculture don’t ever notice that no matter how professional their conlang looks, nobody besides their own self will put in the time to learn it.

Their conlangs become nothing more than a pretentious “look at how smart I am” badge they flash at fellow conlangers. Forums of conlangers become this circle jerk party of pseudo-intellectuals. Just like occult forums, filled with your pseudo-intellectual masturbators. It’s like they don’t get it?

They don’t pay attention to why Tolkien’s invented languages has such a huge market/audience, or why Klingon has a huge fanbase, when these two examples originally weren’t presented to the public in a dry, clinical, pseudo-linguistic manner with Leipzig glossings, etc. You’re probably wondering what any of this has to do with ONA in any way.

How do you INSPIRE or INFLUENCE a large group of people to adopt your memplex: conlang, philosophical system, or mythos, or Brand; and get them to be enthusiastic about it? How do you inspire hundreds of people to put in time to learn Elvish or Klingon? How do you inspire or influence billions of people to be Muslim or Christian? You captivate their hearts and minds: their imaginations and feelings. Hitler did it. ISIS aka the Islamic State is doing it.

But you have these dummies in the occult genre and satanic subculture who do things backwards. Where they act and present themselves like pseudo-intellectuals, feigning to be smarter than they actually are, presenting a superficial intelligence. Many of these guys in Satanism have their own brand of Satanism, and they work hard to present their ideas in a pseudo-intellectual manner, and you can see these guys get competitive with their ideas and views. They’ll get into cock fights even. But 99% of these pseudo-intellectuals always fail to get even on other person to adopt their ideas and views they’re presenting.

You can learn to tell when a guy—a pseudo-intellectual—will fail in his endeavor to propagate or disseminate his memes by looking out for key factors. This goes for any genre or sector of human society.

The first and most telling factor to look out for is: Whom is the guy speaking to? His audience. Does he have an audience? Most internet people will simply believe or assume that a forum of users is an “audience.” This isn’t an audience. By that same line of thinking, the random people at a beach can be my audience. An audience is a person or group of people who have some actual interest in you or what you have to say. For example, the audience of a movie... is an audience. They give a shit about the movie they are watching. If a person lacks a real audience, he will fail 100% of the time. Why? Because he’s talking to nobody. There’s this thing called “effective communication.” If you have no audience, then no matter how much you talk or type or how smart you sound, you are going to effect/affect anybody, cuz no one is actually listening or giving a shit.

Second factor to look out for is: Rapport with the audience. Hitler once ingeniously explained Charisma as being a relationship with himself and his audience. We think that Charisma is something you “have,” as in a trait or personality quality. But it’s really not. Hitler understood what charisma was, and it historically showed. Charisma is something dynamic—a connection—which exists between you and your audience. Once you understand what Hitler meant, you’ll understand why he never married and was always careful to appear to have no interest in women.

Third thing to look out for is: Effective Communication skills. Effective information transfer with an audience. What I mean here by “effective communication” is for instance, if a 5 year old asks you about the theory of evolution, you are able to break down what you understand of evolution in such a way where that the 5 year old understands what you are saying. You know you have effected/affected the 5 year old when she sees things your way, or uses your words. That indicates effective “information”—meme—transfer. But to do this, you have to know and understand your audience/market, which requires some empathy.

A last factor to look out for is: Keeping it real. Just being yourself. Not pretending to be more intelligent than you are. If you don’t know something, beyond superficial knowledge, don’t act like you know. Opinions on subject matters don’t count as “knowing” about the subject matter. My personal rule of thumb is: If I can’t break it down for a 5 year old to understand, I don’t understand it myself. Which is why I rarely ever talk or write about things I don’t know about such as quantum physics, physics, general relativity, and so on. I stick with stuff I actually have a confident grasp of.

Another rule of thumb I use is: If I can’t define or break down a word or term on the spot, off the top of my head, I don’t use it. Otherwise, I’m behaving like a pseudo-intellectual. I use dictionaries and Wikipedia as a way to “compare notes.” Meaning, what I’ll do is define a word I use off the top of my head as I am using the word in that specific context, then if I need to, I’ll look for a definition to compare. I do the same thing with my Buddhism. I try to come up with my own understandings of things in Buddhism, then I’ll ask someone in my family more knowledgeable than me about the subject or dhamma, to compare notes.

So, if a person lacks those three critical things: 1) an audience, 2) rapport with the audience [propinquity], & 3) effective communication with the audience, you can tell that they will fail in spreading their ideas, inspiring, or influencing anybody 100% of the time.

But anyways... I got sick of the pseudo-intellectuals in the conlang subculture a while ago, and I promised myself to never do anything they do. And so, since those people get literal erections for IPA, I told myself I’d never learn it, forever! So for years, I simply refused to even google IPA to even know what it was.

My thinking was: I know my own conlang? I made it up myself? I know how to pronounce the letters and words? Why in god's name do I need a stupid international phonetic alphabet for? Plus, the reason why I made a conlang doesn't even require IPA.

I made a conlang up because of my love for ciphers and encryption techniques. I learned a while ago that there are many ancient languages which are today still undecipherable. And so I thought to myself one day: If there are languages that are unbreakable even today, why not create a whole language for myself which only I understand! That's the ultimate unbreakable cipher!

What led me to bite the bullet and learn IPA was that last week I was reading about the Khmer language and how words in Khmer are pronounced, what language family its related to and all. I was thinking of myself: 'This is probably written by some academic Anglo-Saxon egghead linguist and not a native speaker. Why do they do this? Why can't they stay in their own language family and let other people explain their native languages?' The writer used IPA to explain to the reader how Khmer words are pronounced. So curiosity got the best of me and I forced myself to learn IPA just so I can read the linguistic gibberish to see if the pronunciations were right!

After a week of searching online for good IPA lessons, listening to how each IPA symbol sounds, and practicing writing stuff in IPA, I finally got the hang of it. And so I went back to check this guy's Khmer pronunciations. Most were incorrect or inaccurate, or not like how any dialect I am familiar with says their words!

Something that irks me about English speakers using IPA I've encountered is their laziness about their symbols, it renders IPA almost useless regarding most human languages outside of English. What I'm talking about is that English has consonants like <t> and <p> which are heavily aspirated. As in the English words "Trade Post," which in IPA would be roughly: [ˈtʰeɪd] [pʰəwst], as I say it. But some people don't use /tʰ/ or /pʰ/ to represent those aspirated English sounds. They use the soft [less aspirated] symbols /t/ and /p/, as in the Spanish word "Todos" /ˈto:ðos/ or the French "Pomme" /pɔ̃m/. Why have a "phonetic" alphabet when symbols in that alphabet are used to represent two very different sounds??? Why have these symbols: [kʰ], [tʰ], and [pʰ] which represents the English letters/sounds <k>, <t>, & <p>, if they aren't going to be used?

It makes it difficult to transcribe languages that use such soft consonants such as Khmer or Chinese. For example the Khmer word for the number two anglicized is "Pi," compared with the English word "Pee," when spelled in IPA Khmer & lazy IPA English: [pi:] & [pi:]. They look the same, but I know for sure they sound very different. The Khmer number two uses a very soft "P" that almost sounds like a <b>, whereas the English "P" in "Pee" is a "P" with a hard aspiration ending. The English one should be [pʰi:]. I have to add diacritics to the Khmer one just to let readers know that the <p> is different: /pᵢ:/ or /pᵢ:/ or [pᵢ:].

Anyways, it turns out that IPA is very useful. My prejudice for it all these years actually kept me from learning a useful tool. So now I can use IPA to explain to you guys what the Khmer and Pali words I use actually sound like! For instance, written Pali and spoken Pali are different. According to some academics & scholars, Khmerized Pali is the most conservative at retaining pronunciation and best represents what spoken Pali would have sounded like when it was living language. So, "Dhamma" meaning "Teachings," when spoken sounds like this: [ˈtʰɔ:ᵐ] like how some Brits would say the 'tor' in Tor browser. Or interestingly, like "Torah" minus the "-ah." "Dhammam," meaning "The Doctrine/The Phenomenon," sounds like this when chanted: [ˈtʰɔ:ᵐ.miəŋ].

∴ Kryptonimus



## Un Paso Oculto

Las ambarinas llamas de las antorchas encajadas en la roca danzaban con la caprichosa brisa nocturna. Era un paso secreto que discurría entre dos altas y antiguas paredes rocosas que terminaba en una oscura entrada a las misteriosas entrañas de la montaña.

Las estrellas titilaban en el espacio de cielo que se abría en lo alto, mientras abajo, dos hombres con el rostro y el torso pintados con extraños símbolos rituales, llevaban ya un buen rato luchando a mano desnuda, intercambiando golpes, agarres y las más diversas tretas de combate...

Uno, el más corpulento parecía llevar la iniciativa, mientras que el otro, el más joven - llamado Tirant por los suyos - parecía tener alguna dificultad para resistir la fuerza bruta de su oponente.

Pero acerquémonos a la vertiginosa escena:

En un momento dado, el tipo corpulento bloqueó el furtivo jab de izquierda que le lanzaba Tirant, y contraatacó con un contundente gancho de derecha que se estrelló contra el mentón del joven, obligándolo a apoyarse en la pared de rocosa para evitar caer.

Tirant tuvo que ladearse rápidamente para esquivar un rodillazo, e inmediatamente respondió descargando un rápido revés que alcanzó plénamente el rostro del tipo corpulento. Pero este pareció no notar el golpe, y se dispuso a acometer de nuevo contra su joven contendiente.

Con una finta y un hábil movimiento circular, Tirant desvió el tremendo puñetazo del hombretón y atrapó al vuelo su musculoso brazo. Tirant mantuvo el brazo de su oponente bien sujeto mientras descargaba un feroz codazo contra la sien del hombretón dejándolo K.O.

Tirant resoplaba para recuperar el aliento, estaba dolorido y empapado en sudor, y agradecía la corriente de aire que empezaba a afluir por el paso rocoso oculto a los profanos. Era como si las puertas de la cueva se hubieran abierto generando ese flujo de aire frío...

Alguien vestido con una túnica que revoloteaba al viento, emergió silenciosamente de la cueva y caminó hacia el excitado Tirant, al que se le hizo difícil decidir si el personaje era un hombre o una mujer.

Un silencio grave se apoderó del lugar. El muchacho sintió una extraña presión en sus oídos y, por un momento, creyó que iba a desmayarse.

El personaje desconocido hizo un gesto con su pálida mano, y las antorchas se apagaron inmediatamente, al unísono. Y su voz de tenor, algo metálica pero melodiosa empezó a hilvanar unas palabras en la penumbra de la noche estrellada:

*Aspirante, tu acceso a los misterios de esta cueva de cristal, dependerá de las respuestas que me des a las siguientes preguntas. Ahí van, medítalas sin prisa, pues aquí el tiempo discurre de un modo diferente...*

*¿Qué es lo que hay en ti que es una potencia increada que late más allá de la luz y las tinieblas?  
¿Qué es aquello a lo que puedes llamar Ungrund?*

*¿Puedes ver en ti ese otro elemento, que revela y que emana de esa potencia, que la interpreta y, en cierto modo, la convierte en acto? ¿La llamarías Naturcentrum?*

*Mírate a ti mismo ahora ahí plantado bajo las estrellas ¿Qué es este Grund que habitas que posee una existencia relativa en el tiempo? ¿Qué es esa existencia sostenida por la potencia mágica del Ungrund que late en lo acausal y se irradia a través del nexo del Naturcentrum?*

Darte







## Outlaws Of The Left Hand Path

...Mundanes are mundane. It doesn't matter what they get into, they bring their mundane nature with them. The mundane are law abiding and will rationalize and justify their obedience to State and Government laws. Laws made by other mundanes.

I was watching a documentary on a large gang here in LA called 18<sup>th</sup> Street. The documentary shows you the size of area in LA this huge gang controls. Controls is the key word. The gang controls streets, neighborhoods, and blocks. They gain and maintain that control by force.

That wasn't the fascinating part about the documentary. The fascinating part was watching the people who lived in areas controlled by this gang. You see these people were obedient to the laws and rules this gang used to govern their territory.

The most revealing aspect of this documentary was when they started to interview and talk to the local drug dealers who worked in the area controlled by this gang. The rule is that if you want to slang dope on a street or corner controlled by this gang, you had to pay a tax or fee or cut of your profit to the gang. If you don't pay this fee, they assault you.

In the documentary you see very few drug dealers try to stand up to the gang, refusing to pay their "taxes." These few are either killed or violently assaulted. Most pay their fees obediently. The revealing part was listening to how these drug dealers justified and rationalized following the laws of the 18<sup>th</sup> Street gang. One drug dealer said something to the effect of: "I think it's fair. I pay a little of my profit to them [the gang]. They make sure I have no competition near me. They make a little profit and I make my profit. So everybody wins in the end."

You see this same kind of mentality and rationalization in Mundanes regarding State and Government laws and rule. Those Mundanes will actually justify their obedience to such law and order. Laws made by Mundane.

### Peer Validation

In my time-frame, these Mundanes have found their way into Satanism and the Left Hand Path. And with them comes their mundane mentality. Today in my time-frame, these Mundane Satanists are working hard to make Satanism acceptable to society. The telling question to be asked is: What exactly is that society made of? The answer: other Mundanes.

Today, almost all Satanic organizations stress that they are not criminal and are law abiding citizens. There is nothing antinomian about them. Their Satanism is just a different set of opinions, a different set of views. But in act, deed, and behavior, they live their lives in exactly the same way as any normal secular citizen of society. In essence, Mundane Satanists are simply Mundanes with a different set of opinions and views than their peers. And today these Mundane Satanists have movements where they are trying to put up statues in public places to make Satanism even more socially normal and acceptable.

These Mundane Satanists – in trying to make Satanism accepted by society – are basically saying to their fellow Mundanes in generic society: "We may have different opinions and views than you, but we are still Mundanes like you! We believe in the sanctity

of State law and order and we follow those laws just like you do! There is nothing different between how we live our lives and how you live your lives. Please accept us as your kin.”

#### The One Percent

Ninety-nine percent of the people in any given city/society are law abiding. They uphold the sanctity of State sanctioned law and order. Just like in old Christendom 99% of its citizens believed in and upheld the sanctity of religious law and order. And the One Percent? They were called heathens in old Christendom. Today they are called “criminals” and “outlaws.” Those 99% are “In-Laws” and are no kin or family to the One Percent.

Today, 99% of the people you find in Satanism and the Left Hand Path are In-Laws. Law abiding generic citizens, obedient to the generic lawful current of Mundane society. There is nothing different about these In-Laws. Nothing defiant about them. Nothing antinomian about them. They are lawful Generics.

And the 1% in Satanism & the Left Hand Path?

[Begin Quote]

*I am here to seal my Fate with blood. I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice; Except The Drecc. And that culling is a necessary act of Life. I believe in one guide, Our Dreccian Law, And in our right to rule mundanes.* – Becoming Drecc, ONA

*Wash your throats with wine; For we have returned to bring forth Darkness and Joy: We accept there is no law, no authority, no justice; Except our own And that culling is a necessary act of Life. We believe in one guide, Satan, And in our right to cull mundanes.* – Sunedrion, A Wyrdful Life, ONA

[End Quote]

How a person lives their Life and expresses their Satanism in Deed is the telling indicator of their physis: if they are one of the generic 99% who are law abiding; or a 1%er who are genuinely antinomian, living by their own laws, rules, and codes. How a person walks the Left Hand Path is the indicator.

How a Satanist sees murder, killing, culling, and crime is an indicator. If they see that there is something wrong with culling, then they are Mundane. Mundanes are those who are still psychologically trapped within the false dichotomy of Right & Wrong. They have not yet been liberated from that false dichotomy [that Samsara] to be – as Nietzsche once put it – beyond good and evil.

Ninety-nine percent of the people in Satanism and the Left Hand Path in my time-frame are fearful creatures. Afraid of the police. Afraid of breaking a law. Afraid of what society might think of them. Afraid of what their fellow Mundanes might think of them. Afraid defiantly stand up for their natural right to live their lives in their own way, by their own rules. Afraid to living and committing acts that serve their own interests and their kin’s interests as opposed to the interests of some State or Government or Church. Afraid of the State, just as their Mundane ancestors in olden Christendom were afraid of the Church and its temporal power monopoly. That’s Samsara. And as long as so many of them remain lost in that Samara, the State and Governments will always have its Power.

We – the few 1% - have something to learn from the Mexican drug cartels and the Islamic State aka ISIS. That those who dare defy a power structure just might end up taking the power one day. That there is no such thing as “crime.” There are only rival ways of living life, and rival laws. In life you either genuinely live by other people’s laws [99%], or you live by your own and don’t give a shit about other people’s rules [1%]. How you live your life, what you Do in life, whose acceptance and approval you seek in life, are thus indicative.

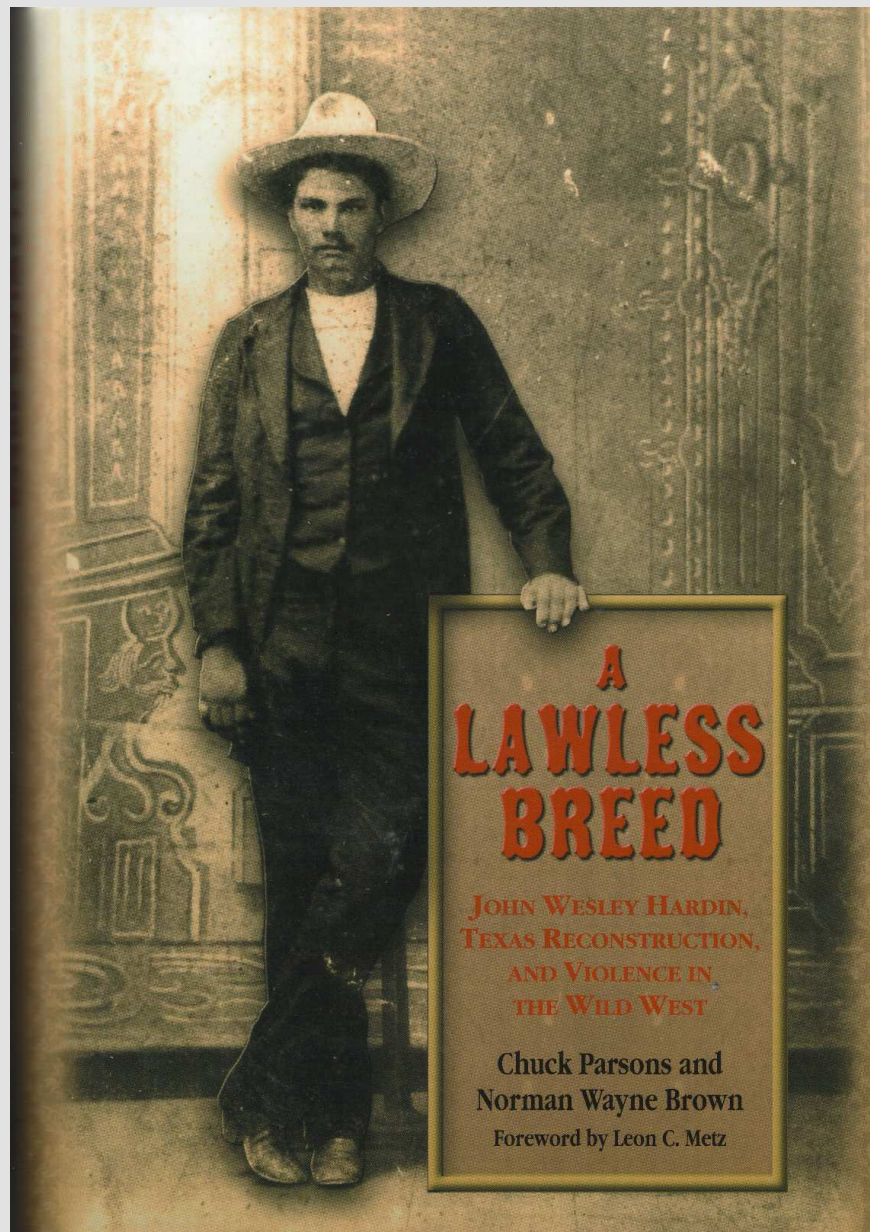
Being of the 1% goes further than the superficiality of breaking rules and doing “crime.” It’s ultimately about whose Interest you serve: State interests or your own sovereign individual interests? It’s ultimately about whose laws you live by: State laws made by mundanes or your own sovereign individual laws. If you truly believe that you are a law unto yourself, that “*We accept there is no law, no authority, no justice; Except our own,*” than what laws the State makes should be irrelevant to you. If in fact you live by your own laws/rules, and you are indeed your own authority, then you are by default an “outlaw,” to the State and Religion.

There is nothing wrong with serving State interests and following State law and order per se. But when your State is made up of mostly stupid Mundanes, who make the policies and set the interests, and make the laws... then you are serving the will and whim

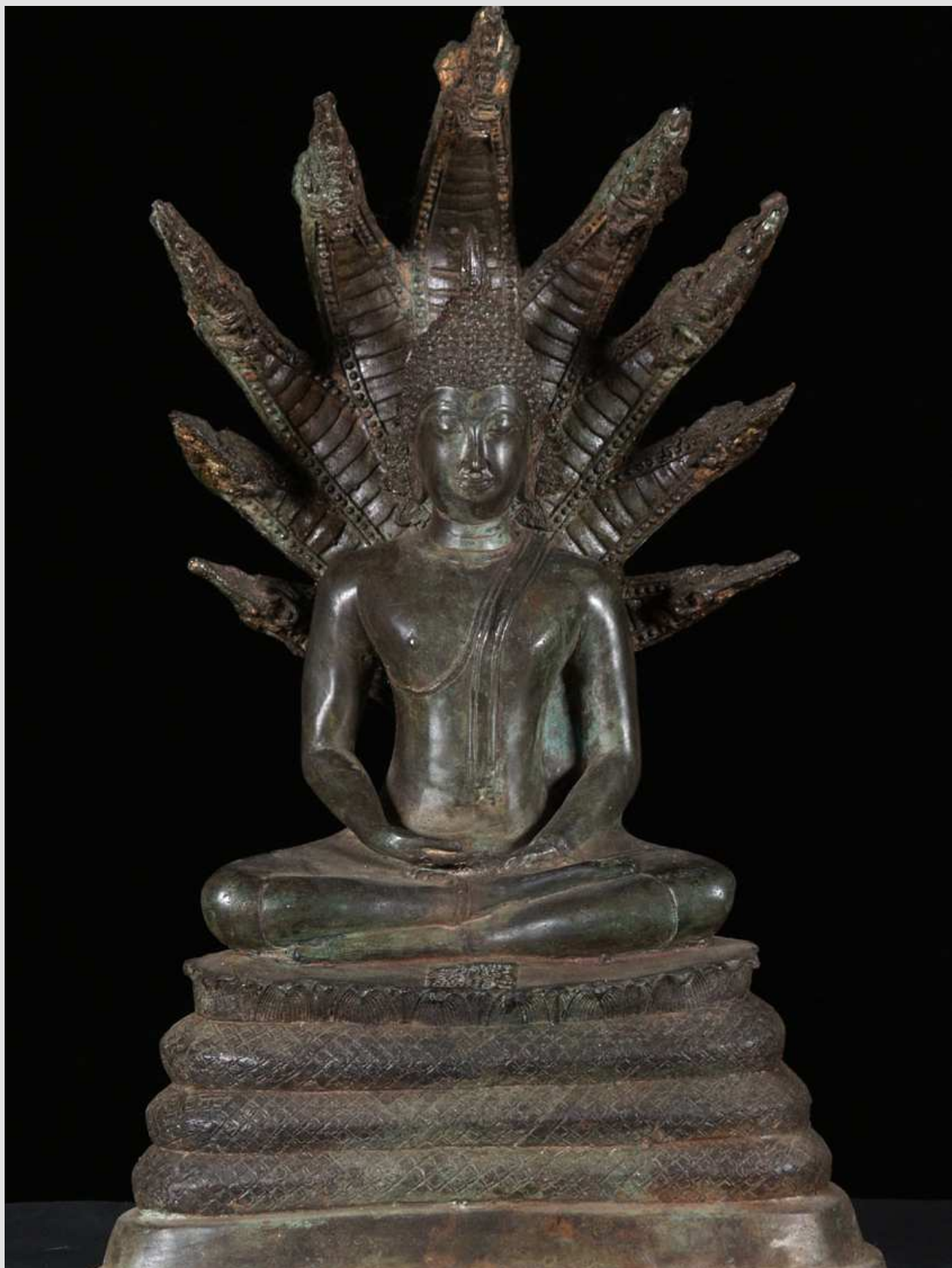
of those same Mundanes. You are simply empowering them. And that's what it boils down to. You hear some Mundane Satanist apologetically say something like: "Well, I pay my taxes and follow the laws because doing so serves my individual interests!"

The problem with that cop-out is that you are still plugged into the System and your actions and behaviour empowers that system, and empowers the Mundanes who make up that system. The problem with this mentality isn't apparent until to visualize 300 million citizens using the same mind-set, where they all believe that following the law serves their self-interests. It doesn't. It's what gives the State its monopoly on power.

∴Kryptonimus







## Rincones del Laberinto

Ciertas organizaciones mistericas se envuelven y se expresan a través de un entramado laberíntico que supone a la vez insinuación y desafío; pero ellas mismas, lo que poéticamente podríamos denominar como su verdadera “Torre de la Intención”, se erigen al “otro lado” del proverbial laberinto mitológico.

Este laberinto se compone de una panoplia de velos y enigmas que guían, cada uno a su manera, hacia diferentes perspectivas de comprensión y descubrimiento, y cada uno requiere del desarrollo de unas cualidades y recursos apropiados para alcanzar a revelar la respuesta que estos pueden ofrecer.

Uno de estos velos ( uno entre muchos otros ), o una de las murallas recurrentes que podemos hallar en varios tipos de laberintos, es la de la pantalla enigmática de las proyecciones. Esa pantalla misteriosa que se ofrece deliberadamente, posee una naturaleza tan alejada de los mecanismos ordinarios de intelectualización, que uno tiende a proyectar sus anhelos y deseos secretos – así como sus miedos - muchos de ellos inconscientes, sobre esa pantalla, ese lienzo extraño, y por ende las vuelca e identifica equivocadamente con la verdadera naturaleza de la organización misterica en cuestión.

Se produce entonces algo curioso, la organización puede volverse engañosamente atractiva, puesto que tras esa pantalla de niebla que insinúa más que muestra, el incauto cree ver el objeto de su deseo, cree que sus propias opiniones y sus objetivos son más o menos los mismos, o están refrendados por lo que representa dicha organización.

De forma similar puede suceder – y de hecho sucede con mucha frecuencia - en sentido negativo. Esto quiere decir que hay otro tipo de incautos que, al proyectar en ese lugar que no comprenden en absoluto todos sus miedos conscientes e inconscientes, convierten a esa organización en el objeto de su aversión y su odio.

Ambos tipos de incautos son víctimas de sus propias proyecciones así como de los deliberados espejismos elaborados por quienes diseñan esa zona del laberinto... By seeing what they wish, they also see what X wish(es) them to see...

Ambos tipos están tan seguros de sus opiniones y conclusiones, que ya no se interesan por pasar al otro pliegue, al siguiente corredor del laberíntico entramado. Ambos están apantallados por su propia incompreensión.

Para el que cae presa del ladino hechizo en su modalidad atractiva, se produce entonces una confusión en la que se corre el riesgo de quedar atrapado en un espejismo que, aunque puede aportar una equívoca sensación de sabiduría y poder, en realidad le aleja a uno de la verdadera experiencia del Mysterium que propone la eventual organización.

Esta pantalla de las proyecciones encubre, sí, pero también puede revelar (!): al enfrentarse a ella de un modo perspicaz, uno se vuelve capaz de identificar y reconocer cómo sus “fantasmas” internos, sus ilusiones, sus pulsiones, sus necesidades emocionales, intelectuales, etc... afluyen y se ven reflejadas en esa pantalla oscura que se presenta tan enigmáticamente. Verá entonces como

esas formas que antes murmuraban en su interior inconscientemente ( puesto que no las veía como tales ) y dominaban sus percepciones y su comportamiento, y matizaban las circunstancias de su vida, se ven ahora obligadas – por el diseño específico de esa zona del laberinto - a exponerse y mostrarse ante la mirada honesta del buscador.

Si llegados a este punto, este buscador ejercita su perspicacia esotérica de un modo sincero, se producirá una saludable disociación que le confrontará – a la postre integradoramente - con algo que hasta entonces desconocía. Se le revelará lo transitorio y fantasmal de esas y otras proyecciones y, al comprenderlas, podrá extraer el jugo anímico que reside más allá de sus distintas apariencias.

Y es este tipo de “desvelo” lo que le puede abrir a uno la oportunidad de conquistar una preciosa muestra de su propia esencia como buscador y le acercará un paso más hacia el verdadero Misterio del Laberinto.

Darte







## In The Name Of Satan

∴Most people believe that the word/name Satan has its origins in the Hebrew language. I've personally always disagreed with this consensual "fact." My personal disagreement comes from how I privately study language, timeframe, and context, and social order in context to time and world-model, etc. I'll try and explain.

When I want to get a feel for how a group of people were in history, I study their language. In human language there are several different types of word classes. One class of words don't change very easily. The other class changes very easily. For example the "core" lexical inventory of a language of a people are the class of words that do not change very easily. In the English language "core" words would be like: Sun, Moon, Mother, Father, Water, Land, Sky, Snow, Sea, Fish, Food, and so on. These words don't change so easily, because the people are almost always exposed to such things on a day to day basis generation after generation.

So, from a quick study of English's core words, you can gain a feel for how Anglo-Saxon as a folk were in ancient times. You can tell that Anglo-Saxon was Germanic from those core words. You can also tell that Anglo-Saxon came from an environment which had things like "snow," and "sea/ocean," since they have independent dedicated word for such things. British and American people might take this little insight for granted. To give contrast:

In Khmer there is no real word for "snow." There is no single ideation for snow. We call snow "dhug kok" IPA: (/təg kɔ:kʔ/). Dhug Kok not only means "snow," but it also means "ice" in Khmer, there is no differentiation. Dhug means "water," and "kok" means something like "congealed," "dried up," "dehydrated," "solidified." Kok is the second part of the name Bangkok. The whole Indochinese peninsula was once occupied by the Khmer Empire, and so back then Thailand did not exist. The area known today as "Bangkok" once belonged to the Khmer, and so that word "Bangkok," has an original Khmer meaning.

Bang (/bəŋ/) means the like a body of water such as a lake or a large river. And "Kok" means dried up. So Bangkok actually means a Dried up River/Lake. The Khmer also has no word for Ocean/Sea. We call an ocean a "Sammudh," which is a borrowed word from Sanskrit meaning Ocean. And so from these two examples you can tell that the very ancient Khmer people came from an area which was absent of snow and ice, and was far away from the sea. You can further extrapolate that if such people never knew what snow or ice was, then the place they came from may either have had no high mountains or was located in the hot tropics, but that it was not an island, being most likely a land locked locale. Another quick example: you can tell that the Vikings came from a place with fjords because they have a word for it!

Then when you study other classes of words in English such as words like: Justice, Royal, Court, Law, Judge, etc, you can tell that at some point in time, Anglo-Saxon was influenced by French, where the influence had to do with law and order. And this fits in with history because we know that the French Normans took over England and became the ruling folk there. And from words like: Sanctity, Saint, Spirit, Eucharist, Ecclesiastic, etc, you can tell that at some point, Anglo-Saxon was influenced by the Catholic Church in the arena of religion. And again, this fits up with history nicely.

So now that we understand the gist of this language stuff as it pertains to a people and to context of time and social trends, let's bring up Islam and the Arabs as an example. The Arabs were not always a monotheistic people. That their Quran is a rewording of the Jewish Torah & Tanakh plus the "New Testament" Greek writings suggests this: that at some point in time the Arabs were influenced by Judaism and Christianity. And so the first question we ask is: Before this period when the Arabs were religiously influenced by the Jews and Christians, what was their religion like?

The answer is that in ancient times the Arabs—a loose collection of tribal people—were polytheists. Each tribe had its own god or set of tribal deities they "worshipped." This is important data to keep in mind. So now we fast forward to the era when these Arabs did become monotheism, when they created Islam. At this point in time, all of the old polytheistic gods were thrown out, and Allah became the One God. This is where things get interesting, because now we can ask the question: Where did "Iblis" come from? Where did the word, name, and character "Iblis" come from? Was Iblis one of the polytheistic deities who got carried over into Islamic monotheism? Or did the word and character "Iblis" come from an outside source during the time the Arabs in-

vented their Islam? The prevailing theory is that “Iblis” was a borrowing of the Greek word and character: Diablos. If the word or name “iblis” is an “indigenous” lexeme of the Arab people, then is there any indication that it or variations of it was used in the language before the creation of Islam when the Arabs were still polytheists?

Likewise with the Arabic/Islamic word/name “Shaitan.” Is “shaitan” an indigenous lexeme of Arabic, was it or a variation of it used in ancient times before the Arabs created Islam? Or is it a word which came from an outside source during the period of the creation/codification of Islam?

The same applies to the Jews. In ancient times, the Jews were polytheists, where their gods were basically Canaanite gods. So, during those ancient pagan times, did the Jews have a “Satan” deity, or did they use the word “satan” or a variation of it in their language at this time? Was the word “satan” [STN] a native lexeme of their language at this time? Because the odd thing is, when the Jews did create a monotheistic religion for themselves, Satan appears. Or was the word “satan” borrowed from an outside source?

Anton Long of ONA seems to think so. He suggests that the word “satan” is Greek in origin, and as crazy and unacademic as it may superficially sound, I have to agree with him, to a certain extent. Here’s AL words:

[Begin Quote]

*[T]he ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.*

*That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric μείων γὰρ αἰτία (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation". —The Geryne Of Satan, ONA*

[End Quote]

Anton Long, and a few others seem to suggest that an old Greek word “Aitia” may have been the origin of the word “satan.” At the moment, based on what little I know about the Jew’s practice of borrowing foreign words, I’d say that is argument is weak. What I mean is: I can understand perhaps how the morpheme <N> was affixed to the end of “Aitia,” but I don’t understand why the morpheme <SH> has been appended to the beginning. Are there any indications that the Jews borrowed other words and grammatically placed an <SH> sound to the beginning of such words? Or is there a grammatical explanation why the ancient Greeks appended the initial <SH> to the word “Aitia?”

I do agree that the word satan has its origins in ancient Greek, but via a different etymological route. This theory suggests that the words Titan and Satan are truncations of the older words/ideations Tityros and Satyros. A Satyros is a Satyr, and a Tityros is a Tityr, which is a Pan like creature:



TITYROS: A TERRA-COTTA FIGURE IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

So the theory is that when the Greeks were making new myths and gods up, they took the old idea and word Tityros, misused the -yros, and added the grammatical +an suffix, to get "Titan." And to get the word Satanas, they did the same thing, but with the old word and concept Satyros. Or that "Satan" is a derivative of "Titan." As this article indicates:

## The Name Satan

By Daniel E. Gershenson

(Tel-Aviv University)

Greek words beginning with  $\sigma$  whose etymology is listed by Hjalmar Frisk<sup>1</sup> mostly derive from roots that properly with t. That consonant before a front vowel becomes ts, yielding  $\sigma$  in initial position. Only in one case has the course of that shift been preserved. That case is from the area of religion, a particularly conservative area of language. We know from Servius<sup>2</sup> that the name Τίτυρος, Latin *Tityrus*, is a form of the generic appellation Σάτυρος i.e. Satyr[os]. The former is not only an earlier form of Σάτυρος, but it is its source, and the initial t, dentalised, must have been spoken tsityros→tsaturos. Now there is another word from the realm of religion that begins with the same syllable as Σάτυρος, i.e. Satyr[os], the Hebrew word שָׂטָן, *Sātān* (earliest Greek Σατανᾶς, which derives from the Aramaic form שְׂטַנְא *Sātānā*). It derives from the root שָׂטַן, *stm* »to envy, despise«, with the substitution of *n* for *m* as in the name Sitnah שִׁטְנָה, »enmity«, given by Abraham (Gen 26,18) to the well in Gen 26,21; and indeed in the apocryphal *Book of Jubilees* 17,15–18 we are informed that מַשְׂטַמָּה (Prince) Mastemā and שָׂטָן, *Sātān* are identical both in name and in nature.<sup>3</sup> Another example of the same substitution of *n* for *m* is the phrase אֲדֹנֵי הַשָּׂדֶה *ʾadnê haśśādēh* »anthropoid apes« (Kil 8,5), literally »men of the field«, where the form אֲדֹנֵי, *ʾadnê*, is the plural construct state of the common noun אָדָם *adam* »human being«. In the case of the Hebrew שָׂטָן, *Sātān*, (Greek Σατανᾶς) it may be the other way around, i.e. שָׂטַן, *stm* »to despise«, may derive from שָׂטָן, *Sātān*; for unlike *ʾadnê haśśādēh* »hominoid apes«, שָׂטָן, *Sātān*, functions as a proper noun in Job 1,7; 2,3–5; Zach 3,1–2, as well as in the apocryphal books Sap 2,24 and Ecclus 21:27, and in the Jewish prayerbook, and the root שָׂטַן, *stm* »to despise«, with a final *m*, may derive from it. If so, if we apply the same etymology as that of Σάτυρος, i.e. Satyr[os], from Τίτυρος, Latin *Tityrus*, to the noun, we will be left with the form Titan (Greek Τιτάν) as the origin of the Hebrew word שָׂטָן, *Sātān*, (Greek Σατανᾶς). The etymology of the word Titan (Greek Τιτάν) has been dealt with by G. Bonfante in: Who were the Philistines, AJA 50 (1946), 257.

As far as Σάτυρος i.e. Satyr[os] and שָׂטָן, *Sātān*, Greek Σατανᾶς are concerned, we may remark the fact that archaic artistic portrayals of satyrs and Christian portrayals of Satan are so similar. Both of them have animal hindparts replete with tails, as well as goatlike fea-

<sup>1</sup> Griechisches etymologisches Wörterbuch. Vol. 2, 1973.

<sup>2</sup> Vergil, Ecloga 1.1.

<sup>3</sup> Here in *Jubilees* it is Mastema, מַשְׂטַמָּה (= שָׂטָן, *Sātān*) who instigates the testing of Abraham in the Sacrifice of Isaac (Gen 22).

<sup>4</sup> R. Jose asserts there that they pollute in death like human beings, in opposition to the majority of the Rabbis who hold that apes are animals. His use of the feminine to refer to them is due to the word חַיִּית, a feminine plural, that means »animals«.

The idea to keep in mind is that with tracing a word's etymological history, it's all hypotheses and theories. Some of those theories are stronger than others. I don't personally agree with the consensual 'fact' or commonly accepted notion that the word "Satan" is Hebrew in origin. I believe the case for it having derived from ancient Greek is strong. How did the word "satan" get into Hebrew? I don't know yet personally.

The two theories presented in this essay to me are the most plausible I have found. My only minor contention with Anton Long's theory is my own lack of understanding as to how the initial "Sh" got appended to the word "Aitia" rendering Sh-aitia. If there was a grammatical explanation for this, and several other examples using this grammar, I'd fully agree with this theory. Until then, for me, the theory that Satan is a derivative of Tityros/Satyros appears to make more sense. And like the guy in that article said, Satan since ancient times has always been associated with a Tityros like creature, like Pan. This is a "social trend," when in context to era, adds more strength to the theory. And that association of Satan with a satyr/tityr creature continues to this day. That causes one to ask: What is the inspiration of such an association of depiction?

Whatever the actual origins of the name Satan is, one thing should be kept in mind: If you are in the business of thinking for yourself, don't believe anything at face value because such and such academic or scholar or scientists said so, or because it's just generally accepted as "fact." Before you put all your investments into one conclusion, put in the effort to become familiar with other points of views and theories first.

...Kryptonimus







## Cultural Erosion

∴The word “meme” is a very useful word in cultural anthropology. It points at something that needs to be pointed at to better understand what a culture is and so on. Meme, in this sense means a “Unit of Culture.” And here “Culture” means “Actionable behavior habitually cultivated by a group of people.”

Human culture forms over very long spans of time. As a culture evolves it is more able to insure that the humans who are members of that culture thrive across time. And so when a culture becomes weak, it loses its ability to maintain social coherency of its human members. Without coherency, those people lose the ability to thrive, to compete for resources, and to survive. I’ll try and show what all this looks like in real terms.

I actually like studying cultures as if they were animals. Each culture has its own genetic makeup made of memes. Sometimes two different cultures breed and produce a strong hybrid culture, as with the case of Latin America. Sometimes cross culture contamination occurs where dominant memes from one culture spreads into another culture.

An example is the “Kissing Meme.” Kissing lips to lips is a Western cultural meme, which is not genetic to most, if not all Asian cultures. In my own Thai/Khmer culture we don’t kiss like that. We “kiss” in a different way, called “Tap/Tab” IPA: [tʰaʔp]. When you Tab someone you press your nose right up to their skin, inhale, and pull back. This way of “kissing” originates from mothers affectionately smelling their new born babies. And so this meme evolved to become a means of showing an intimate your affection.

Recently, the indigenous “tab-ing” meme has come under attack by the invasive kissing meme from the West. In films and movies from these countries you can even see couples kissing each other with their lips. The fun thing is to observe how the old people react. The old people will usually say things like: “Oh lord, who kisses like that?” Or: “It’s tragic, the younger generation is adopting American culture.” Fortunately for the old people the “French Kissing” meme has not yet taken root!

Another invasive meme is the “Dating Meme.” This is also a Western meme not originally native to most Asian cultures. In old days, in our culture, if you wanted to “court” someone, it involved a long process of introducing the person to your eldest sibling, then to your parents, and getting their permission, and so on. These days, people just meet each other and go out on dates.

Those two memes are “innocent” invasive memes that I believe are good for such ultra-strict cultures. But there are invasive memes that are actually Destructive to our culture, which are aeonically killing it.

One mildly destructive meme is the “Money Holder,” meme. In our culture, since we are matriarchal based, the female/wife handles the money and finances. In a traditional marriage the male/husband works and then gives his wife the money he makes. The wife handles the bills and finances. In Chinese culture the

man handles the money and finances. Or in American culture, it's often the case that the husband and wife keep separate bank accounts.

And so, when one of our girls marries a Chinese guy, one of the two has to give up their cultural practice of handling the money. Usually the girls give this cultural meme up and let their Chinese husband take care of the finances. This in itself is fine. But it demonstrates how certain memes are "dominant" and how certain memes can become recessive. The destruction of culture comes into play when many of our girls marry a man from a culture where the man handles the money. Because then our culture loses its traditional matriarchal foundation and we womenfolk lose our traditional cultural power.

The American meme of having separate financial lives has also crept into our culture, and it has also proved to have negative effects. It's like the Europeans coming into contact with Native Americans, and because those Natives have no natural immunity to European viruses, they get sick in large numbers and die, weakening the culture. The American meme of having separate financial lives doesn't feel right to someone who is born and raised in a very clannish/tribal culture, where the family shares everything.

The American husband in keeping his money separate, makes it feel as if he doesn't want to be a full part of the family. As if he only wants the girl. And also this meme generates distrust in the girl and her family. But this meme itself is not as destructive as another invasive American cultural meme.

The most destructive invasive meme to find its way into traditional Asian cultures is the "Old People" meme. In our culture we live with our parents and take care of our old people. This way of doing things has helped us survive and thrive as a people for thousands of years. In America, they do things different. The cultural practice is to throw away your old parents and grandparents into a nursing home. This meme is gradually annihilating traditional Asian cultures that have taken root in America, by tearing apart the coherency of family and clans. Families become fearful every time one of their members comes of age, because if they marry an American, their American spouse might influence the person the American is married to, to throw their old parents away like they do.

And so, in olden times it was frowned upon to intermarry with a person not of your Folk. Why? Not necessarily so because your blood or race would be deluded. But because people of another folk culture have their own cultural memes alien to your own, which may contaminate, erode, and destroy your own culture. If you have no culture, you have no Folk.

Why is having a Folk important? If you are a White Hubris American Mundane, you actually wouldn't give a shit about culture and folk, because you have none. The reason why having a family, or folk is important is the old Divide & Conquer strategy Nation-States use. Without a folk or family or clan, you have no one to rely on for anything. Thus, you have no choice but to turn to the government, turn to banks for loans, turn to corporations for jobs.

This is one major reason why I like and support David Myatt's old Folk Culture and Reichsfolk National Socialism. It puts your focus back on your own culture and folk and traditions. But even with that conscious focus on our own culture and traditions, it becomes very hard to fight off "foreign" cultural memes without some conservatism, traditionalism, and strict rules.



It's even harder to conserve your folk cultures and traditions when you don't understand that a culture is a memplex and that such memplexes are made up of memes. Because when you don't understand this, foreign cultural memes can easily invade your folk culture, and erode it over time.

The Black people here in America are a good example of a people whose folk culture and tradition has been totally destroyed. And unfortunately for them that causes them Dukkha, IPA: [dʊḁkḁ], which means something like "stress," "discomfort," "trouble." In what way? Without a folk culture, there is no community because there is no sense of cultural or folk bond. Without communal bond, you are essentially divided and segregated. And so it's much easier for them to be abused by the police and the system. And you can see this.

The people of Tibet are being culturally culled by China as I write this. It's systematic and gradual. Sometimes it's by force. But the most powerful source of cultural erosion happens in the young generation of Tibetans, who are more inclined to adopt elements of Chinese culture. If the older generation is liberal with those young generation Tibetans, then that Tibetan culture will erode further with each new generation. And the question that we ask for insights is: Cui Bono? Who benefits from Tibet's cultural liquidation, and the dis-coherency of their people? When they have been divested of the source of folk bond [culture] and have been fully divided, who conquers the divided?

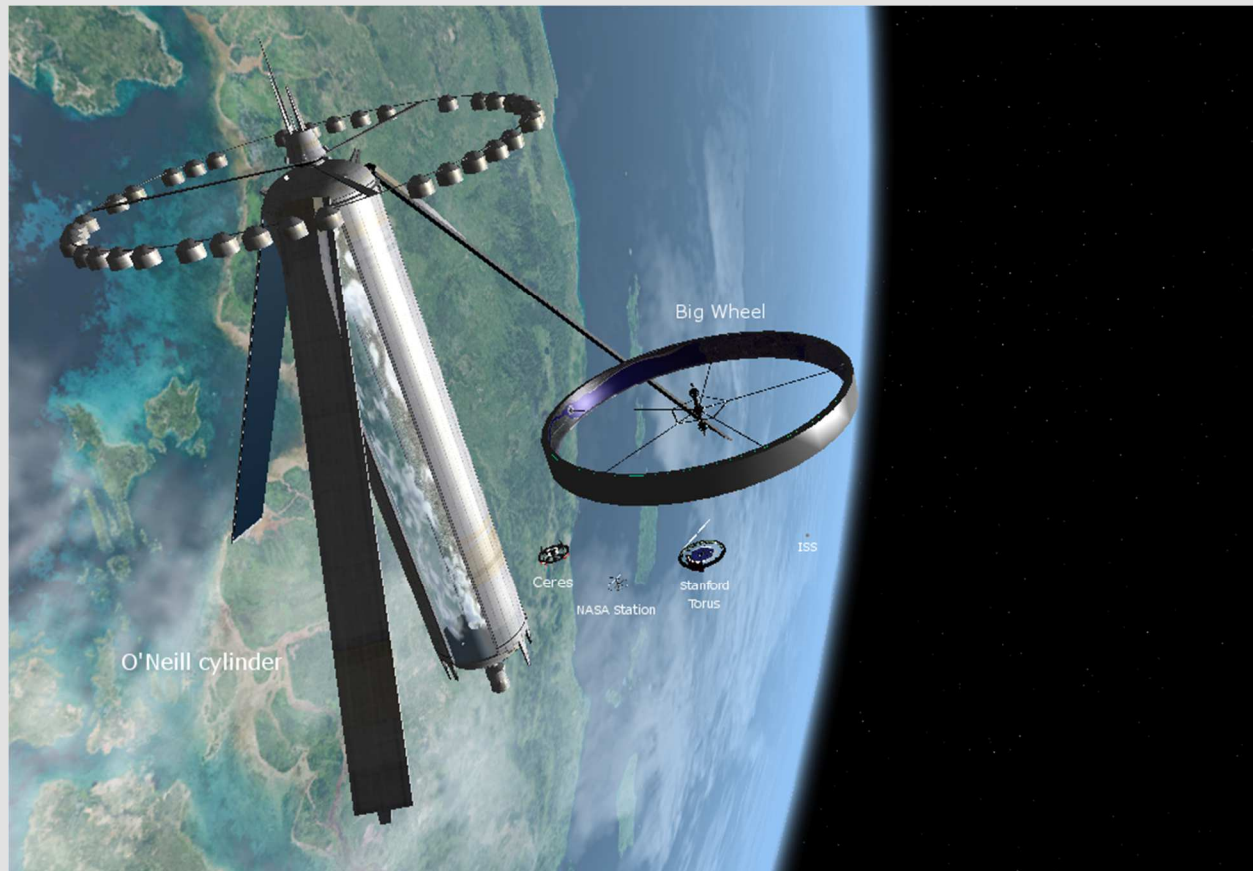
It may seem simple and overlookable, but having a folk and a folk culture actually helps weaken the power monopoly of a state and government regime, if you understand how such an entity holds power over its people.

...Kryptonimus





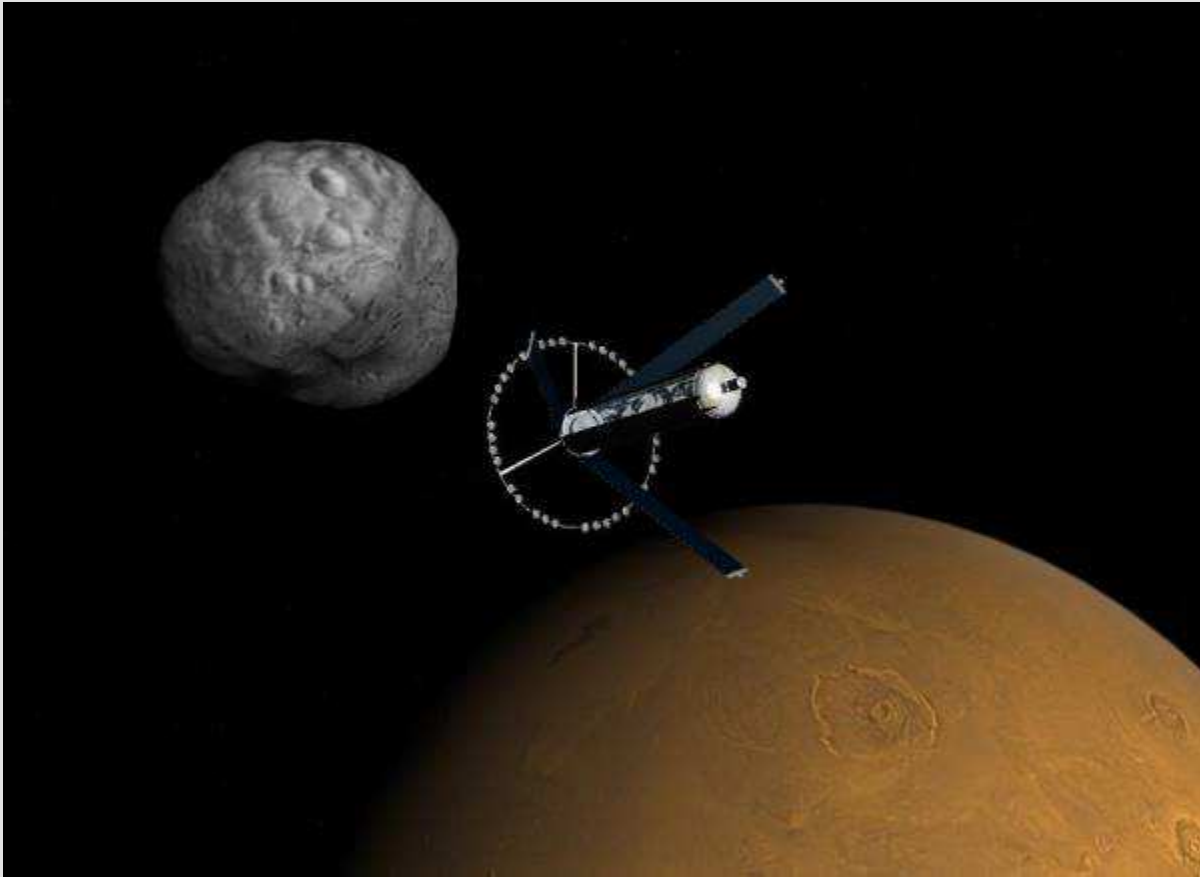




## Space Colonization

...I first fell in-love with the concept of colonizing space from watching science fiction stuff, and from being exposed to some ideas of Timothy Leary. I learned of his equation  $SMI^2LE$  from friends into him and instantly loved it.  $SMI^2LE$  or  $SMIILE$  stands for the three major objectives of the human race for the coming new age of Aquarius: 1) Space Migration, 2) Intelligence Increase, & 3) Life Extension. They are like the fundamental pillars of the future of Humanity, if humanity is to have a future.

Space Migration is self-explanatory. It is basically when we seed humanity in space and establish permanent space colonies. Intelligence Increase has a different set of meanings beyond education. Intelligence Increase deals with first with an evolution of the human mind via spirituality, mind machines, psychedelic drugs, and the inevitable: cyborgation of the nervous system. Where "cyborgation" here means the merging of computer with the brain. Mr. Leary would have loved the concept of the world wide web, and its future potential regarding Intelligence Increase. Life Extension deals with living healthy and learning to manipulate cells and genes so that we are able to physically live longer.



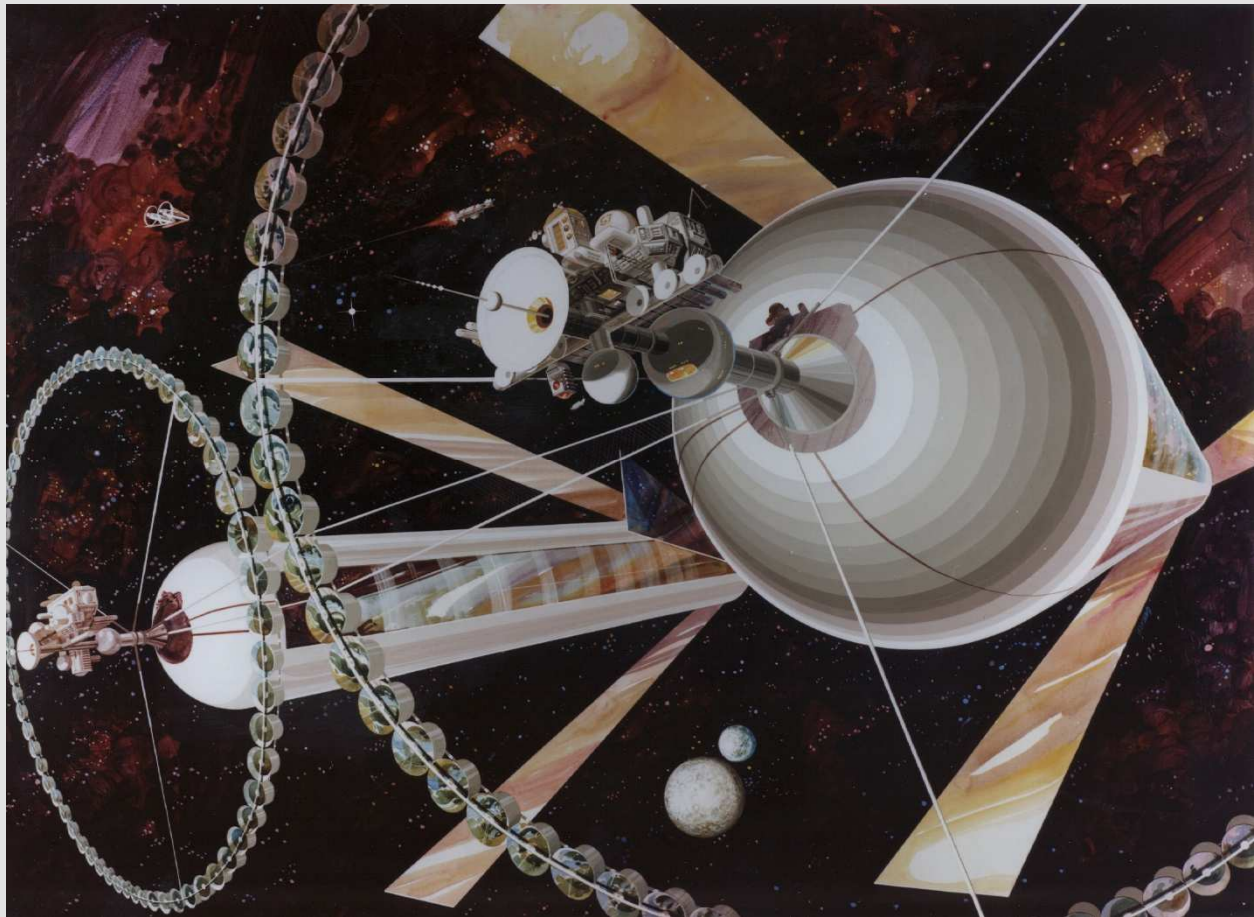
There are several issues that need consideration concerning Space Migration. The first issue is that it may not be physiologically possible for us humans and our livestock to colonize and dwell on the surface of other planets such as Mars due to difference in gravitational fields. We humans and our livestock have evolved in earth gravity. And so, living for long periods of time on the surface of Mars may cause bone loss or atrophy of bone tissue; if not in the first generation colonialists, then after several generations.

The most reasonable idea is to instead live in terraformed space habitats such as an O'Neill Cylinder. The space habitat would orbit planets and moons to utilize their resources. The O'Neill Cylinder would spin, creating artificial gravity. This gravity can be "set" at earth gravity strength.

The other issue is cost and political implications. The political implication is that such space colonies may – will – become independent countries or sovereign states. I highly doubt any present nation-state entity would give their time, money, and energy into building and populating such space colonies, just to give birth to a potential rival to their power monopoly.

Due to the enormous cost of building something like an O'Neill Cylinder, I have a nagging hunch that for at least the next ~300 years, space colonization will be commercial enterprises, corporate endeavors, or commercial projects of public corporations associated with mining and acquisition of extraterrestrial natural resources.

Remember that this was essentially how the Europeans colonized the new world. It was first via corporations such as the Hudson Bay Company. These corporations in the past owned land rights in territories around the New World.



The alternative would be an incorporated society/association structured like a public incorporation made up people and families who desire to colonize space. Members of such incorporated societies would buy stocks or shares in the society, as a means to input money to construct space habitats and so on. The members would pool their labour, skills, and resources into their space colonization projects. Members would then inhabit the space habitats their incorporated society constructed.

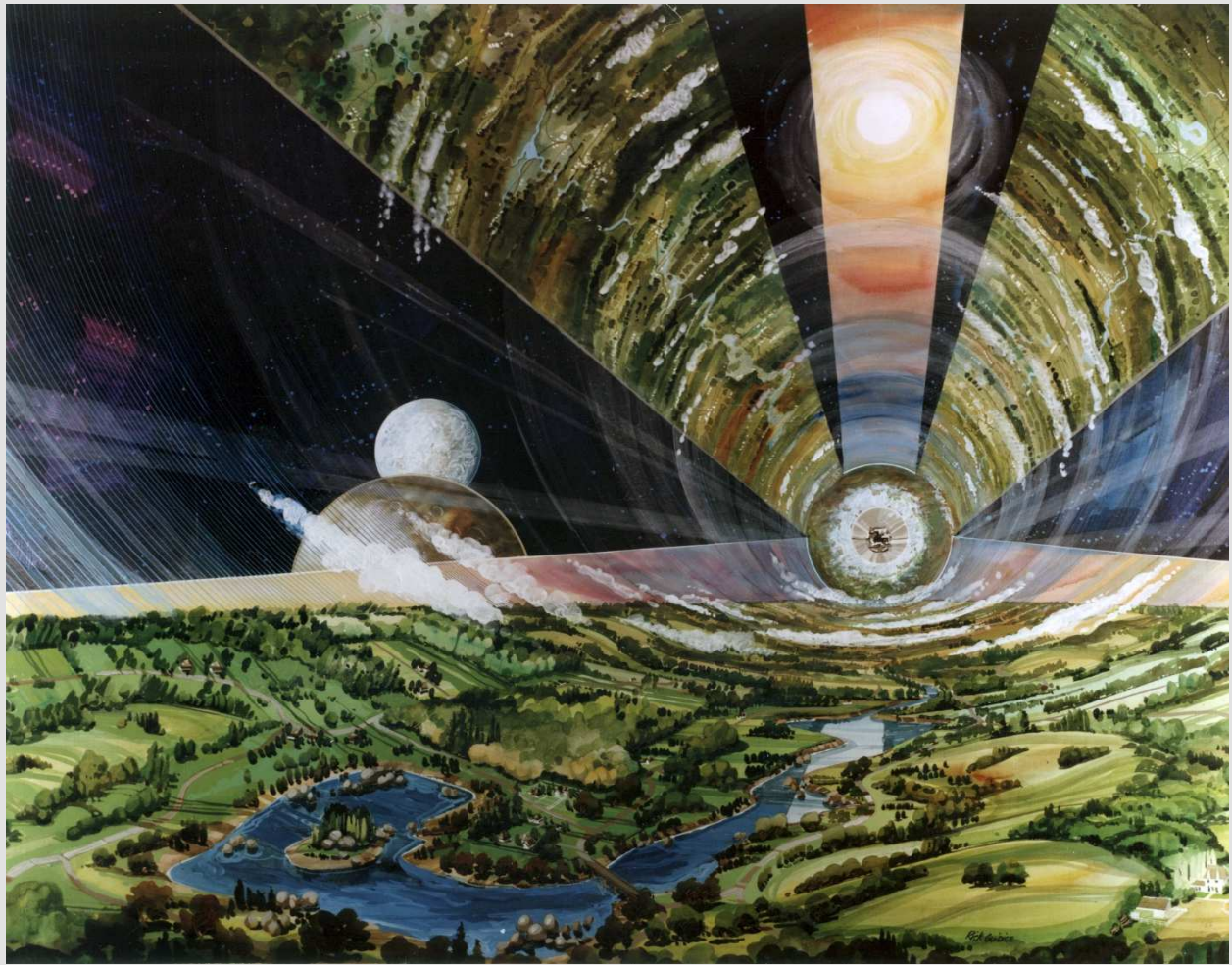
#### Galactic Destiny

The impulse of mother nature is to stay continuously alive for as long as possible and to spread out. Mother nature places her bets from time to time on creatures that evolve to be efficient and adaptive, as well as "adeptive." It's not enough in nature that you can adapt and survive. Mother nature needs creatures that can become adepts of any environment.

At the moment, we humans are the most efficient, adaptive, and adeptive in and to any environment... even space. And because of this, I believe that mother nature has placed her bets on us. For, when we do one day colonize space, we will need to bring nature [plants, animals, ecosystems] with us. And in doing so, we spread life around space, beyond the earth.

I believe that a living world like the earth is rare and according to how I understand nature, this actually makes sense. And so organic life is rare also. Because of this, we humans, or actually our future generations, are like mid-wives who will have a helping hand and significant role to play in the spreading of life across the galaxy. The "Enlifenment" of the Galaxy, if you will, is our species' ultimate destiny. As David Myatt said roughly, the next stage in our human evolution is to become starseed, a spaceborne species. And as such, the gradual enlifenment of the galaxy would be a natural byproduct. I dream of the Age of Enlifenment to come.





∴Krytonymus

# Sexion 3



The distance between Shanghai and San Francisco is around 6,135 miles (9,873 km), and a team of scientists aims to make that trip possible in 100 minutes. Researchers at Harbin Institute of Technology's Complex Flow and Heat Transfer Lab have developed new tech that allows [submarines](#) to traveling a crazy-high speeds beneath the water. The solution? Create an air "bubble" of sorts that leverages [supercavitation](#), a technology applied to torpedoes, to reduce drag caused by water while in route. Theoretically, this means that the underwater vehicles could reach the speed of sound underwater (around 5,800km/h or 3,694 MPH while submerged), reducing the travel time between the aforementioned cities to under two hours.

...Pretty interesting concept... a Supersonic Submarine. The sub would travel through the ocean inside an envelope of air, allowing it to go faster, at the speed of sound. I wonder what a sonic boom under water sounds like? My friends and I have a theory which can be tested that information such as this which ends up in the news is at least 10 year old technology kept secret from the public.

I heard about USO's a while back, which is a fascinating topic. USO stands for Unidentified Submerged/Submarine Objects. They're like UFO stuff, but in the ocean. And USO's are very telling about UFO's as far as who or what may be responsible for some of them. I personally highly doubt ALL cases of UFO's are extraterrestrial in origin. Most UFO cases are explainable in some way. The unexplainable cases are secret new technology some government-military is working on. The mundane public belief-set in UFO's—the mythos—serves as an excellent deflector.

I've read cases of USO's traveling unexplainably very fast under the ocean, but the accounts could never rationally explain what technological concept such USO's are using. This article finally gives a reasonable explanation, and it's not extraterrestrial technology. The coming-out of this story may also not be random. It coincides with a time when tensions between China & America are high.

I have a slight 'twist' to this concept. It seems the article is talking about a "static" air "bubble" around the submarine. I understand in my mind's eye that this would work well. But the sub might be able to go even faster if the envelope of air around it was a spinning vortex.

The following picture will illustrate what I am trying to mean:



The above picture is from google image. I came across this concept way back in high school science lab. The teacher had us try to expel water out of a 2 liter bottle as fast as we can. Most of us in class were too ignorant to succeed. The science teacher explained to us that when you make a tornado of the water, it expels faster out of the bottle.

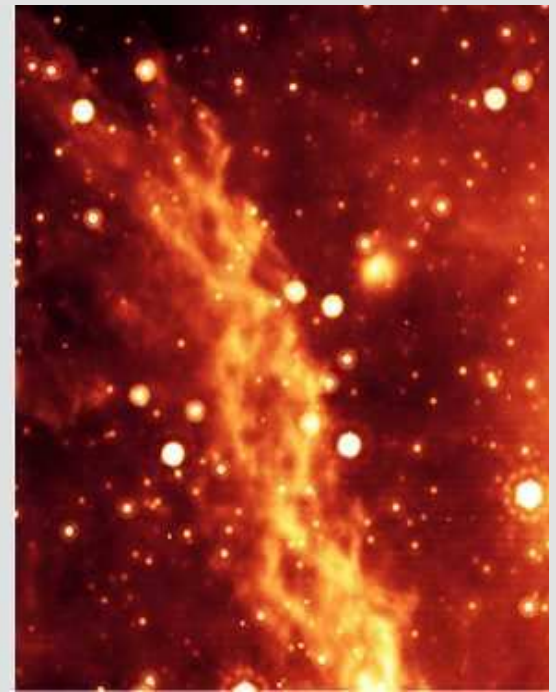
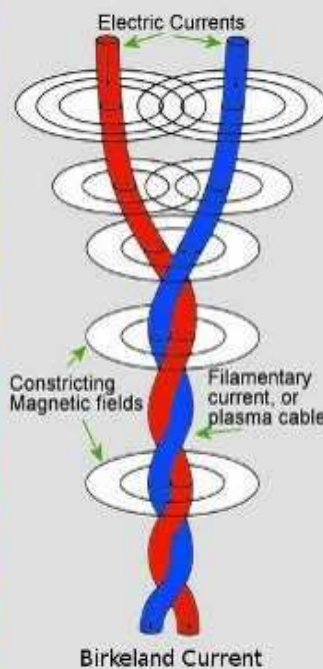
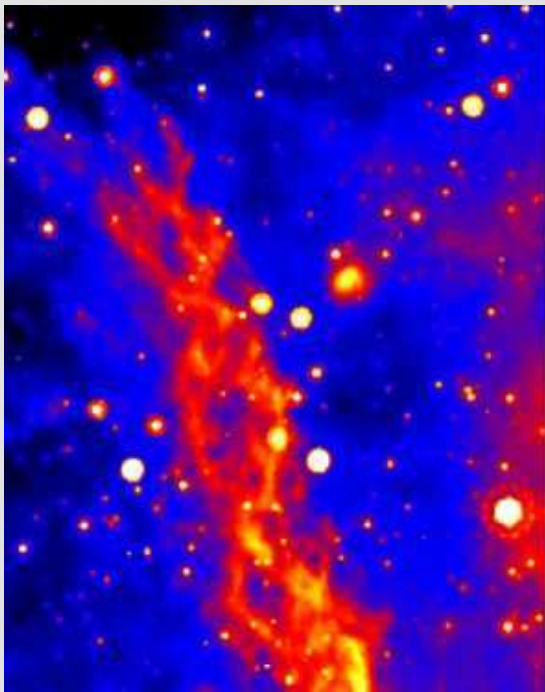
My simple re-novation of the supersonic submarine would be to “somehow” twist the pocket of air around the submarine to make it into a “vortex” or tornado like this. This might allow the submarine to travel even faster “thru” the water.

This envelope of air around the sub illustrates what I picture in my mind of an “etheric bubble” of “negative ether,” very well. You create a “bubble” of negative aether around a spaceship, thus allowing the spaceship to travel “thru” space inside something that is not the cosmic medium of space. But the ether bubble would be twisted and caused to spin, which should allow for the spaceship to travel even faster in its negative ether cocoon.



The essential idea is to mimic Mother Nature and what Nature already uses successfully. Filamentation is a phenomenon of flowing currents in space and with plasma filaments. Usually plasma filaments travel in “pairs” where the pair twirls around each other in a helical pattern “vortexing” across its medium. The above picture is of the Cygnus Filament, so called “Loop.”





It seems as though currents have an easier time traveling thru its medium when it spirals or flies in a helical twist. This can be “applied” to some philosophical ‘currents’ in a mystical way, such as the O9A Current. Sometimes called the “Sinisterly-Numinous” Tradition. There is a Sinister “cable” and a Numinous “cable,” and those two cables spin with each other like a Birke-land Current as one filament, producing one Current.

Mother Nature has already tested and tried these helical formations. A negative aether bubble which spins and twists in such a helical motion may allow a spaceship inside it to travel at greater speeds across space to cover more distance in shorter spans of time.

I believe that Electricity, Magnetism, and Gravity form a triangle of Field phenomenon. That they are not three separate phenomena, but a three-way spectral Field. When the electric point of this triangle is twisting with the magnetic point, you have ‘electromagnetism.’ The other two conjunctions of this triangle’s point we have not discovered yet, since mainstream science misunderstands what gravity is. I don’t believe gravity has anything directly to do with mass as mainstream science “dogmatates”. Dogmatates is a conjunction of dogma+dictates. I’ll go out on a crazy limb and say that gravity is an aspect of the electric and mag- netic fields of a physical object.

In my mind, traveling thru or across a gravitational field/medium would work in the same manner as a supersonic subma- rine. Gravity is the medium, as water is the medium of the ocean. Just as water is “negativized” into an air pocket with a supersonic submarine, the field of gravity would also be “negativized.” Negativized meaning caused to have a negative presence of something.

In my mind, a powerful electric field, at a 90 degree angle of a very strong magnetic field, where both fields spin rapidly may generate a “bubble” of negative gravity field around a ship or object. This idea might be testable and falsifiable in the follow- ing way in the future:

An elemental particle is used, such as a carbon atom or some other particle. This particle should be placed in a machine that produces the type of electric and magnetic fields described, spinning together as described. The experimenter would look out for any indication of any affects, effects, influence on the “weight” and gravitational pull on this particle.

If such an experiment produced favorable results where the particle “loses” weight, then in theory, the same technology on a greater scale can be used to surround a ship with a “gravity bubble.” Mind you, this “gravity bubble” is not what would be understood as “anti-gravity.” The gravity bubble would just cause the gravity field of a planet to traverse around that bubble. Any ship or object inside this bubble would not be affected by said gravity field, in theory. Anti-gravity is to gravity what a positive mag- netic polarity is to a negative magnetic polarity. I haven’t personally been able to reason and intuitively understand how “anti-gravity” would hypothetically work yet.

It might be argued that this idea has already been falsified by the notion that gravity affects light particles. But the essential idea of general relativity in this regard actually bolsters our idea. General relativity says that light has no mass and so it is not actually affected by gravitational fields. What is happening is that the gravitational fields are affecting “space-time” itself curving it or whatever, and the light flows thru so called “space-time,” thus curving and bending with it. Where GR says “space-time,” as space-time deniers, we would read: the cosmic medium of interstellar space itself. Plus, we are not wanting to know anything about light in this case. What we want to know about are particles with mass, and how a powerful vortex of electric and magnetic fields affects gravity pulling on it.

This all leads me to an important subject. The ONA of the future must learn to take its Aeonics seriously. By that I don't mean to run around killing people and committing petty acts of crime and worshipping the devil. What I mean is, if say for instance ONA has the idea of influencing future politics, then some ONA people should take that seriously and shapeshift accordingly to fit themselves in the proper environment and professions.

Likewise, if ONA has the idea of colonizing space, as the Myattian Imperative suggests, then ONA people of the future should take that seriously and shapeshift accordingly where they actually go to universities, major in the relevant fields, so that they can experiment with idea that may help manifest such ideas.

Weishaupt's so called “Bavarian Illuminati” had the right idea in this matter. His idea was to have a small core group people with a common objective and aim of influencing the world. To do this, his idea was to gradually, over time, have his members “take up root” in the proper environments professions. He had the idea that female members would try to marry politicians and wealthy men. Male members work on taking up professions as politicians and so on. In Time, over many generations, the order's members would have taken root in the proper places in society to wield and yield power and influence.

It's a simple idea, but it takes a lifetime of commitment. This is one thing the mundane simply doesn't have: Commitment. You have sleeper cells of Radical Islamic groups who are dedicated to their goals and objectives aeonically: across long spans of time. You have officers and operatives of clandestine agencies with the same long time commitment to goals and objectives. It requires such an Aeonics Discipline to actually materialize any long-time objectives. It doesn't take a large force, a lot of money, and power. It simply takes good planning, aeonic perspective, aeonic discipline, and long-time commitment.

In this regard, something like the Sevenfold Way of the ONA is a great filtration system, that weeds out those without the qualities needed to help actualize ONA aims and objectives. It takes over 25 years of dedication and commitment to work your way up the grade system of the Sevenfold Way. Those who eventually pass that 25 year period have passed the test of time and proven that they have what it takes to really put ONA into practice: using Sinister Strategy, Sinister Dialectics into living motion. The very few that do pass that 25 year threshold would have shown in deed to have the right kind of aeonic dedication and long-time commitment.

Some of us know and understand that it's going to take more than a passing interest in ONA, than adoptions of a few ONA ideas here and there to manifest any of the aeonic aims of the ONA. These people today that populate cyberspace who claim ONA, are influenced by ONA, who have been exposed to ONA, are not “full fledged” ONA yet until they pass the test of time. Once the very few pass that test of time, they will go on to work on materializing the aeonic aims on their own, without anybody holding their hands and guiding them.

We need ONA people who are engineers, scientists, and physicist, just as much as we need artists, musicians, mystics, philosophers, ideologues, marketers, soldiers, black market entrepreneurs, and so on. Diversification is the working idea. All working to manifest Dark Imperium one day.

...Kryptonimus

# Verifying the future of quantum computing

4 hours ago



The 'clouding' effect observed by researchers, showing the tendency for photons, when injected into arrays of coupled waveguides, to group together

Physicists are one step closer to proving the reliability of a quantum computer – a machine which promises to revolutionise the way we trade over the internet and provide new tools to perform powerful simulations.



By harnessing the strange laws of quantum mechanics, future quantum computers offer the hope of quickly solving problems that would take even the best supercomputers the lifetime of the universe to solve.

∴ This isn't good news. I feel like Chicken Little bringing this up all the time, but: the days of strong encryption are numbered. Pretty soon, when these quantum computers are made and running, they'll cut thru any encryption algorithm like a hot knife cuts thru butter.

OTP—The One Time Pad cipher—is the only proved unbreakable encryption system, if used right. Spied used it during the Cold War, and still use it. If those quantum computers become a reality, I predict the return of OTP usage.

The "Dreccian Cipher" I included in a previous issue of Nexion Zine is primarily based on OTP. What I did was augment the several minor issues OTP had which made it impractical and cumbersome to use.

# Man-made 'breathing' leaf is an oxygen factory for space travel

An artificial leaf converts water and light to oxygen, and that's good news for road-tripping to places beyond Earth.

by Eric Mack [@ericcmack](#) / July 29, 2014 10:47 AM PDT

[31](#) / [11.4K](#) / [1.1K](#) / [151](#) / [g+](#) / [more +](#)



This man-made leaf could help us breathe in space.

Julian Melchiorri/Dezeen/MINI

One of the persistent challenges of manned **space exploration** is that pesky lack of oxygen throughout much of the universe. Here on Earth, trees and other plant life do us a real solid by taking in our bad breath and changing it back to clean, sweet O<sub>2</sub>.

So what if we could take those biological oxygen factories into space with us, but without all the land, sun, water, soil, and gravity that forests tend to require? This is the point where NASA and **Elon Musk** should probably start paying attention.

Royal College of Art graduate **Julian Melchiorri** has created the first man-made, biologically functional leaf that takes in carbon dioxide, water, and light and releases oxygen. The leaf consists of chloroplasts -- the part of a plant cell where photosynthesis happens -- suspended in body made of silk protein.

∴ This is one of the coolest ideas I've found so far. It's an artificial leaf! All they did was take Chloroplasts from plants, put those things in a gel, and that's it. The chloroplasts seem to work without the need for water or dirt. It just needs light and carbon dioxide! I picture a spaceship and space stations with their interior walls lined with artificial leaf "wallpaper."

This may be also the first true "cyborg." Cyborg meaning something which is part Cybernetic and part Organic. It has both organic and machine elements to it.

In the past, I had a hard time picturing what one of DM's organic technology ships and machines would look like. Now, I'm beginning to see just how a machine or spaceship can be a "living" organism. If organic cells do transmute elements, then a "cyborg" organism similar to this leaf might be able to be put together to transmute an element to give to it into something we need, like iron.



## Isis crucifies nine people in Syrian villages

Crucifixions have been meted out by Isis across Syria as punishment to rebels



File photo: Forces loyal to Syria's President Assad look at weapons which were said to have been used by rebel fighters in Sheikh Zayyat village Photo: Reuters



By **Harriet Alexander**, and agencies

1:04PM BST 29 Jun 2014

[Follow](#) 2,827 followers

A man has survived being crucified by Isis in **Syria**, after the jihadists raided his village and nailed him to a cross for eight hours.

The unnamed man from Al-Bab, near the border with Turkey, was crucified as a punishment, the Syrian Observatory for Human Rights said.

He managed to survive the ordeal.

[Print this article](#)

[Share](#) 4K

[Facebook](#) 3K

[Twitter](#) 456

[Email](#)

[LinkedIn](#) 0

[g+](#) 35

∴Thank god for ISIS. For the longest time I've been wondering if Jesus was on the cross long enough to actually die from it. Nobody really knew because it's been a while since anybody was crucified.

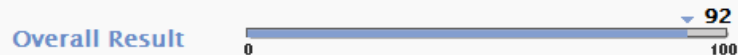
So, one of the guys ISIS crucified was stuck to his cross for 8 hours... and survived. In the bible, depending on which book, it is said that Jesus was on the cross from 3-6 hours. It's said that he died from this. It's interesting to me that a mortal man can survive being crucified for 8 hours, but a god-man was such a weakling he died after only 3 hours? I wonder how literalist Christians would explain this away?

There are schools of thought in the undercurrent of Christianity that believes Jesus survived his crucifixion. One group says that Jesus survived and traveled to Kashmir, where he lived till old age. It's an interesting idea. Over in Kashmir there are even tombs of Jesus, Mary, etc. I doubt the factuality of this legend, but it's an interesting one to look into for me.

## Left-Brain/Right-Brain Test

Studies on patients with brain damage have allowed scientists to determine how each side of the brain controls different functions. The left hemisphere, for example, specializes in language skills and logic. The right hemisphere allows us to recognize shapes and faces and express and read. Most people are not likely to be strictly left-brain or right-brained – we use each side of our brain depending on the task we're dealing with. However, some theorists and researchers believe that there may be one side of the brain that we draw on more, which can in turn make the personality traits characteristic of that side of the brain to be more dominant than others.

How to read your results: If you score closer to the right side of the graph, your personality is more characteristically right-brain. If you score closer to the left side of the graph, your personality is more characteristically left-brain. If you score somewhere in the middle, you share characteristics of both sides of the brain.



When it comes to who calls the shots in your head, it appears as though your right hemisphere takes charge. You're intuitive and spontaneous, preferring to take a much more "hands-on" approach to life. There are times when you may be a little scatter-brained and disorganized, but it's not like you do it on purpose – with so much out there to explore and so many things to do, it can sometimes be hard to keep track of everything!

Not one to care or worry about the little details, it's the "big picture" in life that matters most to you. When it comes to following rules or making decisions, you don't really have to go through the whole thinking process; you prefer to rely on your gut rather than logic. This may not make sense to some people, but you've probably always been the type of person who's willing to go out on a limb, basing your decisions and actions on nothing but a hunch. You are often drawn to the abstract and mysterious, and enjoy figuring things out on your own. Being a visually-oriented person, you are likely much more adept at expressing yourself through actions or designs rather than words.

All in all, your right-brain nature creates an insatiable desire in you to explore and understand why things are the way they are and what they could be. You refuse to be a passive observer, and will jump on every opportunity you can to mix things up and create a design of what life is meant to be: an endless and exciting adventure.

...I was curious about which one of my brains was dominant, so I found an interesting brain test to take. Looks like I'm very Right-Brain dominant!

It turned out to be very accurate! I dislike logic, or doing things based on logic. I almost go entirely on feelings and hunches in life.

The only thing not right is when it says: "You are likely more adept at expressing yourself through action or designs rather than words." If by "words" it means spoken words, then it's right. If by "words" it means written words, it's very wrong. Otherwise, everything else sounds like me to the tee.

To bad it doesn't go into more detail. That's another thing wrong with this thing. I actually care about details and don't pay much mind to the "big picture." The reason why is because if you focus on the big picture, or train your mind to just see the big picture of things, then you'll never learn to fully understand how things work because you miss the details.

Today, 04:23 PM
257

jeff77 Offline  
Titles: Freshman Member

Join Date: Oct 2013  
Gender:   
Posts: 24  
Frubals: 10

Quote:

Originally Posted by [\[User\]](#)  
Readers...please notice that rather than address the subject matter I raised in my previous post

No one addressed it because your understanding of the O9A is fundamentally flawed.

Its axiom of individual authority and its esoteric philosophy of individuals developing their own world-view and methodology through practical esoteric and exoteric experience means the O9A is what people make of it and develop it to be and what they do or don't do doesn't affect the O9A because it's a magical current. A logos.

AL may have founded - "presenced" this current - but like he's stated over and over again he doesn't and never did "own it" nor could he and neither did he want to restrict it or determine its development. With the axiom of individual authority and the "watchword" *pathēi mathos* AL made it non-dogmatic. Which means there isn't and can't be any "AL cult".

This magical current is "the sinister tradition" or the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" or "the law of the new aeon" or "the O9A" or "some spell" or "a mythos" or whatever someone decides they want to call it.

A "revisionist group" within the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" or an intellectual group within the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" or a "no-mythos" group within the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" or a "philosophical club" within the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" - etc - are natural possibly necessary developments or "presencings". Because no one "owns" or can "own" the O9A.

Like the ABG Lodge said about the O9A - "it is a platform for all kinds of these movements to arise from...it needs no orchestration or authoritative guidance to unfold and progress; it needs no directives... *You cannot bound what is sinisterly-numinous with anything.*"

There's also in reality no "old" O9A and no "new" O9A - no ONA 1.0, no ONA 2.0, no ONA 3.0. They're abstractions - labels - which people foist on what is "the unity" beyond all abstractions and labels - i.e. they're just the "sinisterly-numinous tradition" developing as it develops and is developed by individuals, nexions, groups, lodges, covens.

Sure there is and will continue to some dissent but that's natural as well and possibly a necessary development.

∴A post an ONA associate made worth keeping around. Jeff says it like it is. He said a few things worth restating. One is that ONA is open to mutations and variations. There is no "standard" form of ONA. No one true presencing of ONA. ONA can be a "no-mythos" things, a "philosophical club" thing, a "Traditional Satanist," thing, a "No-Satanism" thing. Whatever.

Something ABG Lodge said is also worth resaying: that ONA is like a Platform all kinds of movements arise from. Which is the power and beauty of ONA and things like this. It spawns and gives birth to [inspires] new ideas and insights, new groups, new forms of satanism, new versions of itself.

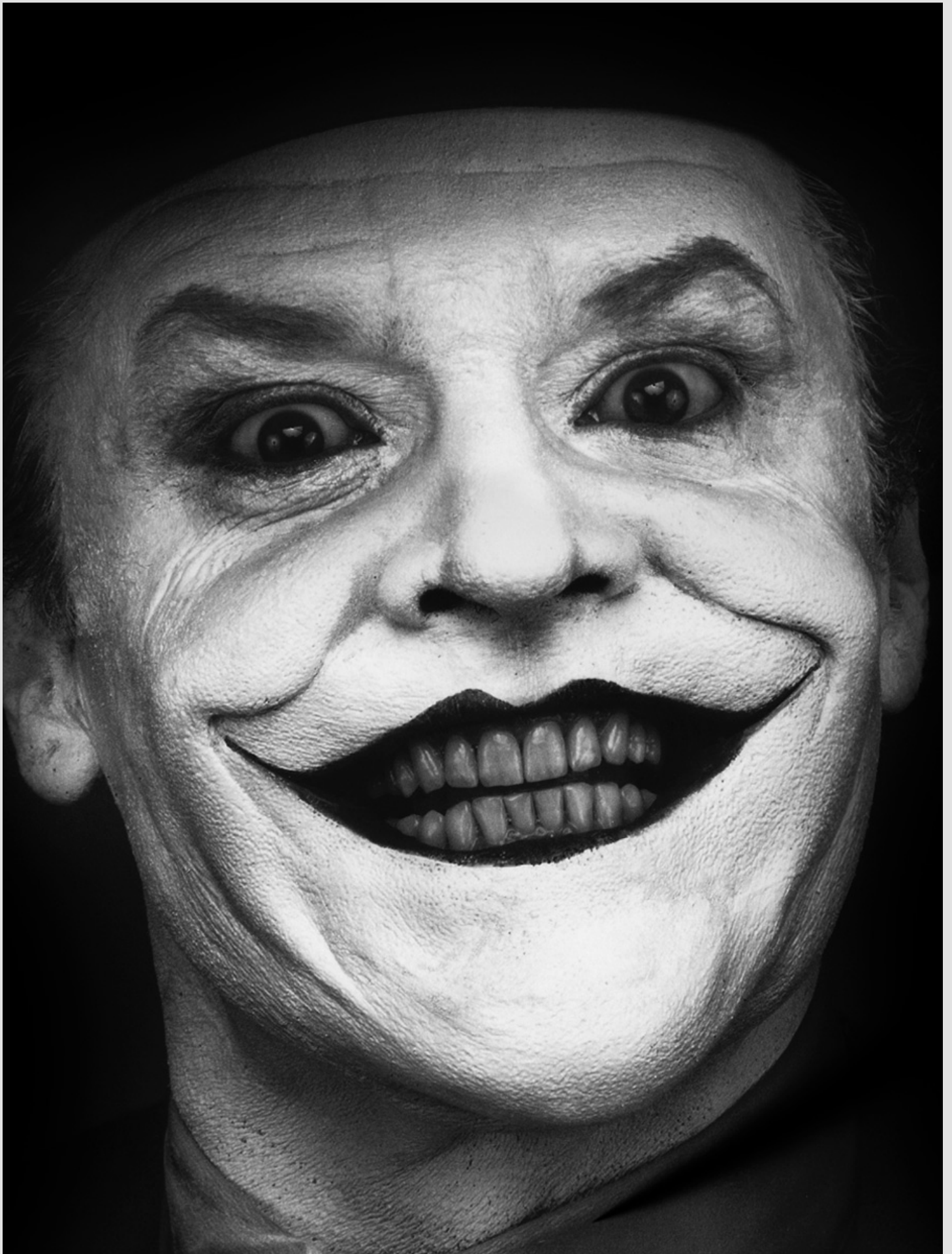
There is also no old ONA or new ONA. It's all a single philosophy "codified" by Anton Long over about 3 decades. Each individual, group, lodge, coven, whatever, takes that philosophy and develops it, adds to it, makes it better, changes it, fixes it up, and so on, to fit their needs, taste, and style.

As long as it remains free to mutate, ONA can't be stopped. Because if one form is weak, other forms may have what it takes to survive another generation.

What I feel to be most important about ONA's freedom of mutation principle is that it encourages the individual Sinister Initiate to actually invest their ideas, insights, art work, writings, intellectual capital, into ONA. That investment from diverse investors is what is important from an aeonic perspective.

It's like a corporation that attracts a diverse group of investors, as opposed to a company that can't get anybody to invest their capital. In the long run, the corporation with the most capital can survive and continue to operate longer. When you run out of capital your company dies. In the arena of ideas and the satanic subculture, when you run out of ideas you grow more and more irrelevant to people as Time passes on.

A good example of this principle is the Yellow Pages and News Papers. As time passes on, those two things grows more and more irrelevant to people. They are unable to adapt to the change in environment, unable to compete, unable to get new ideas. Those new ideas come from investment of intellectual capital.





# Sexion 4

## One-time Pad

[Deze pagina in het Nederlands](#)

[Home](#) [Manual One-time pads](#)

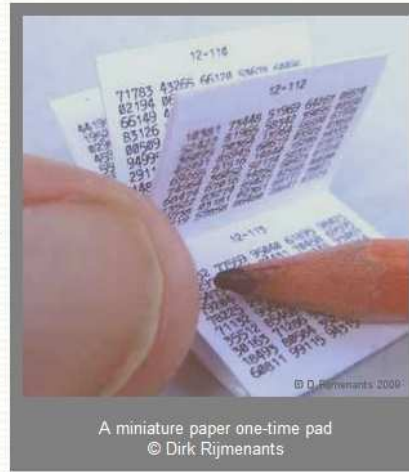
### Definition of One-time pad

One-time pad (OTP), also called Vernam-cipher or the perfect cipher, is a crypto algorithm where plaintext is combined with a random key. It is the only existing mathematically unbreakable encryption.

Used by Special Operations teams and resistance groups during WW2, popular with intelligence agencies and their spies during the Cold War and beyond, protecting diplomatic and military message traffic around the world for many decades, the one-time pad gained a reputation as a simple yet solid encryption system with an absolute security which is unmatched by today's modern crypto algorithms. Whatever technological progress may come in the future, one-time pad encryption is, and will remain, the only truly unbreakable system that provides real long-term message secrecy.

We can only talk about one-time pad if some important rules are followed. If these rules are applied correctly, the one-time pad can be proven unbreakable (see Claude Shannon's "Communication Theory of Secrecy Systems"). Even infinite computational power and infinite time cannot break one-time pad encryption, simply because it is mathematically impossible. However, if only one of these rules is disregarded, the cipher is no longer unbreakable.

- The key is at least as long as the message or data that must be encrypted.
- The key is truly random (not generated by a simple computer function or such)
- Key and plaintext are calculated modulo 10 (digits), modulo 26 (letters) or modulo 2 (binary)
- Each key is used only once, and both sender and receiver must destroy their key after use.
- There should only be two copies of the key: one for the sender and one for the receiver (some exceptions exist for multiple receivers)



A miniature paper one-time pad  
© Dirk Rijmenants

..I've loved codes and ciphers ever since I was in grade school. I collect them. The cipher with the coolest history is the OTP cipher, which is also my most favorite. It was used by real CIA and KGB spies! I've been thru lots of OTP programs. Most suck ass. But the one this guy made by far is the best one. His website has all the information you need including the free downloadable programs: <http://users.telenet.be/d.rijmenants/en/onetimepad.htm>

His numbers program which can be found at the site is also the best "random" numbers generator I've thus far found. BUT!!! No computer generated "random" set of numbers is truly random, and thus weakens the unbreakability of your OTP! There is only one reliable sure fire way to generate genuinely secure random numbers for your OTP: roll dice. Or actually a die with 10 faces, numerals 0-9. I ordered my set of 10 faced dice from the internet. They're cheap. Get 5, roll all of them and you have 5 instant genuinely random numbers to use.

No quantum computer can break an OTP encryption, if you do your OTP right.



Note (2014-01-09): OneTime 2.0 is currently in beta testing. See the [compatibility notes](#) for details.



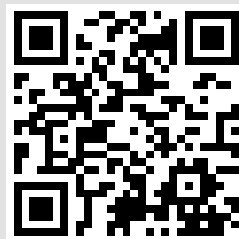
OneTime

OneTime is an [open source](#) encryption program that uses the [one-time pad](#) algorithm to allow two parties to communicate privately. It has features to assist with the bureaucracy of pad management, and comes with built-in [help](#). OneTime requires Python 2.6 or higher, and is for users who are comfortable running command-line programs.

- [Get OneTime](#)
- [Documentation](#)
- [How to generate random pads](#)
- [Sample output](#)
- [Development](#)
- [Motivation](#)

..OTP by Red Bean. This is the best OTP program for Linux I have so far found. I have this installed on my Kali Linux and my Cygwin. The output ciphertext looks like the gibberish you get with gnupg. Get it here: <http://www.red-bean.com/onetime/>

It's command line stuff. This one makes headers like gnupg has. I don't like the text in the header of the current version. I'm hoping newer versions will not have it. But it's unbreakable if used properly.





∴This is the shit! The Wacom Intuos 5. I bought one a few weeks ago. It's worth the money! It works very well with things like Photoshop, Inkscape, Adobe Illustrator, Font Creator, or anything where you have to draw with your computer.

I got the medium sized one, which is the same one in that picture up there [via google image]. Get it here: <http://www.amazon.com/Wacom-Intuos5-Medium-Tablet-PTH650/dp/B0076HMDSC>

I don't want to sound like a capitalist pig, but, having one of these makes your life so much easier and I'd recommend it. Especially with something like photoshop. It's better than a mouse, and way, way better than a touch pad on your laptop. The Intuos 5 can go wireless.



# FINI

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

Hash: SHA1

..:Kryptonimus

Order of Nine Angles

9.17.125 yfayen

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNATURE-----

Version: GnuPG v1.4.12 (MingW32)

iQEcBAEBAGAGBQJUGl1DAAoJEBi1gnyzbahGp0H/369Otgr5WafJvdN94NA8tAR  
5DqFnZSIVU0WzVxaBcmf8xu5BxwB5Uvp5dfDSWANMUHGD8bsUwdGAeXGuxEVbx61  
v3S7Gy92XF066iJf1VTZqd/0p3HMxqw4s+dDDttX1BYzSXIOvKyirBdHMqhF3lp  
ToEeObBB+gq4sZsNuLRhcYm6r/8ZSsyYObVZzMosjQCEusTv+WWrh1B2aT3NBruH  
ww94veNsOzG3AtmSmBihjw1dtNaQFBd0pn/q3Ma5+lbzedcdkL1mofJi2aiFb56R  
3QE+o+g7y5G2qZP7Q2tfT3OgtzEQAXZUbFtF8/Exmuy0w2lB5ZOHD4DHZzUe8Vk=  
=pEL/

-----END PGP SIGNATURE-----

# Order of Nine Angles



NON NOBIS DOMINE